People weekly

SEPTEMBER 25, 1989 ■ $1.79

EXCLUSIVE

The wild & crazy story behind…

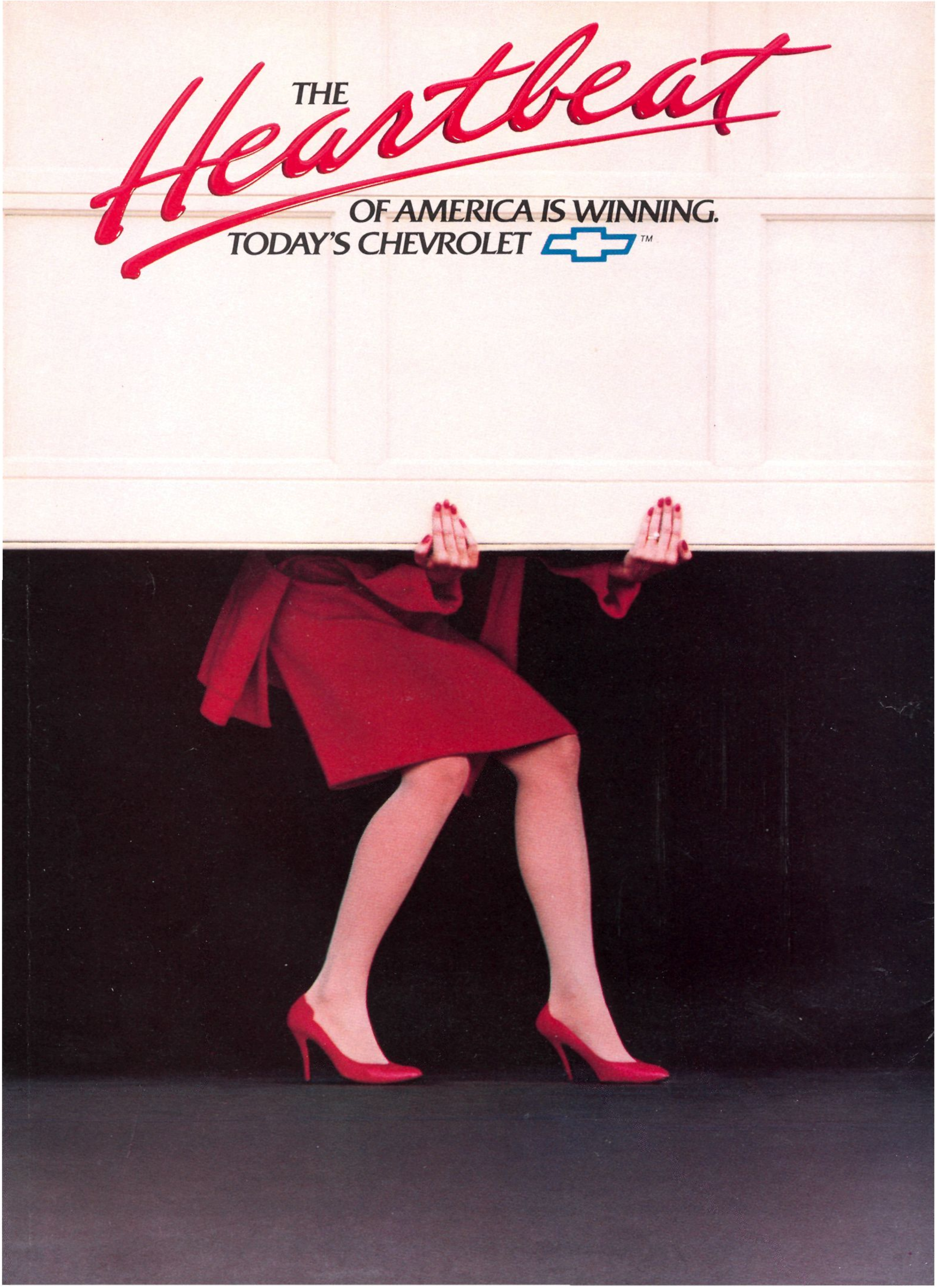
SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE!

As the show begins its 15th SEASON, its famous alumni talk candidly about what *really* happened backstage—and the egos, genius and reckless excess that ignited TV's most outrageous program

Clockwise, from top right: Bill Murray, Eddie Murphy, Chevy Chase, Steve Martin, Billy Crystal, Laraine Newman, Jane Curtin, Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Martin Short, Gilda Radner, Mr. Bill and Sluggo

THE Heartbeat OF AMERICA IS WINNING.

TODAY'S CHEVROLET ™



NEW.

Now you can separate the hot dogs and apple pie from Chevrolet.

Scotchgard™ Fabric Protector. For 1990, only Chevrolets have standard Scotchgard protection on their seats and doors.* So they're more durable and stain-resistant. If you've ever faced a five-year-old with a chocolate ice-cream cone or a muddy-pawed sheepdog bound for your back seat, you know the beauty of wipe-up-able seats.

But don't expect this anywhere else. Only with Chevrolet is Scotchgard standard. Which means in the fight against stains, nobody's winning like The Heartbeat of America.

---

*All Chevrolet cars except Geo Metro.

..AND

Without paint, this new Chevy resists corrosion as well as most cars with it.

Two-sided galvanized steel. This new 1990 Lumina has such effective corrosion protection, we back it for 6 years/100,000 miles[†] against body rust-through. (Just like all Chevys.) One reason: Every Lumina starts with a strong weapon against rust—two-sided galvanized steel.

Then, its body is sprayed with a phosphate coating and gets an electroplating primer bath. Finally, it's painted with base coat and clear coat to keep the finish brighter. Longer. This 6-step protection system works.

It works so well, you don't need any other form of rustproofing. For all 6 years/ 100,000 miles.

Stainless steel exhaust system. It's standard on Lumina as well as other Chevrolet models. When it comes to protection, inside and out, nobody's winning like The Heartbeat of America.

The new PASS-Key® security system isn't good news for everyone.

Standard anti-theft system. Camaro now has an anti-theft system with proven effectiveness.

The PASS-Key system, created for Corvette, cut property theft losses an average of 52% for the first two years.**

It worked so well, now it's protecting Camaros too.

PASS-Key is a key designed to let you, not the other guys, start your car. So, thanks to PASS-Key, the word on the street will be: Stay clear of Camaros.

In the battle to protect your investment, nobody's winning like The Heartbeat of America.

**Source: National Highway Theft Loss Institute.

OVED.

HIGH OUTPUT
16V QUAD 4 DOHC

Almost every new Chevy comes with a new heart and more muscle.

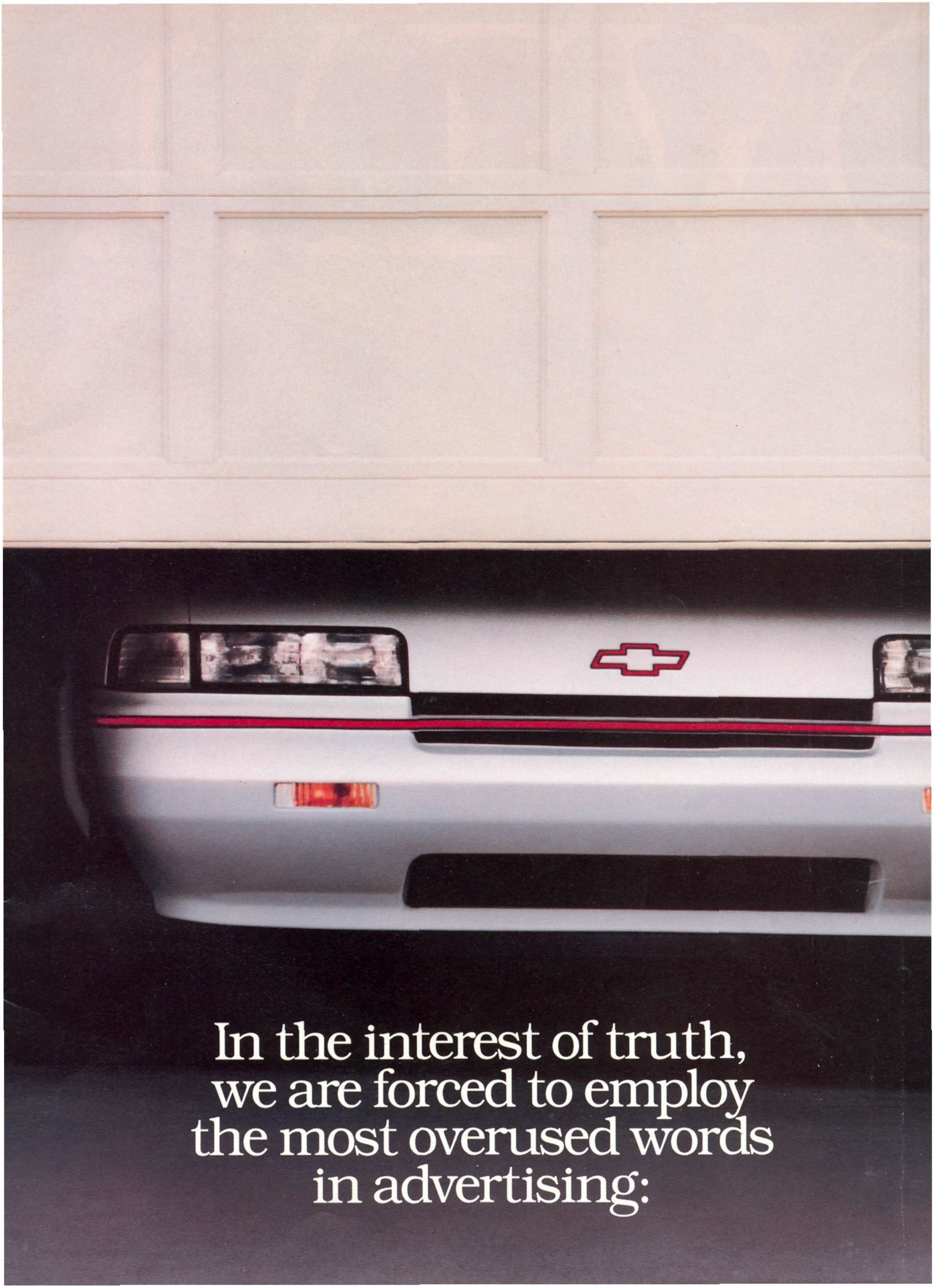
More horsepower, torque, performance and better mileage. For 1990, Chevy offers hotter new 4-cylinder engines, a V6 with more muscle, and a new V8 powerhouse.

Quad 4—the power of a V8[††] in a 4-cylinder engine. Chevy Beretta GTZ's standard high-output Quad 4 with dual overhead cams and 16 valves is smooth, quiet and quick. (Very quick).

The revolutionary Corvette ZR-1 engine. This Corvette exclusive is the ultimate 5.7 Liter Tuned-Port-Injected DOHC 32-valve engine. The ZR-1's been called an "automotive miracle," an "awesome world-class performer," and "in a category by itself" by some of the most respected names in the auto world. Need we say more?

That's why, on the raceway and the freeway, nobody's winning like The Heartbeat of America.

[††] Based on comparison to a 140-horsepower, 5.0-liter 307 V8 engine.



In the interest of truth,
we are forced to employ
the most overused words
in advertising:

Lumina APV
Lumina Euro Sedan
Lumina Euro Coupe
Beretta Convertible
Beretta GTZ

The strongest thing on these Chevys is made out of paper.

3-year/50,000-mile Bumper to Bumper Plus Warranty.† The new Chevrolet you buy today was built with such high quality, we confidently back everything on it with this warranty. Except tires. Which are covered by their own manufacturer's warranty. Our warranty is this good because our cars are.

BUMPER TO BUMPER PLUS
3 YEAR/50,000 MILE WARRANTY

What's new. In the next 12 months, you will see the introduction of *14* new Chevrolet models. You will see even more new features on every Chevy. And ultimately, you will see that in the race to come up with "new and improved" designs, technology, comforts, conveniences and performance, nobody's winning like The Heartbeat of America.

Which means the most overused words in advertising really are the truth about the 1990 winning Chevrolet lineup.

And that makes you the real winner.

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†See your Chevrolet dealer for terms of this limited warranty.
Beretta GT Convertible, as shown, available January 1990.

THE *Heartbeat* OF AMERICA IS WINNING. TODAY'S CHEVROLET™

GM® Let's get it together... buckle up.

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

MIMI COTTER

Live from New York—PEOPLE's *Saturday Night Live* team (center) Balfour and (clockwise from top left) Schindehette, Sweet, Zwonitzer, Argenziano, Park, Carter, Hauck, Sanders, Strauss, Pitzer.

Trying to get a handle on 14 seasons of *Saturday Night Live* is about as easy as getting a Coke at the show's fictional Greek diner. ("No Coke, Pepsi.") Since its Oct. 11, 1975, debut, the innovative NBC revue has been through 42 cast members—and five times that many characters. So any *SNL* retrospective must contend not only with John and Gilda, Dennis and Dana but land sharks and killer bees, the Sweeney sisters and Hans and Franz.

Still, that didn't deter PEOPLE's staff of reporters, writers and editors from celebrating the 15th anniversary of what may be television's most Promethean program. Senior editor Richard Sanders, who directs a large part of the magazine's showbiz coverage, supervised the team's efforts to collect and organize a mammoth "oral history" of the entire show. "I generally don't like anniversary stories, but this was different," he says. "*Saturday Night Live* was the first thing I'd seen on TV that was my kind of humor."

Over the years, of course, the show's raucous and irreverent tone has occasionally been tempered by tragedy—and controversy. In her interviews with such original cast members as Chevy Chase and frequent host Candice Bergen, New York correspondent Victoria Balfour encountered a curious reluctance to confront the past. "They were very guarded," says Balfour. "Everyone involved with the show is aware of the uproar caused by *Wired* [newspaperman Bob Woodward's controversial 1984 best-seller, now a movie, about the life and death of John Belushi]. It was hard to break their shells and get them to relax."

The newer cast members proved more expansive. "They were all sweet people," New York stringer Mark Zwonitzer reports, "and they all said the same thing, that *Saturday Night Live* was the hardest thing they'd done, but the most fun."

With L.A. correspondents Tom Cunneff, Vicki Sheff and Michael Alexander also contributing background and interviews, samurai staff writer Susan Schindehette ended up combing through more than 400 pages of notes. "I knew we were on to something when I found myself cackling out loud at 2 A.M.," she recalls. "Considering how topical the show is, it's surprising how well the old routines have held up."

While Susan sifted and pasted, assistant photo editor Beth Filler and photo researcher Eileen Sweet were wading through hundreds of photographs. After three days of arguing over which photos should be included ("Everybody had their favorite," says Sanders), the selections were handed over to associate art director Hillie Pitzer, who designed the pages with the assistance of layout artists Mary M. Hauck and Sal Argenziano. Staff writer Jeannie Park wrote the photo captions and compiled the sidebars with information contributed by New York correspondent Alan Carter and reporter Leslie Strauss. "It was a Herculean task to figure out what to include," says Strauss.

The whole process meant a lot of late nights at the PEOPLE offices—sometimes stretching into very early mornings. "Outside of a special issue, this is the most monumental enterprise we've ever undertaken," says Sanders, who put in at least one 22-hour day as deadline neared.

But nobody was complaining. Concludes Schindehette: "I think we're all Coneheads at heart."

Publisher

People weekly

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An ABC docudrama, *The Preppie Murder,* tries to tell the story of New York City's **Jennifer Levin** slaying—and may cause pain to her family ☐ **Elton John** gathers **Jane Seymour, Princess Stephanie, Richard Gere, Bonnie Raitt** and a bevy of other stars under the stars for his manager's 40th birthday ☐ Thanks to **Yulia Sukhanova,** the first **Miss U.S.S.R.,** Soviet-American cultural exchanges have never looked better ☐ Tormented by the death of the son she lost in last year's bombing of Pan Am Flight 103, sculptor **Suse Lowenstein** transforms her agony into a wrenching work of art

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TARO YAMASAKI

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Emily Litella. The Coneheads. Church Lady. Get to know me! Those wild and craaaazy guys! *Saturday Night Live* played the American funny bone like a tuning fork; now, celebrating the show's 15th anniversary, **Chevy Chase, Jane Curtin, Joe Piscopo, Billy Crystal, Dana Carvey** and other company members gather to remember those insane years on comedy's front lines

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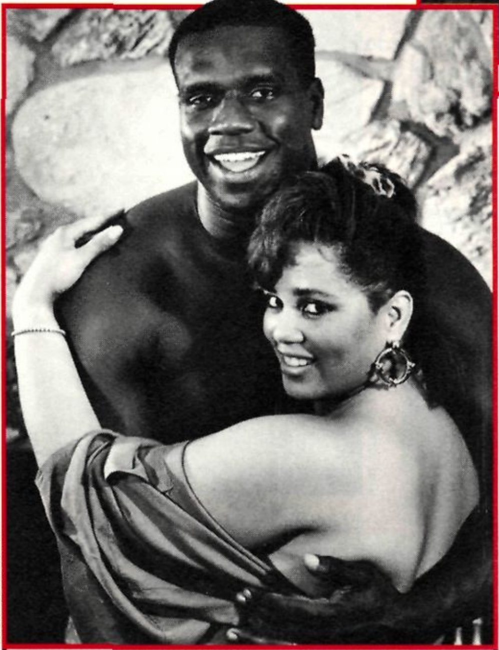
Cover photographs by, clockwise from top right: ©Barbra Walz/Outline Press; ©Lynn Goldsmith/LGI; Globe Photos; Ken Regan/Camera 5; ©J. Varriale/Outline Press; Ken Regan/Camera 5; Ira Resnick/Globe Photos; ©Howard Rosenberg/Outline Press; ©Lynn Goldsmith/LGI; Movie Still Archives

SEPTEMBER 25, 1989

VOL. 32, NO. 13

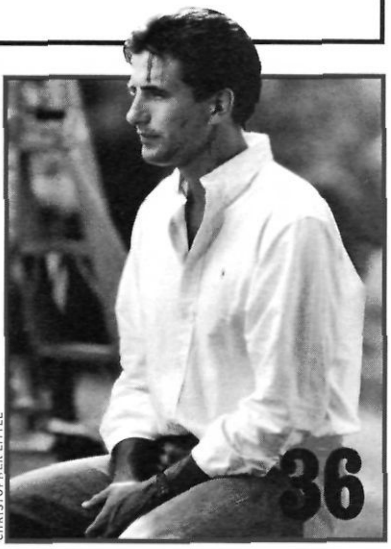

MICHAEL A. SMITH

49 FOOTBALL HERO: BEATING THE LIE

Dexter Manley, the Washington Redskins' defensive end, has been called many things in his eight-year career. Like "fearsome"—the mountainous, 6′ 3″, 257-lb. All-Pro is the Redskins' career leader in sacks. And "brash"—he once told reporters he'd . . .

102 THE PIZZA KING: HEAVEN CAN'T WAIT

In the briefcase he carries to the office each day, Tom Monaghan keeps two new spiral notebooks, the kind that schoolchildren use. One, he explains, is "red—like the devil—for material things," the other "blue—like heaven—for spiritual things." Until recently, entries that would have belonged in the red book played the larger role . . .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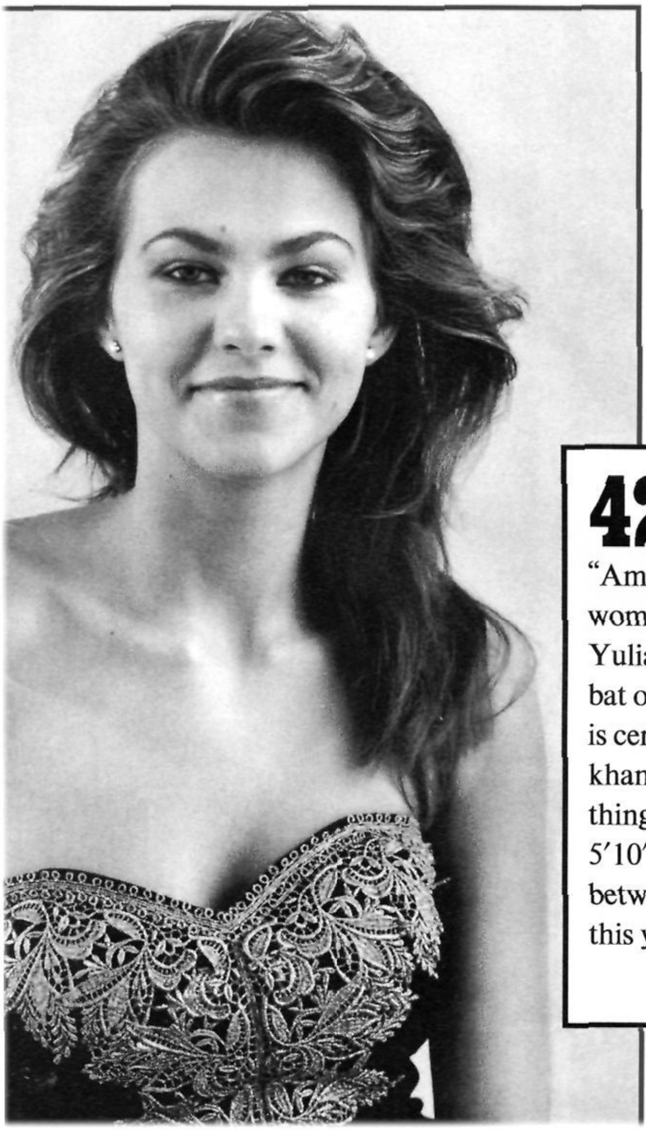
CHRISTOPHER LITTLE



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"Americans imagine a Russian woman as ugly and fat and evil," says Yulia Sukhanova with a giggle and a bat of her blue-gray eyes. While she is certifiably a Soviet woman, Sukhanova, 17, is none of those other things. Her face—and a form that's 5′10″ tall and runs to 38-23-36 in between—helped her make history this year as the first . . .

STANLEY TRETICK

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Up from the underground, erstwhile goth-rockers **Love and Rockets** launch themselves onto the pop charts

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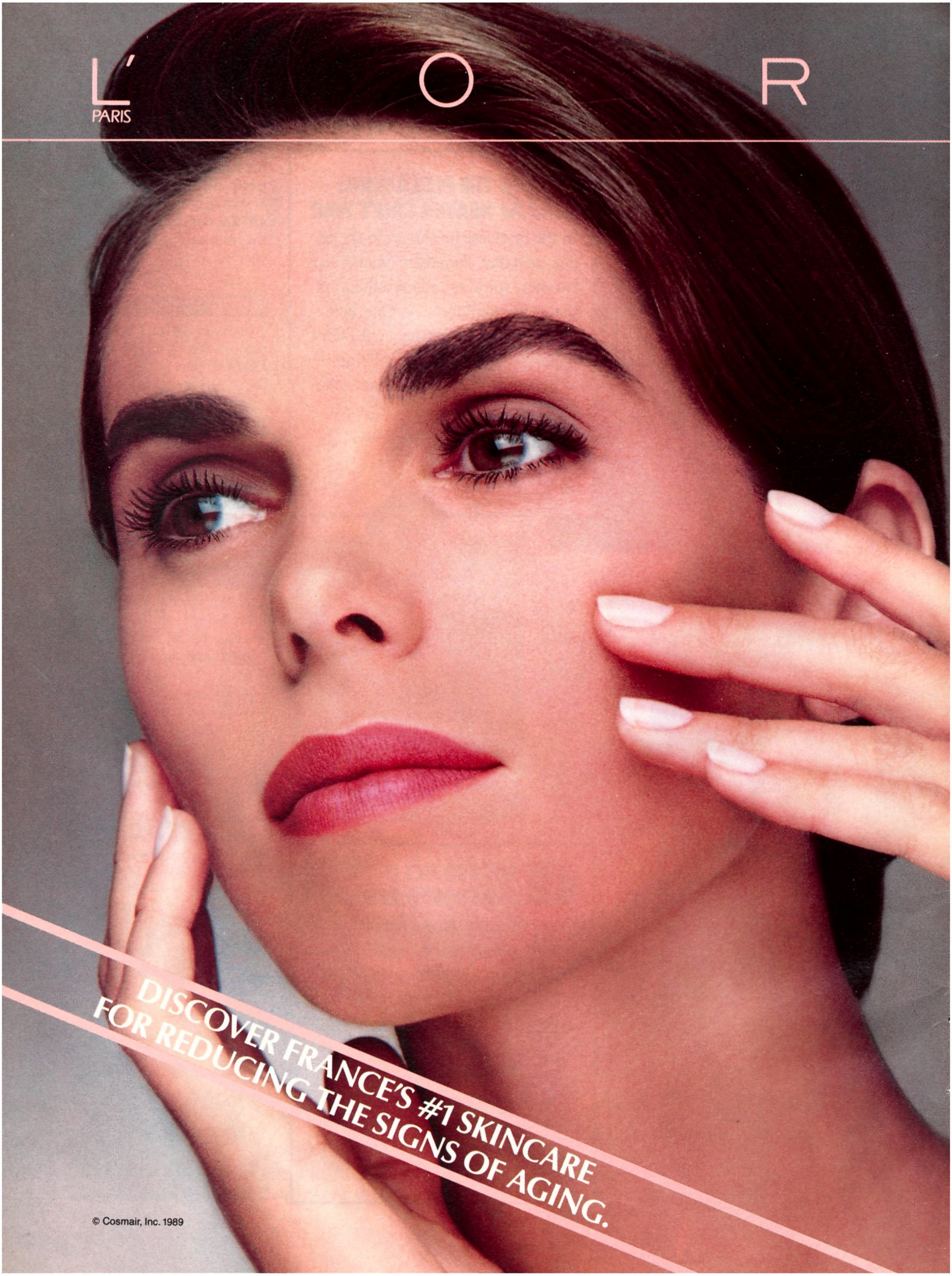
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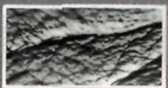
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Skin treated with Plénitude after 4 weeks.

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MAIL

WALTER ECHO-HAWK

I must agree with Walter Echo-Hawk (PEOPLE, Sept. 4). No matter how scientifically valuable Indians' remains are, they are someone's relatives. We don't have our Civil War dead in museums. George Washington's bones aren't on display. We seem to feel that people of non-Christian religions aren't entitled to remain buried. We dig up Egyptian tombs, North and South American Indians, but not ancient European cemeteries. All burial sites must be equally sacred.

Carol Miller
El Paso

MALCOLM FORBES

The story of Malcolm Forbes's 70th birthday—with its wretched excesses, wasteful spending and just another excuse for a meaningless gathering of Beautiful People—made for most interesting reading. God, I wish I had been invited. Malcolm, are you sure you aren't a Texan?

Shannon Brock
Dallas

I am sure Mr. Forbes worked hard in obtaining his fortune, but I am disgusted that you would include in your magazine an article about his $2 million birthday party. Two million dollars could have proved very beneficial to many charities, and I find it very unfortunate that this 70-year-old man would waste so much money only to fill the bellies of his pals and catch up on all the gossip of the well-to-dos.

Teresa Young, M.D.
Birmingham, Ala.

"Our Father is not in Heaven yet and, as he also still signs our paychecks, we are anxious to make his 70th birthday a more memorable one. . . ." Never have I heard of a more incredibly obnoxious invitation in my life. Malcolm's sons sound like greedy little pseudosophisticated pigs.

Staci Ann Blank
New York City

Inside Malcolm Forbes's $2 million rockin' Moroccan birthday bash
People weekly
FALL PREVIEW!
A fab guide to the season's biggest and best movies, TV shows, music, books—and more

There is no doubt that you will receive hundreds (maybe thousands?) of letters from do-gooders criticizing Malcolm Forbes for his birthday party. I, however, am of the opinion that it is his money and he can spend it any way he wants. Besides, I'm sure Mr. Forbes donates his fair share to all kinds of charities. Gosh, let the guy have some fun and just wish him a happy birthday.

Robin Stark
Bothell, Wash.

RIC O'BARRY

I enjoyed your piece on dolphins, but I am troubled by the negative comments about the swim programs involving these wonderful creatures. Three weeks ago my family and I were thrilled to have a dolphin encounter in Hawaii. The trainers hit us hard with conservation facts and a great educational program before we put so much as a little toe in the water. This program has had a profound effect on our whole family. I'm sure it has helped shape our children's attitude toward the importance of marine conservation as no movie, book or SAVE THE WHALES poster ever could.

Melissa Wirken
Mesa, Ariz.

Flipper's ex-trainer, Ric O'Barry, has evidently spent too much time out of the water. When he states that programs like Dolphins Plus in Key Largo, Fla., don't work, he is speaking without thoroughly researching the experiences of people who have spent time with the dolphins. I did just that with a dolphin named Dreamer at Dolphins Plus. There was more than an hour of instruction by a staff member who has a marine biology degree. I spent the morning with Dreamer, and when I had to leave the water, I cried. She watched me go, rising out of the water to do so, and talked to me. The dolphins' well-being is foremost at Dolphins Plus, and they don't do tricks. Control the abusers of our sea creatures, but don't eliminate the positive interactions.

Nancy J. Scharmach
Richardson, Texas

JIM JENSEN

I want to thank Jim Jensen for sharing his pain and his hope with all of us. I too am a recovering addict, and it's wonderful to hear and see the miracle of starting over. Thank you, Mr. Jensen, for telling people that there is, indeed, "hope after dope."

Clare Lambert
Randolph, N.J.

To paraphrase F. Scott Fitzgerald, show me a roaring success and I'll show you an undisclosed tragedy. Stand tall, Jim. Crying in church because of the beautiful music during a cello-piano recital means one thing—at 62 you're finally alive, a complete, expressive human being.

Ron Hamblin
Ridgefield Park, N.J.

ARLIE HOCHSCHILD

Arlie Hochschild has hit the working-women syndrome right on the nose. After 18 months of marriage, I was ready to throw in the towel and head for divorce court, due to unequal responsibilities and a lack of communication. Fortunately for us, we were able to break the communication gap and sit down and discuss a workable solution. I think reading this article should be a prerequisite to getting a marriage license. For my husband and me, two children and nine years later, I'm still doing 65 percent of all household duties. However, 65 percent is easier to deal with than the 98 percent of the first 18 months.

Veronica Elmendorf
Los Angeles

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PEOPLE WEEKLY (ISSN 0093-7673) is published weekly, except semiweekly during a week in April and a week in September, with two issues combined at year-end, $67.08 per year U.S. and $98.28 per year Canada only, by The Time Inc. Magazine Company. Principal office: Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020-1393. Reginald K. Brack Jr., President; Joseph A. Ripp, Treasurer; Harry M. Johnston, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Canada Post Corporation, Ottawa, Canada (second-class registration number 9262), and for payment of postage in cash. ©1989 The Time Inc. Magazine Company. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. PEOPLE WEEKLY is a registered trademark of The Time Inc. Magazine Company. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to PEOPLE WEEKLY, Post Office Box 30603, Tampa, Florida 33630-0603. **For subscription queries, call Customer Service at 1-800-541-9000.**

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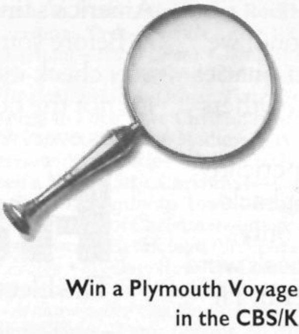

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PICKS & PANS

TUBE

By Alan Carter

Random thoughts from a man who has clearly watched too much TV: After seeing Cher's controversial video (you know, the one in which her derriere greets the world), it's now obvious why she starred in *Moonstruck* . . . The best episode of *Designing Women* isn't as good as the worst episode of *The Golden Girls* . . . And those who believe this magazine's recent TV reviews have been way too "nice," well, you well-intentioned, lovely people are being way too tough and unforgiving. That goes for you, too, Mom.

■ PEACEABLE KINGDOM
CBS (Wed., Sept. 20, 8 P.M. ET)

It's no put-down to say this tame family drama relies on animal magnetism. Lindsay Wagner and Tom Wopat run a zoo in a large city, and cute animals, domestic and wild, run rampant. But the producers of this series, an amalgam of the better *Daktari* and weaker *Family*, have made siblings out of Wagner-Wopat instead of would-be lovers, which they are in this charming pilot. What's left are shots of sweet gorillas, and a plot that can drive you ape. Grade: **C+**

■ THE YOUNG RIDERS
ABC (Wed., Sept 20, 8:30 P.M. ET)

They should have called this one *Hunks on Horses* or *Studs on Stallions.* Ty Miller, Josh Brolin (son of James) and Steve Baldwin (brother of Alec and Billy of *The Preppie Murder;* see below) all play pony express riders—along with Travis Fine, Gregg Rainwater and Yvonne Suhor—and will have young girls lining up for their posters. The script? It's nothing to ride home about, but the show is beautifully shot. Too bad this show is as historically inaccurate as every other TV Western. The cowboys are too good, the Indians are too bad, and blacks and Asians are not even represented in the series premiere. That omission mars an otherwise quite watchable program. Grade: **B−**

■ THE NUTT HOUSE
NBC (Wed., Sept. 20, 9 P.M. ET)

This aptly titled sitcom has Cloris Leachman. And Harvey Korman. Need we say more? Okay. It's created by Mel Brooks and Alan (*Sledge Hammer!*) Spencer. All these funny people have teamed to parody the series *Hotel* and come up with a fast-moving farce. It might go over your head the first time, so tape this one. You'll want to watch it again anyway, if only to catch Leachman's portrayal of a lust-filled housekeeper. Grade: **B+**

Nutt House
Korman and Leachman, nurturing laughs

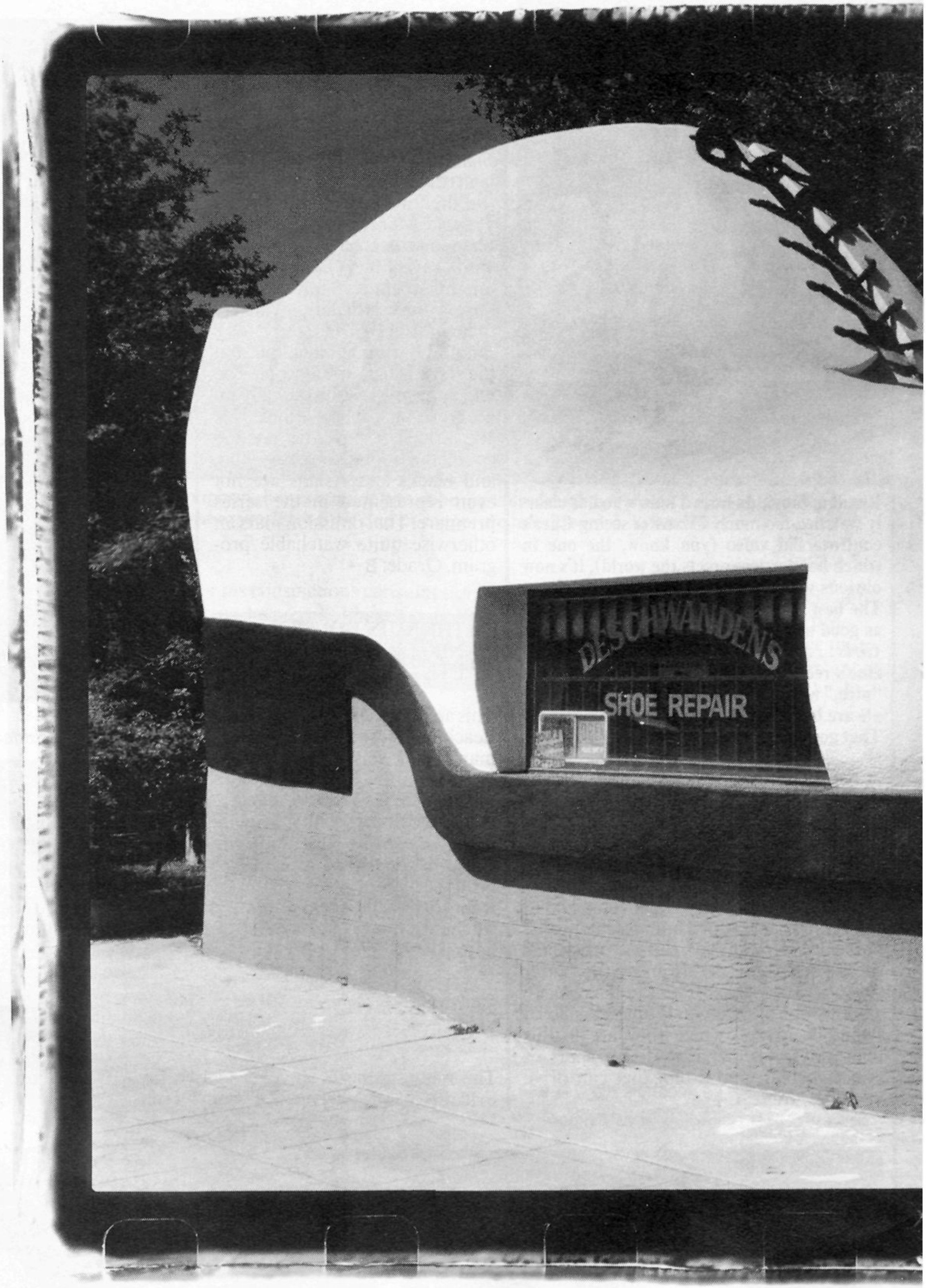
■ HARDBALL
NBC (Thurs., Sept. 21, 9:30 P.M. ET)

The ratings whizzes at A.C. Nielsen say Friday is the night when the fewest TV sets are in use. That should change with this highly stylized and at times comical cop show that upgrades the tired genre of mixmatched cops. In this special premiere episode (the regular series slot is Fridays at 9), a no-nonsense veteran, John Ashton, is paired on the L.A. force with the antithetical Richard Tyson, a neo-hippie (he makes war as well as love but thinks good thoughts). The long-tressed Tyson, wonderful last year in a *China Beach* guest stint, should do for female hormones what Don Johnson and Philip Michael Thomas did before him. Grade: **B+**

Living Dolls
Deborah Tucker, Halle Berry, Alison Elliott and Leah Remini, straight off the tootsie-wootsie assembly line

RETROLAUGHS

Television celebrates one of the funniest women to ever live, Lucille Ball, and one of TV's all-time funniest shows, *Saturday Night Live* (see page 70), this weekend. On Saturday, Bob Hope pays a special tribute to Ball, his sometime TV and movie sidekick. And the madcap brilliance of *SNL*, starting its 15th year, is hailed Sunday. Both are NBC shows. The Ball tribute is 9:30-11 P.M. ET and the *SNL* fest is 9-11:30 P.M. ET.



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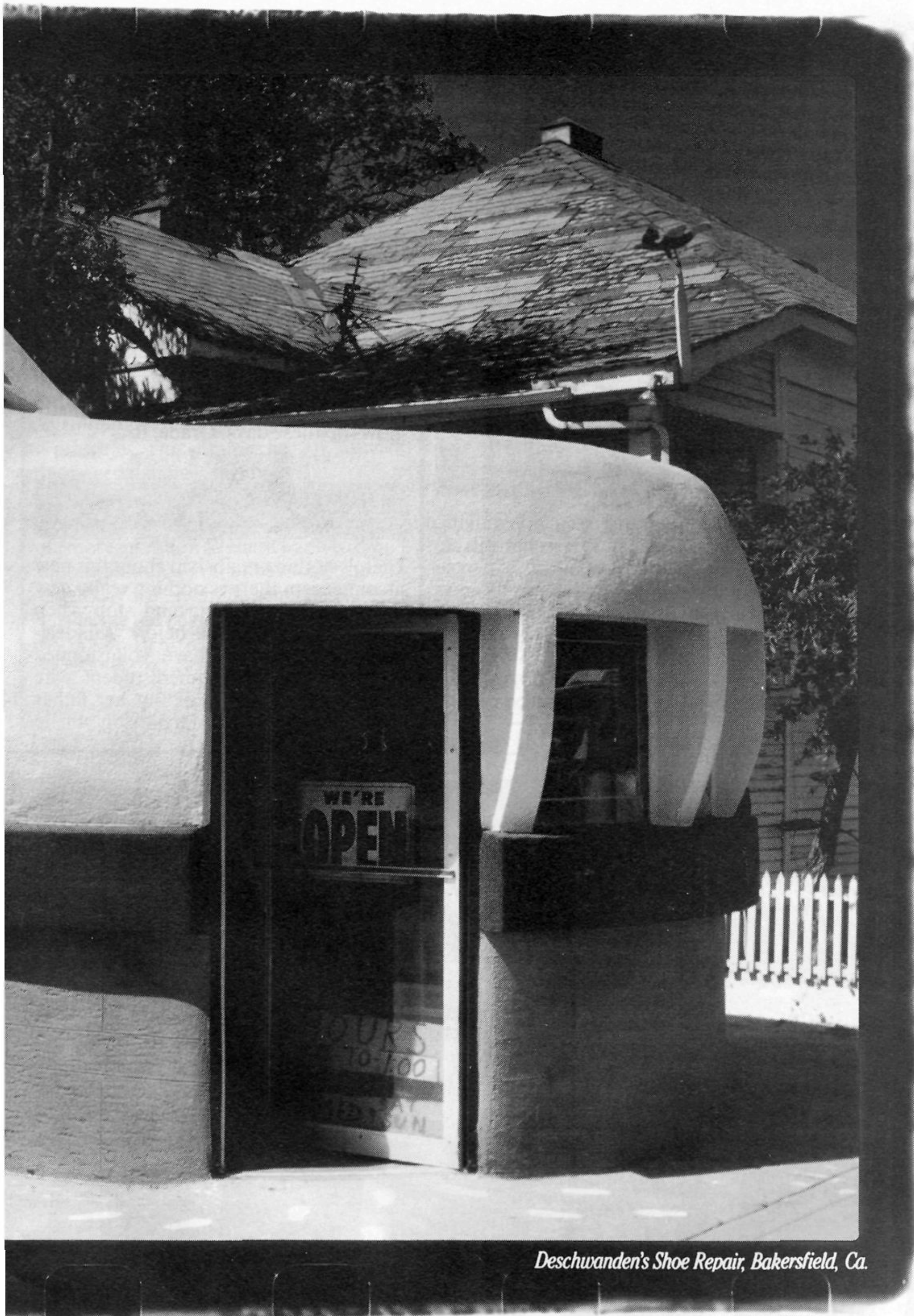

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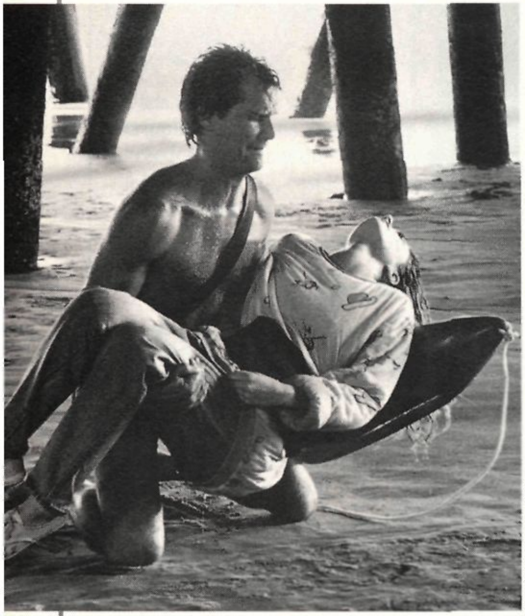

KIM CARLSBERG/NBC

Baywatch
Parker Stevenson's life-is-a-beach job

■ TOP OF THE HILL
CBS (Thurs., Sept. 21, 9 P.M. ET)

This one is from unpredictable producer Stephen J. Cannell (his credits include *The A-Team* and *Wiseguy*). The concept of this show, about a naive congressman who loves to surf—played by William Katt, formerly *The Greatest American Hero*—is barely plausible. And as if a surfing congressman weren't enough, this is a surfing congressman who barely thinks about sex. What saves the series is Katt's likable presence, which makes even the most ridiculous plot twists (such as his single-handedly fighting drug smugglers in Latin America) forgivable. Grade: **B−**

■ BAYWATCH
NBC (Fri., Sept. 22, 8 P.M. ET)

The plots are as skimpy as a string bikini. But this drama-lite show also has hirsute hunks and nubile ninnies. So lots of people will love it. David Hasselhoff and Parker Stevenson star as Malibu lifeguards, often wearing little more than they were born with. Ex-Miss Universe Shawn Weatherly also stars—so it's not entirely *Boywatch*—but she wears, shucks, a one-piece bathing suit. Points off for that. Grade: **C−**

■ FAMILY MATTERS
ABC (Fri., Sept. 22, 8:30 P.M. ET)

JoMarie Payton-France was funny on the series *Perfect Strangers* as the wise-cracking elevator operator. Reggie Veljohnson was very good in the movie *Die Hard* as the cop who kept reassuring Bruce Willis. Together, as this series' husband and wife, Payton-France and Veljohnson transcend typical TV sitcoms. The blue-collar Winslow family has a house overflowing with standard types (notably a crabby mother-in-law, Rosetta LeNoire). But the producers and writers do a nice job in this pilot of keeping the screeching and preaching to a bare minimum, something few comedy shows do these days. Grade: **B**

■ HOMEROOM
ABC (Sun., Sept. 24, 8:30 P.M. ET)

There's nothing really bad about this new sitcom except there is nothing really new about it. Follow along and stop when you've heard any of this before. An idealistic young teacher (have you stopped yet?) and his bubbly med-student wife have a perfect marriage. But her father doesn't like him (you can't possibly still be

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The Young Riders
Baldwin, Suhor, Rainwater, Brolin, Miller and Fine, not delivering the mail

reading). And—get this—Dad is the landlord who lives right upstairs! (You there?) Give credit to the three leads (Darryl Sivad, Penny Johnson and Bill Cobbs) who try vainly to breathe new life into a tired old format. Grade: **C−**

■ THE PREPPIE MURDER
ABC (Sun., Sept. 24, 9 P.M. ET)

The debate over whether or not TV should make entertainment out of real-life murders will no doubt rage on long after this movie, based on the notorious 1986 slaying of a New York City girl, is forgotten (see page 36). But as drama, *The Preppie Murder* doesn't anger you, which it obviously tries to. While the movie seeks to draw some lessons from the tragedy (most obviously indicting the justice system for judging the victim), the outrage is fuzzied by the lack of courtroom scenes. While Joanna (*Growing Pains*) Kerns (as the case's prosecutor) and newcomer Billy Baldwin (as killer Robert Chambers) acquit themselves nicely, too much of the story seems left out. Grade: **C+**

■ LIVING DOLLS
ABC (Tues., Sept. 26, 8:30 P.M. ET)

Actress Michael Learned once bumped into me on the street. She apologized. I forgave her. But I won't be so generous about her acting in this lame *Who's the Boss?* spin-off. Learned, a four-time Emmy winner, should know better. In this dull premiere show she plays surrogate mother to four young models. The lifeless dolls are clichés—one is vain, the others smart, naive and streetwise. Seem familiar? Exec producer Ross Brown formerly worked on *The Facts of Life*. And he might have rewritten this script from way down in that show's reject pile. Grade: **F**

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PICKS & PANS

SCREEN

In Country
Vietnam redux: Stephen Tobolowsky, Emily Lloyd, Bruce Willis, John Terry

■ IN COUNTRY
Emily Lloyd, Bruce Willis

It's soon apparent that director Norman (*Agnes of God*) Jewison is leading this film toward what is obviously going to be a big catharsis for his main characters—Vietnam vet Willis and Lloyd, a teenager whose father died in the war. It takes longer to realize Jewison wants to drag his audience along and that he is sure they need to face up to the effects of the war too.

The side effects of the manipulation are annoying—it's easy to start wondering which hidden nerves Jewison and screenwriters Frank (*Dog Day Afternoon*) Pierson and newcomer Cynthia Cidre think they're hitting whenever a scene changes. And because the film seems to be making a case rather than touching a historical moment, its assumptions seem outdated.

When Bobbie Ann Mason published the novel that the movie comes from, it was 1985—before *Platoon*, before *China Beach*, before Vietnam trading cards. You can debate the depth of confrontation, but the war has been at least approached now. In Mason's novel, set in a Kentucky town in 1984, veterans are still pariahs.

If the movie comes off as an unconvincing sermon, it has its powerful moments. Willis is often moving as the vet who can't adjust to civilian life. He muses about how much he liked the egrets he saw in Vietnam, but outwardly he lives an only mildly eccentric existence. In private, however, he suffers from terrible psychological flashbacks. Willis makes it hurt when he says, "I'm hanging on with every bit of strength I've got. I'm exhausted."

Joan (*Tucker: The Man and His Dream*) Allen plays Willis's sister and Lloyd's mother, whose husband of a month was killed in the war; she brings off a tough role as a woman who feels vaguely guilty because she isn't obsessed with Vietnam and a man she knew so little, so long ago. Judith (*Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*) Ivey, as a nurse who has a crush on Willis, suggests longing without spooning it on; John (*Full Metal Jacket*) Terry, as Willis's impotent war buddy, mixes pride and pathos.

At the center of the film, Lloyd is lively and cute as a girl who graduates from high school and decides she wants to know more about her father. A young Englishwoman, Lloyd conquers the accent problems she showed in *Cookie*. In this film, you'd never guess she wasn't from Kentucky. You'd never guess anyone would go to England to hire her, either. It's true, of course, that Vivien Leigh, who was magnificent in two of the most American of American films, *Gone with the Wind* and *A Streetcar Named Desire*, grew up in Europe. But Lloyd is no Leigh, by either looks or talent. (She's not Kim Novak, either, though a scene in which she tries to seduce Terry into dancing with her recalls Novak's best movie moment, in *Picnic*.)

Several ensemble scenes are touchingly staged by Jewison and his cast—few movies show this much honest, intimate emotion. But just when the film is casting a spell, a line like "After a while you just quit feeling" pops up, or Jewison will do something that screams symbolism. Or in the case of the egrets that appear from nowhere just as Willis has an epiphany, they squawk symbolism. (R)—***Ralph Novak***

SEXBOMBS AWAY

ELLEN BARKIN
From some angles, she looks like the girl nobody wanted to take to the junior prom in high school. But few actresses talk or move as insinuatingly (the young Lauren Bacall comes to mind), and Barkin all but lights up Al Pacino in *Sea of Love*.

LAURA SAN GIACOMO
So much for the sex part of *sex, lies, and videotape*. Her sweaty grapplings with Peter Gallagher are enough to give meaningless lust back its good name.

CHERYL LADD
At 38, she's almost ready for sexbomb emeritus status, but if *Millennium* doesn't show anything else (and it just about doesn't), it proves Ladd hasn't lost the heavenly attributes of her *Charlie's Angels* epoch.

■ A DRY WHITE SEASON
Donald Sutherland, Zakes Mokae

Like *Cry Freedom*, this film depicts the grueling outrage of racism in South Africa mainly from the viewpoint of a white liberal fighting the system. But this movie, directed by a black Martiniquan, Euzhan Palcy, is far more effective at keeping black actors—and the essential problem of South Africa—onscreen.

In a story taken from a novel by white

DAVID JAMES

A Dry White Season
Mokae and Sutherland in a tentative alliance

NEW ON VIDEO

OLD DAYS: *THE LAND BEFORE TIME*

From the Creators of "An American Tail"
The Land Before Time

A prehistoric *Bambi,* this animated feature, created by Don (*An American Tail*) Bluth, follows the young brontosaurus Littlefoot as he seeks the Great Valley. L.F.'s mom buys the tar pit early on, leaving him and such young pals as Cera the triceratops on their own. The other dinosaurs they meet often look like '51 Hudson Hornets; the bad guy is Sharp Tooth, a tyrannosaur. Dinosaurs aren't as lovable as fawns and bunnies, but the kids get a fair share of scares, excitement and playful warmth. (MCA)

South African André Brinks (who still lives in Grahamstown, South Africa), Sutherland is a high school history teacher in Johannesburg who seems unaware that his country has a race problem. Then his gardener's son and his gardener are killed during the Soweto uprising of 1976.

Sutherland's abject naïveté is never quite convincing, but scenes of his whiter-than-white suburban family make for a biting contrast with the lives of their tormented black neighbors. While lots of drama goes on, no moment in the movie is more striking than a party where Sutherland's guests, all white, chatter on casually about how worthless blacks are, ignoring the black maid who is serving them.

Mokae, a black South African refugee, slyly plays a breezy taxi driver whose respect for whites is nonexistent. But he joins with Sutherland to try to expose the police's role in the gardener's death.

Marlon Brando has two effective scenes as a lawyer who helps Sutherland. It's his first film in 10 years, and he seems to be doing a Sydney Greenstreet imitation, but he lends the film box office weight at least.

Strong support comes from Susan Sarandon as a liberal reporter, South African–born Janet Suzman as Sutherland's wife and Jurgen (*Das Boot*) Prochnow as a secret-police officer. Thoko Ntshinga is the gardener's defiant wife. Especially striking is Rowan Elmes, 14, a schoolboy in Zimbabwe, site of most of the filming. As Sutherland's son, he radiates intelligence in a story whose grim ending hardly leads to optimism. And his real life—a young white in a struggling black-ruled country—offers a rare bit of symbolic hope for southern Africa. (R)—***R.N.***

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PICKS & PANS

SONG

■ PERFECT VIEW
The Graces

Led by ex–Go-Go Charlotte Caffey, the Graces, on their first record (as well as Caffey's since she parted from Belinda Carlisle et al. in 1984), perpetuate the frothy California sound that seems all the rage among distaff rockers west of the Rockies.

A trio of comely, well-tressed West Coast females, the Graces do their best to distinguish themselves from other "girl groups" and succeed a fair amount of the time. Caffey found the other Graces, Gia Ciambotti and Meredith Brooks, on the L.A. club circuit. They generate rich harmonies and pleasant choruses reminiscent of the Bangles while minimizing the boisterous guitars common to some of their sisters in song. They break out of this easy-to-listen-to but restrictive basic style in a few bright places—"50,000 Candles Burning," for instance, has a funky strut, and Ciambotti does her best Tina Turner on "When the Sun Goes Down."

Not every song is that distinctive. The overwhelming feeling of *Perfect View* is that Caffey is still trying to flesh out a more singular sound to set the group apart. But it's early in the game for the trio, and their songs are lively. So let's call it tofutti music: Not as rich as the real thing, but if you are hankering for something sweet to keep you light on your feet, it's a satisfying substitute. (A&M)—***Andrew Abrahams***

■ TOO LONG IN THE WASTELAND
James McMurtry

It's enough to restore your faith in human nature. While any success this album has will inevitably eat into his populist rock constituency, John Cougar Mellencamp not only produced this album but also lent McMurtry most of his band—notably drummer Kenny Aronoff, who (with fellow percussionist Jerry Deupree) kicks things back into gear when the pace lags.

The Fort Worth, Texas–born McMurtry is a distanced character with a voice as dry as a desert wind and a sense of humor a couple of levels drier. He wrote all the tunes on this outsider-looking-in album, typified by "I'm Not from Here": "I'm not from here/ But people tell me/ It's not like it used to be/ They say I should've been here/ Back about 10 years/ Before it got ruined by folks like me." On the title track, McMurtry takes a moving look at a frittered-away life: "I hadn't intended/ To break the rules/ But whiskey don't make liars/ It just makes fools/ So I didn't mean to say it/ But I meant what I said."

James, novelist-screenwriter Larry McMurtry's son, stylistically echoes everyone from Pete Seeger, John Prine and Harry Chapin to Springsteen, Mellencamp and Dylan. The Dylan similarities aren't happy; McMurtry's voice tends to sink into a buzzy drone. In fact this project might have been best served if Mellencamp had recorded the tunes himself. There's an element of style, however, in the way he is graciously making way for a younger generation, and it's not as if the 27-year-old McMurtry will make anyone's eardrums shrivel up. Indeed, his voice actually grows easier to take, and his songs hit home right off the bat. (Columbia)—***Ralph Novak***

DAVID GAHR

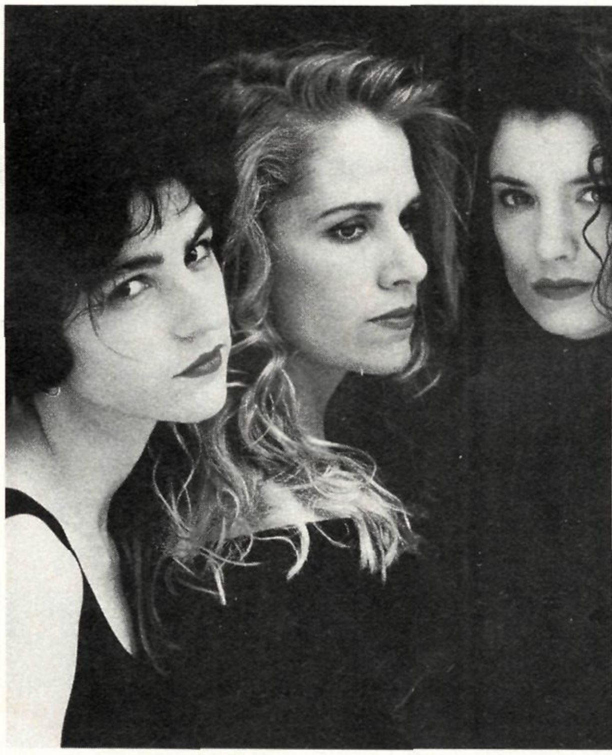
James McMurtry
A terrific songwriter who sort of sings

■ THE HEALER
John Lee Hooker

Hurtin' and healin' are Hooker's stock-in-trade. Since he started singing and playing the blues six decades ago as a barefoot boy growing up in the Mississippi Delta, Hooker has practiced a form of mojo magic that earned him the nickname Boogie Man. Eric Clapton, Pete Townshend and Keith Richards, among others, shamelessly copied his heartbeat rhythmic style on guitar. But none of Hooker's imitators has ever come close to matching his emotional intensity or his ability to conjure a cure for the most common of all human maladies: lovesickness.

On *The Healer,* several prominent rock guitarists pay Hooker back in kind for his inspiration. The title track is a sorcerer's delight, with Carlos Santana soaring and swooping to a conga-driven Latin beat while Hooker howls in a voice as ethereal as an ice-bitten night wind. Getting downright funky on "I'm in the Mood," Hooker growls lasciviously as he trades licks with Bonnie Raitt. Robert Cray's cool and pristine walking blues on "Baby Lee" is a study in contrast to George Thorogood's buzz-saw approach to "Sally Mae." Slide guitarist Roy Rogers and the band Canned Heat boogie down on "Cuttin' Out," and Cesar Rosas and Los Lobos add a fiesta touch to "Think Twice."

Hooker goes it alone for much of the second half of the album, with material that runs the gamut from the raggedy country blues of "Rockin' Chair" to the airy romanticism of "My Dream." Hook-



The Graces
Gia Ciambotti, left, Charlotte Caffey and Meredith Brooks, looking to get past rock's sexist stereotypes

The GRACES
perfect view

er sticks to a few basic chords and often blithely wreaks havoc on the meter of the 12-bar blues form. But his leather-timbred voice has grown even more sensuous and supple with age. And he has not lost the rambunctious spirit that characterized his 1949 hit "Boogie Chillen" and other early R&B classics, the best of which can now be heard in digitally remastered splendor on *John Lee Hooker's 40th Anniversary Album* (DCC/Sensation).

Hooker is a consummate musical raconteur whose dark tales of broken promises and cheating hearts may make you weep. But if you allow yourself to get down—way down—you'll discover the truth of Hooker's promise: "The blues will heal you." (Chameleon Music)

—*David Grogan*

DAVID GAHR

John Lee Hooker *Spreading the gospel of the Delta blues with such acolytes as Robert Cray, Bonnie Raitt and Carlos Santana*

■ FREE
Concrete Blonde

When he thought up the name for this L.A.-based quartet, R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe (who got involved because he was then the band's labelmate) showed again how well he uses words. The band sounds exactly like its name, as rough and heavy as cement, with surprising bouts of lightness and vulnerability from lead singer Johnette Napolitano.

While many new groups veer off into one extreme genre or another, Concrete Blonde keeps the flame for basic hard rock. On their second release, Napolitano and her macho Blonde compatriots (they all have dark hair) prove themselves capable of rocking as riotously as Guns n' Roses while maintaining a much higher level of intelligence.

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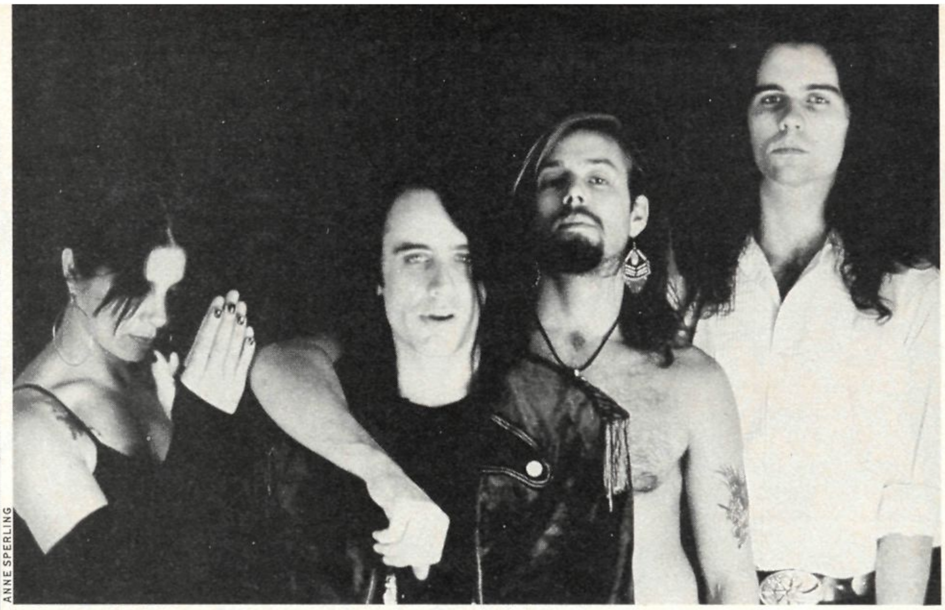
"God Is a Bullet" takes skillful aim at the NRA with a moving plea for gun control; "Happy Birthday" traces the winsome thoughts of an adult on that special day. Sounding as tough as Grace Jones might have if she hadn't joined the Top 40 parade, Napolitano breathes worldliness into every raspy syllable. With enticing '70s-style power riffs, the band keeps appropriate pace with her. This album will win fans who like to think a bit while they play air guitar. (IRS)—***Michael Small***


ANNE SPERLING

Concrete Blonde
Johnette Napolitano, James Mankey, Harry Rushakoff and Alan Bloch: no cement heads

■ C-I-P-H-E-R S-Y-N-T-A-X
Strata Institute

For many young jazz musicians in these backward-looking times, Bird is the Word. Four decades after Charlie Parker led the bebop rebellion against the strictures of traditional swing, the complex musical syntax he created remains the lingua franca of serious improvisers.

Steve Coleman and Greg Osby, the coleaders of Strata Institute and the two most talented young alto saxophonists on the scene today, are capable of playing Bird licks as well as any of their contemporaries. But they refuse to be typecast as well-heeled bebop choirboys. Instead they are intent on creating a new dialect that could restore the immediacy of jazz as a revolutionary music.

C-i-p-h-e-r S-y-n-t-a-x is a synthesis of the refined harmonic and rhythmic vocabulary of jazz with the streetwise musical vernacular of rawboned R&B. The album features Coleman and Osby compositions written with unconventional meters and voicings and packed with hip grooves that invite the listener to get down or be gone. A staggered backbeat at the git-go creates the illusion that a soulful

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octopus is sitting in on drums; in fact it is the work of two percussionists—Marvin "Smitty" Smith and Tani Tabbal—playing synthesized riffs tempered to sound as if they were produced on one acoustic drum kit. Electric guitarist David Gilmore's hard-driving funk is balanced during the session by Bob Hurst's skewed walking rhythms on acoustic bass. Meanwhile Coleman and Osby engage in a thrust-and-parry saxophone pass that is both lyrical and stiletto sharp.

Parker favored soaring melodic lines. Coleman and Osby have a stutterstep dexterity and a fondness for leaping on unexpected accents that are as breathtaking as the slam-dunk artistry of Michael Jordan. Flat-footed jazz traditionalists may be inclined to dismiss this album as just a new form of jive. But the in-your-face music of Coleman and Osby should be here to stay. It is the promise of the Word brought to life again. (JMT)—***D.G.***

■ LIFE IN EXILE AFTER ABDICATION
Maureen Tucker

Because of this record, a 44-year-old mother of five now lacks a job. But it couldn't be any other way.

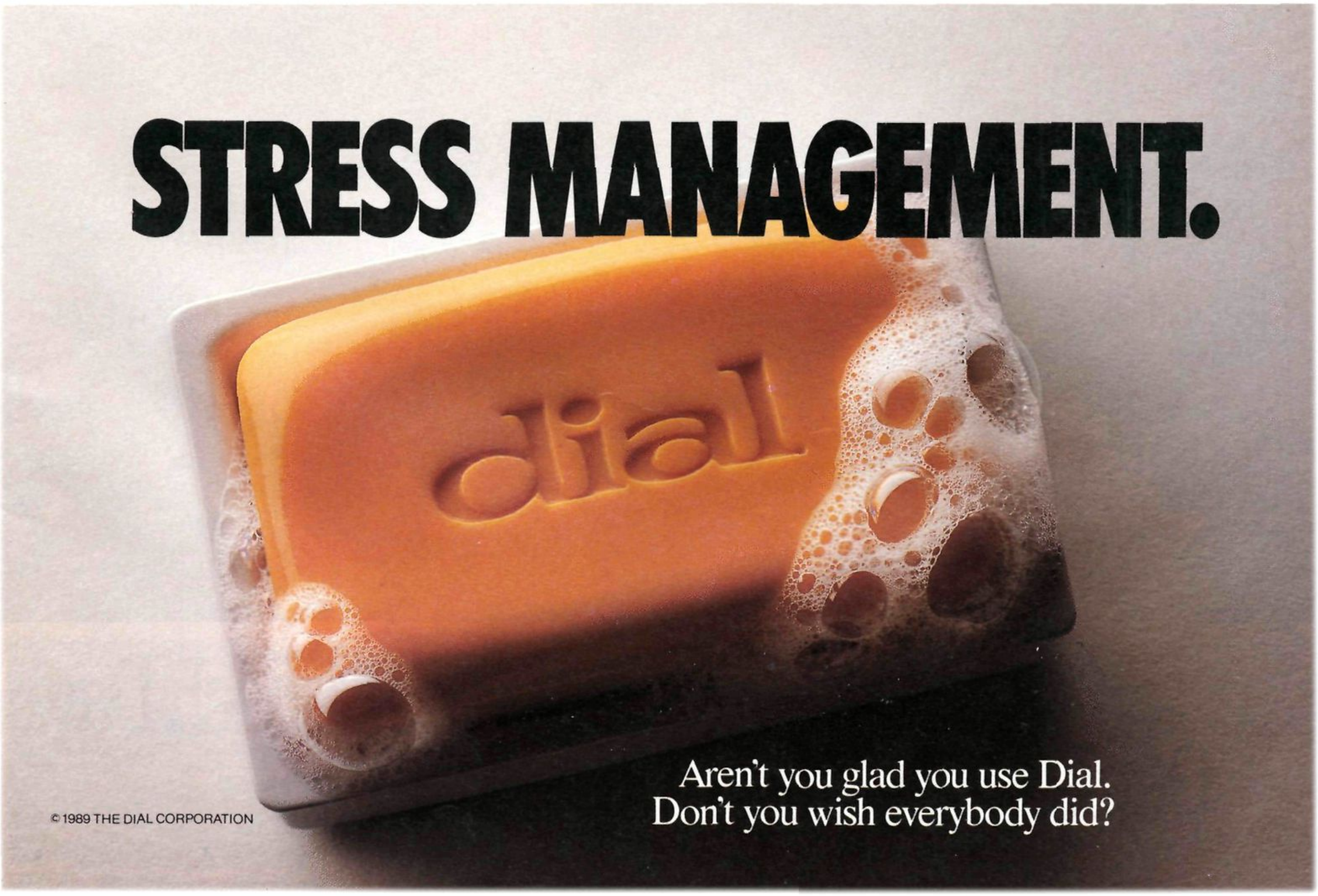
Maureen Tucker
Pulled off the warehouse shelves

When Tucker asked her bosses at a Georgia Wal-Mart discount store warehouse for a leave of absence so she could tour with Lou Reed and promote her new rock album, they turned her down and she had to quit. Maybe they just didn't believe she was telling the truth. Then again, a lot of people won't believe their ears when they hear the psychedelic guitar riffs and frenetic vocals of this middle-aged, divorced, formerly working mom.

Despite her years as a keypunch operator, Tucker didn't exactly come out of nowhere. As one of the first female rock drummers, she kept the beat for the Velvet Underground, then quietly drifted off into suburbia when the band broke up in 1970. Concurrent with a 1980s Velvet Underground revival, Tucker learned guitar and surfaced again with two rough-hewn releases. *Life in Exile After Abdication*, her more polished third independent album, holds the potential to please listeners at opposite ends of the rock music spectrum.

Fans of hip art rock will turn on to the simmering guitar accompaniment by Lou Reed and members of Sonic Youth. Art history mavens will take interest in "Andy," a tribute to Warhol, who served as patron to the Velvet Underground.

Listeners who hate all that medium-highbrow stuff will like the album for other reasons. Tucker's uncertain, off-key voice, delivering lyrics about middle-class life, makes her sound as familiar as the woman next door. She kicks off the album's opening song, "Hey, Mersh!" with the exclamation, "Let's go to the mall!"



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Then she cuts into "Spam Again," a vindictive diatribe against the mistreatment of blue-collar workers, with a few barbs aimed at Wal-Mart chairman Sam Walton: "Me and you will stay so poor/ He'll get richer for sure."

Penn Jillette, of Penn and Teller, had enough faith in Tucker's talents to help finance this effort. He's not going to turn any aging working women into MTV rock starlets, but this album is a neat trick nonetheless. (50,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 Watts)—***M.S.***

BEVERLY PARKER

Shelby Lynne
Displaying a country-music wisdom considerably beyond her 20 years

■ **SUNRISE**
Shelby Lynne

Even the most precocious 20-year-old woman probably hasn't accumulated enough heartbreak and melancholy perspective to be a full-fledged, lament-slinging country singer. But despite her youth, Lynne comes more than acceptably close to the mark.

Lynne sings in the hearty, rich tones of Shelly West and even shows a historical perspective that's refreshing in these times of pop music's rampant vanity, with singers all too often seeming all too enthralled with their own songs. Lynne does sing such new tunes as Mike Reid and Rory Michael Bourke's "The Hurtin' Side" and the Mark Barnette–Grady Ross Barnette–Ron Muir track "That's Where It Hurts" ("It hurts in Kansas City where we stood out in the rain/ In Omaha, Nebraska, where we boarded that old train"). But she also reaches back to the recent past for "This Time I Almost Made It," a hit for Barbara Mandrell, and goes even further back, to the 1930s, for the standard "I'm Confessin'." Except for an annoying fanfare over a key change, Lynne's rendition

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of Floyd Tillman's country classic "I Love You So Much It Hurts" is simple and direct enough to warrant favorable comparison with Patsy Cline's definitive version.

In an era when traditional country performers are enjoying a boomlet, Lynne's duets with George Jones have already brought her some positive attention. This, her first solo album, should bring her a lot more. (Epic)—***R.N.***

■ MY FATHER'S FACE

Leo Kottke

Kottke, long known for his masterful, minimally accompanied acoustic guitar stylings, enriches his sound considerably on *My Father's Face.* The change is evident from the opening instrumental, "Times Twelve," on which Kottke's rich strum-and-pick technique is subtly accented by the glockenspiel, timpani and sleigh bells of Michael Blair.

With very few exceptions, Kottke in his recording career has usually run a one-man show, so the making of this album must have seemed like a Cecil B. De Mille epic. Leo is joined by a raft of musicians, including David Hidalgo of Los Lobos, Dobroist Jerry Douglas, drummer Jim Keltner, bass player Edgar Meyer and, on organ, T. Bone Burnett, who also produces. To Burnett's credit, he hasn't let Kottke's stately, mournful folk style get lost in the shuffle. But you'd think with all that help wandering around the studio, Kottke might have drafted someone to sing for him. Unfortunately, he insists on mauling the music himself. You can hear his dour, deflated voice lowing on songs like "Back in Buffalo" and "Why Can't You Fix My Car." He does sound good as he gruffly talks his way through "Jack Gets Up," an intriguing, surreal nursery rhyme for adults. "My Aunt Francis" and "B.J." are more in line with his past work—spare but expressive folk with a little classical formalism thrown in for good measure. His finger-picking artistry is most impressive on "William Powell," a dizzying display of dexterity (which has nothing to do with the '30s-'40s actor).

There's probably nothing we could say about Kottke at this point, 20 years into his recording career, that would alter your opinion of him. He's the beets of folk guitar music: Either you like him or you don't. Even though he's branching out slightly on this offering, Kottke has neither compromised nor strayed very far from his thoughtful and distinctive roots. (Private Music)—***David Hiltbrand***

SINGULAR VIDEOS

BREAKIN' THE CHAIN

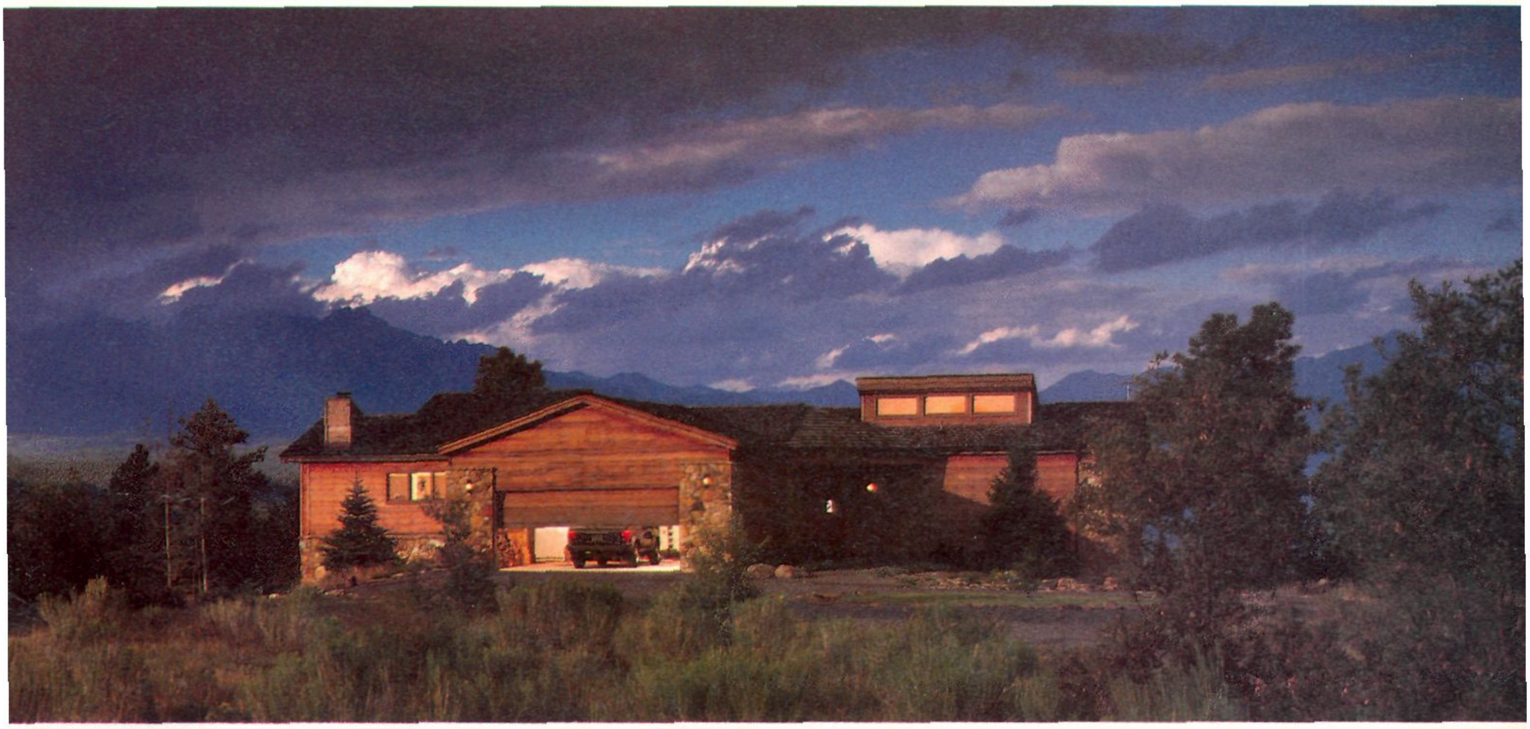
A pioneer woman hard rocker, **Cindy Bullens**, looking as if she has been pumping iron, stalks around a warehouse set in tough-gal outfits. She even seems cute, in an eat-Joan-Jett-for-breakfast-and-the-49ers'-offensive-line-for-lunch sort of way.

JUST WANNA HOLD

The tune seems part salute to the Rolling Stones, part send-up, and this **Mick Jones** video maintains that tone, with Billy Joel and Christie Brinkley mugging wildly and with a junior auxiliary band led by 13-year-old Sean Lennon.

LOOK WHO'S DANCING

Most of the terpsichoreans in question are filmed on the streets of Kingston, Jamaica, in a spontaneous version of **Ziggy Marley's** tune. The other lead vocal is by Ziggy's brother Stephen, and there's an out-of-context yet, in spirit, not inappropriate FREE SOUTH AFRICA tag line.



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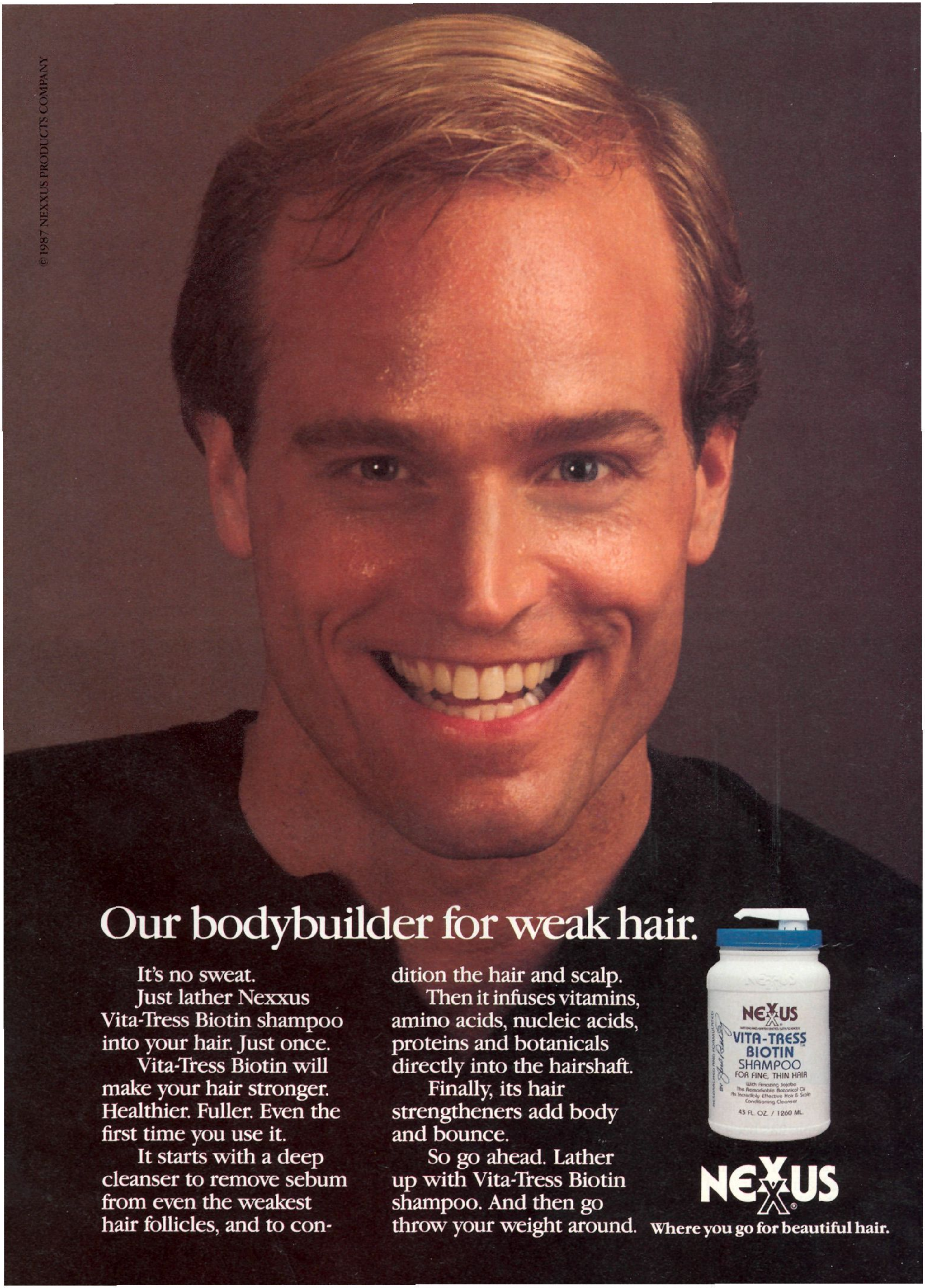
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PICKS & PANS
PAGES

■ YOU DON'T HAVE TO PET TO BE POPULAR
by Libby Reid

One hopes that Reid's real experiences with the highway of romance haven't been as full of potholes, flat tires, crack-ups, lemons, excessive tolls, blown gaskets, empty gas tanks and dead ends as her cartoons suggest. For as hilarious as they are—extremely, consistently hilarious—they also hint at a certain bitterness about the male-female relationship. They hint, in fact, that one is more likely to find fulfillment and love by going into the scorpion-training business than by trying to match up with someone of the opposite sex.

Reid doles out the blame for this state of affairs evenhandedly. In a panel captioned "Think Twice, Curious Girlfriend, Before You Talk Your Boyfriend into Telling You What He's Thinking," she shows a beau thinking such things as "I never thought I'd fall in love with a frizzy-haired neurotic with a big butt." But she sees women's faults too, as is clear from the gullible Ms. entering the "Lust-All Drug Store," whose front window displays such bargains as LAST YEAR'S COSMETIC FAILURES IN TEMPTING NEW PACKAGING.

Then there are "Tips for Love Hunters": PERSONAL ADS shows a gruesome convict writing his "single male" ad—"SM *Sociopath* Social Pathfinder *doing time for killing* with time to kill seeks *stupid, desperate female* adventurous female."

Reid, whose drawings appear in the *New York Daily News* as well as on a line of postcards, published an earlier collection, *Do You Hate Your Hips More than Nuclear War?* This book is less felicitously titled, yet it adds to Reid's oeuvre: addressing all the woes that can befall two people between "Hi. What's your sign?" and "Don't slam the door on your way out." (Penguin, paper, $6.95)—***Ralph Novak***

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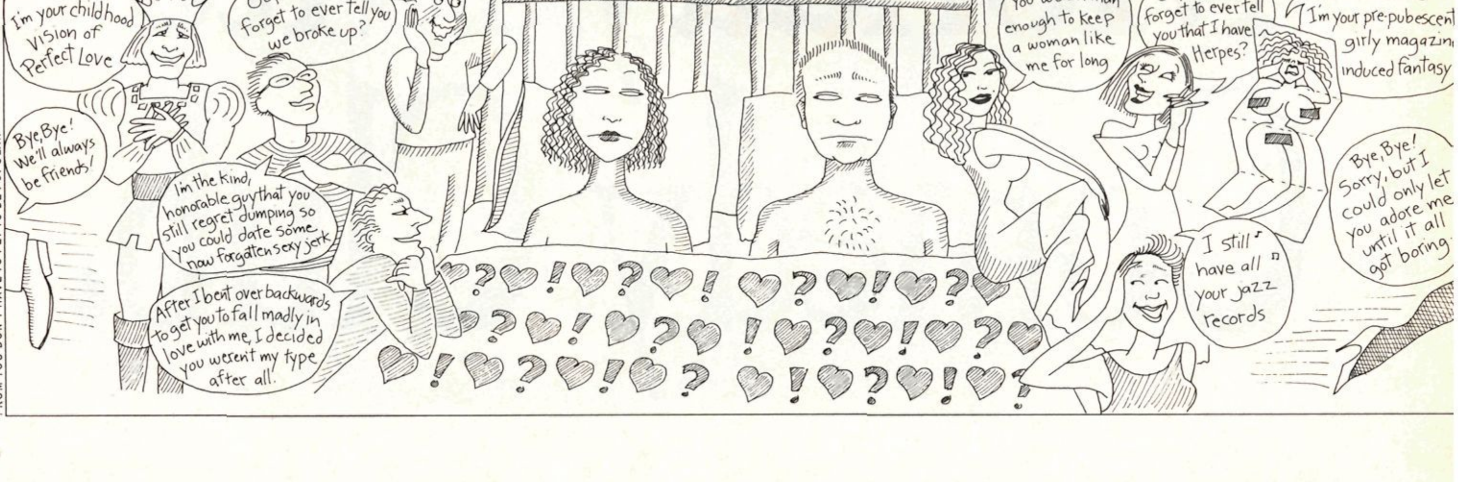
You Don't Have to Pet to Be Popular
Cartoonist Libby Reid and one of her cautionary samplers, more or less about love


WHO INVITED THE GHOSTS OF PAST RELATIONSHIPS TO OUR ROMANCE?
Remember me? I'm your childhood vision of Perfect Love
Oops! Did I forget to ever tell you we broke up?
Bye, Bye! We'll always be friends!
I'm the kind, honorable guy that you still regret dumping so you could date some now forgotten sexy jerk
After I bent over backwards to get you to fall madly in love with me, I decided you weren't my type after all.
You weren't man enough to keep a woman like me for long
Oops! Did I forget to ever tell you that I have Herpes?
Remember me? I'm your pre-pubescent girly magazine induced fantasy
Bye, Bye! Sorry, but I could only let you adore me until it all got boring.
I still have all your jazz records
FROM YOU DON'T HAVE TO PET TO BE POPULAR

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PHIL DRELL

Irwin Shaw
Below: Shaw, right, with director George Stevens, filming in France before the liberation of Paris in 1944; left: William Styron, Shaw and James Jones, in Paris in 1974

■ IRWIN SHAW
by Michael Shnayerson

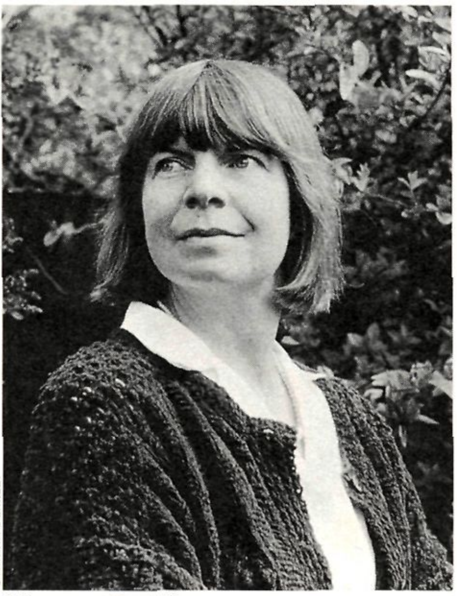
It was a life that began in Brooklyn poverty and ended in self-imposed exile in a Swiss chalet. In that 71-year span, Irwin Shaw (born Irwin Shamforoff) produced a daunting body of fictional work that included the play *Bury the Dead,* the novel *The Young Lions* and a handful of notable short stories (*The Girls in Their Summer Dresses, Tip on a Dead Jockey*).

Shaw's life, as this excellent, detailed biography illustrates, was fed by an overflowing passion for his work. He was a man of excess, his only economy in life reserved for his choice of written words. He wrote fiction each morning of his adult life, drank wine by the gallon, told witty stories in fine restaurants and usually ended his evenings in the arms of strong-willed women. He wrote his way through countless Hampton summers and Swiss winters, directing his anger at life's lack of fairness toward his characters. Shaw seemed, on the surface, to have a perfect writer's life, working in solitude by day, socializing with friends by evening's light.

Yet Shaw was haunted. He was wounded by literary critics (and some of his friends) who attacked his later works, scolding him for accepting the fast buck

Hollywood threw his way. Shaw himself wondered about the effects of a soft life on the hard realities of fiction. And while he never consciously compromised, it is evident that the man who wrote *The Troubled Air* (1951) was far removed from the author of *Acceptable Losses,* the last of Shaw's 12 novels, which appeared in 1982, two years before he died of cancer.

Shnayerson, a *Vanity Fair* contributing editor, packs his work with anecdotes. He writes in clear narrative form, backed by an overabundance of research. In the book's best moments, however, the one voice heard, resonating loud and clear, belongs to Shaw: "Look, failure is inevitable for the writer. Any writer. I don't care who he is, or how great he is, or what he's written. Sooner or later he's going to flop and everybody who admired him will try to write him off as a bum."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Margaret Drabble
On the quietly violent disorders of real life

Shaw married the same woman (onetime actress Marian Edwards) twice, betrayal on both sides marring the first union, a relaxed respect characterizing the second. By Shaw's account, during his life he numbered seven sets of friends, each set spanning a different period. His career began with a blaze (he wrote *Bury the Dead* at 23), flourished after he served in World War II, met a well-publicized malaise (the *New Yorker* dropped him as a contributor in 1955, and in 1960 he parted company with longtime publisher Random House) and was resurrected by TV (a 1976 miniseries gave his 1970 novel *Rich Man, Poor Man* a best-selling afterlife).

Through it all, the fights and feuds, the depression and drink, the sadness and euphoria, Shaw wrote fiction that, as often as not, demanded to be read. Shnayerson is convincing in arguing that Shaw deserves to be ranked among the lions of his day. (Putnam, $24.95)—***Lorenzo Carcaterra***

■ A NATURAL CURIOSITY
by Margaret Drabble

In 1987 Drabble published *The Radiant Way,* her first novel in seven years. It was clunky and confusing, instilled with more whine than wit—a *fortysomething* for the British professional class. In the way that superior movie sequels sometimes follow bad originals, *A Natural Curiosity* pulls together the same set of characters for a picture of modern life that is clearheaded, honest, unsettling and engrossing.

Drabble's protagonists, Cambridge chums Liz, Alix and Esther, are now anchored firmly (if pudgily) in middle age, yet they retain their youthful quirks. Liz, a

Join The Monday Nite Comedy Club.

psychotherapist who apparently has come to terms with her husband's decision to bolt into the arms of a horse-faced aristocrat, is still comically incapable of analyzing her own past. No matter. Soon enough, that past announces itself, barreling with pigheaded force into a punch-swilling party tossed by the notorious Fanny Kettle. ("She was a nymphomaniac, a good old-fashioned nymphomaniac, but so what? That was Ian Kettle's view of his wife.") Before a chance encounter at that party, Liz's interest in her family had been minimal—her curiosity was only slightly piqued by the suicide of her brother-in-law and the disappearance of her sister, his wife.

Violence—from sharp-tongued dinner-table disputes to the specter of Middle East hostages—ripples relentlessly through these characters' stories. But none so willingly brushes against modern brutality as Alix, contented wife and mother, satisfied secretary to a blustering literary legend—and dutiful visitor to the now-incarcerated man responsible for the Harrow Road Horrors, a series of London murders in which female victims were neatly beheaded. As for Esther, she has fled to Bologna, where she must choose between Robert ("She cannot decide whether marrying Robert would be taking a risk or throwing in the sponge") and her current roommate, a "fully paid-up, radical-feminist-lesbian-Marxist."

What's a girl—or rather, a frumpy, middle-aged scholar—to do? As in *Radiant Way,* poor Esther is left dangling. Drabble's sympathy lies with Liz, although her point of view seems to rest with a minor character, the solicitor Clive Enderby. "People want to believe in an ordered, regular world, of faithful married couples, legitimate children, normal sex, legal behaviour, decent continuity," he reflects, "and they will go to almost any lengths to preserve this faith. Any suggestion that 'real life' is otherwise tends to be greeted as 'melodramatic' or 'implausible.' Solicitors know better." So does Margaret Drabble. (Viking, $19.95)—***Susan Toepfer***

CRITICS' CHOICE

DAVE BARRY SLEPT HERE
Satirist **Dave Barry** recasts U.S. history as a continuing search for the meaning of the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Act in a volume that's insightful (and very funny) even if it overlooks the impact of Soupy Sales on the social contract. (Random House)

LATECOMERS
Two men born in Nazi Germany and raised in England examine their lives—past and present—in **Anita Brookner's** novel about love's power to heal. (Pantheon)

DOC
A family physician in a Wyoming town turns out to be a chronic rapist in this disturbing real-crime story by **Jack Olsen.** (Atheneum)

CAPITAL CRIMES
Lawrence Sanders spins a glibly amusing novel of a faith healer in a city not known for its devotion to faith—Washington, D.C. (Putnam)

■ NO NAME ON THE BULLET
by Don Graham

When Audie Murphy died in a light-plane crash in 1971 at age 46, a country torn apart by the Vietnam War had little time to consider the life of America's most decorated ever infantryman. Murphy was the baby-faced lieutenant credited with killing some 240 enemy soldiers during World War II. After the war, in a quintes-

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sentially American twist of fate, this uneducated, dirt-poor Texas kid became a movie star, riding past the sagebrush in 44 movies, mostly grade-B Westerns.

Now, nearly 20 years after Murphy's death, Don Graham, a University of Texas professor of English, has written this first-rate biography. Graham does justice to Murphy's war heroics, offering proof that in combat in Italy and France this scrawny (5′5½″, 112 lbs.) teenager was indeed resourceful, brave, skilled and, as Murphy himself admitted, lucky. But the next 25 years, Graham writes, were an increasingly sad "postscript to battle."

At first, Murphy was hailed with parades and banquets. He was awarded the Medal of Honor. He graced a LIFE magazine cover and, in 1949, wrote a popular memoir, *To Hell and Back.* Hollywood called, and Murphy became a second-string Western star. Feeling that it diminished him and the men with whom he'd fought, Murphy was leery of trading directly on his combat reputation and starred in only two war films: John Huston's *The Red Badge of Courage* in 1951 and, as himself, in *To Hell and Back* in 1955.

Murphy married twice, neither time happily, and chased women compulsively. He also showed signs of what might now be labeled posttraumatic stress syndrome: He slept with a loaded gun under his pillow and had combat nightmares.

By the late '60s, Audie couldn't get a movie role, had huge gambling debts and was involved in such schemes as trying to get a pardon for then jailed Teamster boss Jimmy Hoffa. Graham makes it clear that, after the razor-blade walk of war, Murphy found life mundane: "War both made and unmade Audie Murphy because, unlike all those veterans who were able to resume their lives and put the days of blood and killing behind them, he was never able to recover from the profound lassitude, the boredom, inscribed upon his inner life." It's a sad story and, in its limited way, a moving one. (Viking, $19.95)

—Leah Rozen

■ BETTER GET YOUR ANGEL ON
by Jennifer Allen

One short story in this collection, "Tricentennial," begins, "What Marsha likes best about riding across the country with her brother Mickey in Mickey's pickup truck is not so much how many roadside animals her brother Mickey has shifted to Reverse to rerun over, and then shifted to Stop to strap roadside animals up on top of the flatbed roof of his pickup truck."

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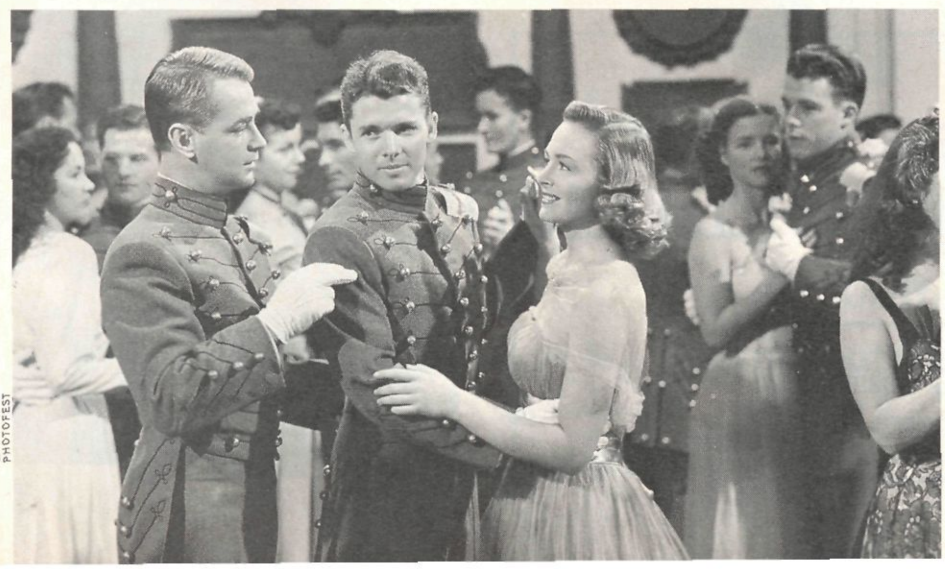
No Name on the Bullet
Audie Murphy, below center, with Alan Ladd and Donna Reed in his first film, Beyond Glory, *on a* LIFE *cover in 1945 and with second wife Pamela*



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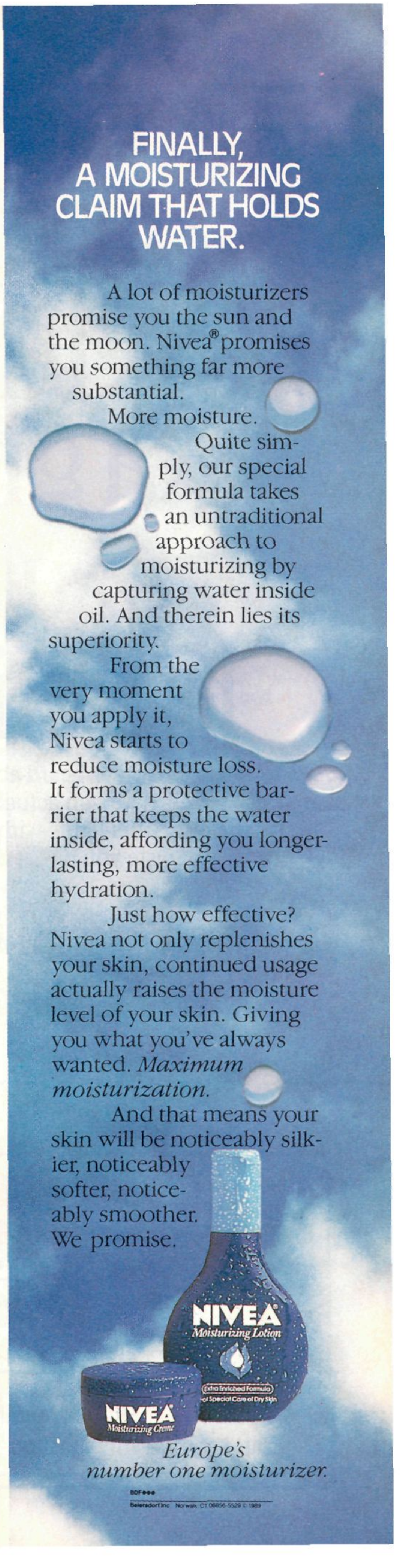

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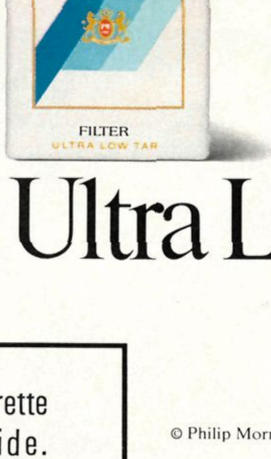

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The convolutions of prose and ideas, the hints of vicious playfulness and the eccentricity in this incomplete sentence are typical of Allen's writing. Her tales often read the way a Picasso painting looks—it's clear there's a cow in there somewhere, but it's like no cow you've ever seen.

This is Allen's first book (at 112 pages, it's awfully skimpy to qualify as a book). Her stories are so full of stylistic mannerisms, conceits and attitudes that they're provocative and entertaining even when they're enigmatic. In "Let Me Have You," for instance, a man who seems to live in the desert is telling how he passes time by cataloging his kitchen implements: "And then you figure for every pan, pot, saucer, cup, plate, bowl, spoon, fork, knife, how much you can sell each one for to all your friends that really—it *really* is amazing how easy it is to make friends here—and then, then you get them, your friends, to raise you five to 12 cents a day, and everyone agrees on 10 so long as you do this skydive out of a burning F-14, and that's all great, you yank the cord before you see your head in the rock, and hey, so, so what's a back for, anyhow?"

Other stories hinge on such subjects as a Christmas-tree decoration (the title tale) and a white skateboarder trying to impress Latino competitors. Those descriptions make the stories sound more linear than they are. The images and details add up in ways that often suggest dramatic poetry more than they do prose fiction. Whatever you call it, though, this is enticing writing, the kind that will make a reader look forward to seeing what Allen, 28, does next. (Knopf, $16.95)—***Ralph Novak***

Jennifer Allen
Short stories with an alluring taste of poetry

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TAKE ONE

BY PAMELA LANSDEN

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S AMEN

In trying to figure out how to do the prayer scene between **Richard Nixon** and **Henry Kissinger** in ABC's *The Final Days*, due to air Oct. 29, actor **Theodore Bikel,** far right (with **Lane Smith** as Nixon), took his cues on playing Kissinger from the former Secretary of State's book *Years of Upheaval.* "It's astounding to me that he writes that he cannot recall if he knelt," says Bikel. "Here's a man with an amazing memory, a historian, incredibly alert to every nuance, who cannot remember such a dramatic detail? I think that shows he was acutely, horribly embarrassed, and that's what I wanted to convey." •

©1989 JOEL BALDWIN/CAPITAL CITIES/ABC

UNINTERRUPTED MELODY

Patti LuPone, who won a 1980 Tony for *Evita*, will be singing after all on her new, highly praised ABC series, *Life Goes On.* In an episode which airs next month, viewers will learn that LuPone's character, Libby Thacher, gave up a promising singing career after the birth of son Corky (**Christopher Burke**), who has Down syndrome. Corky urges his mom to try out for the local theater's musical revue and LuPone sings five songs. "When the producers asked me to sing, I just laughed my head off," says LuPone, who claims she had not been at all saddened by taking a nonsinging role. "After 18 years I didn't regret not singing. But now that it's been established that the character sings, there will probably be more." •

WALTER MCBRIDE/RETNA LTD.

CAMELOT TECH

It has never been all that clear what **Caroline Kennedy's** husband, **Edwin Schlossberg,** does for a living, since he is described alternately as an artist, inventor, poet, philosopher and museum exhibit designer. But it's Ed's techno-populist side that is on display in **Malcolm Abrams** and **Harriet Bernstein's** new book, *Future Stuff*, due from Penguin next month. In this catalog of futuristic products and technology, Schlossberg proposes an "Interactive Game Pavilion," saying, "Technical advances created situations that isolated people. Now it's time we create situations where people can learn to interact with one another." To that end, his pavilion is a place where people can play together through technology. In these arcades, there will be more than 22 games, including Beat the System, a stock market game, and Robot Cocktail Party, a game set in a bar where people in separate booths operate three-foot mobile robots equipped with microphones. Players have part of a phrase such as "birds of a feather . . ." and move their robots around to converse with other robots, seeking one with the rest of the phrase. Talk about safe sex. •

JOHN BARRETT/GLOBE PHOTOS

Edwin Schlossberg, with Caroline Kennedy, knows more games than touch football.

FOR THE RECORD

● **Splitsville: Director Anthony Richmond, 48, has filed for divorce from Jaclyn Smith, 42, after eight years of marriage. They have two kids, Gaston, 7, and Spencer Margaret, 4.**

BARRY TALESNICK/RETNA LTD.

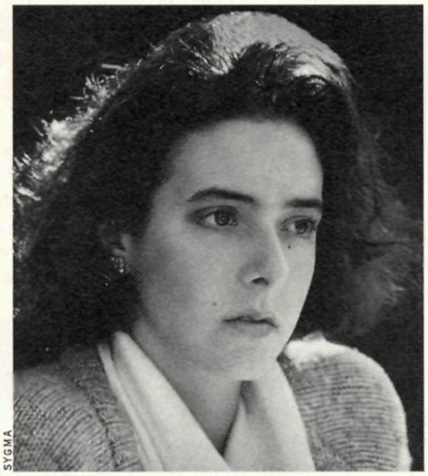
● **No Casualty of Fame: Michael J. Fox's character in the new Vietnam film *Casualties of War* is based on a real soldier. In 1966 the 22-year-old infantryman turned in four fellow soldiers who had kidnapped, raped and killed a Vietnamese girl. Though the soldier's identity has always been concealed, PEOPLE traced him to his Midwest home. More than 20 years later, the vet, who wishes to remain anonymous, is still dealing with the psychological consequences of the tragic episode. His wife says, "He has seen the film, but we don't want to talk about it. It's not something we will ever want to do."**

WALTER MCBRIDE/RETNA LTD.

● **Baby Boom: ABC sportscaster Frank Gifford, 59, and talk show host Kathie Lee, 36, expect their first child in March. He has three children from the first of two previous marriages, and five grandchildren. Kathie's cohost, Regis Philbin, is pestering her to name the baby after him.**

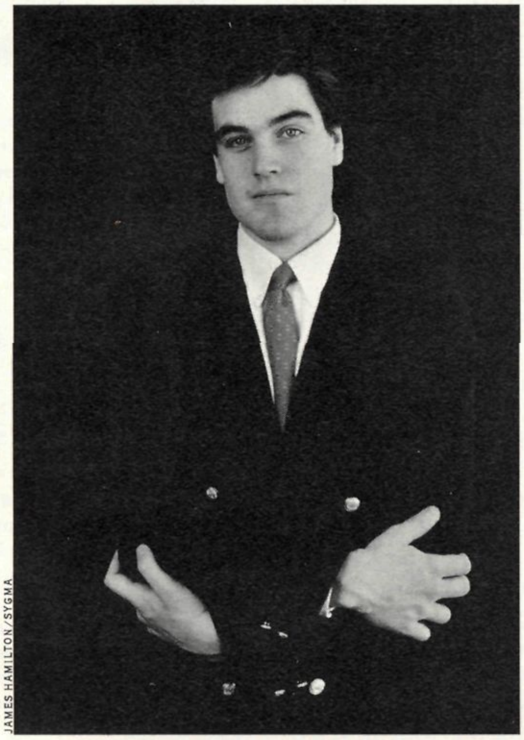
● **Seeing Red: Beware of Sally Jessy Raphael imposters sporting big red glasses. Raphael had her passport stolen during a recent trip to Switzerland. Also swiped were her signature specs.**

● **Career Change? Brooke Shields took a week-long bookbinding course near Venice, Italy. Her teacher, Alba Giannelli, said, "She's a very good student, very precise."**



SYGMA

Lara Flynn Boyle and Billy Baldwin, far right, enjoy a break between takes. She plays Jennifer Levin, right. He plays Jennifer's killer, Robert Chambers, below.



JAMES HAMILTON/SYGMA

STEVE SCHAPIRO/GAMMA-LIAISON

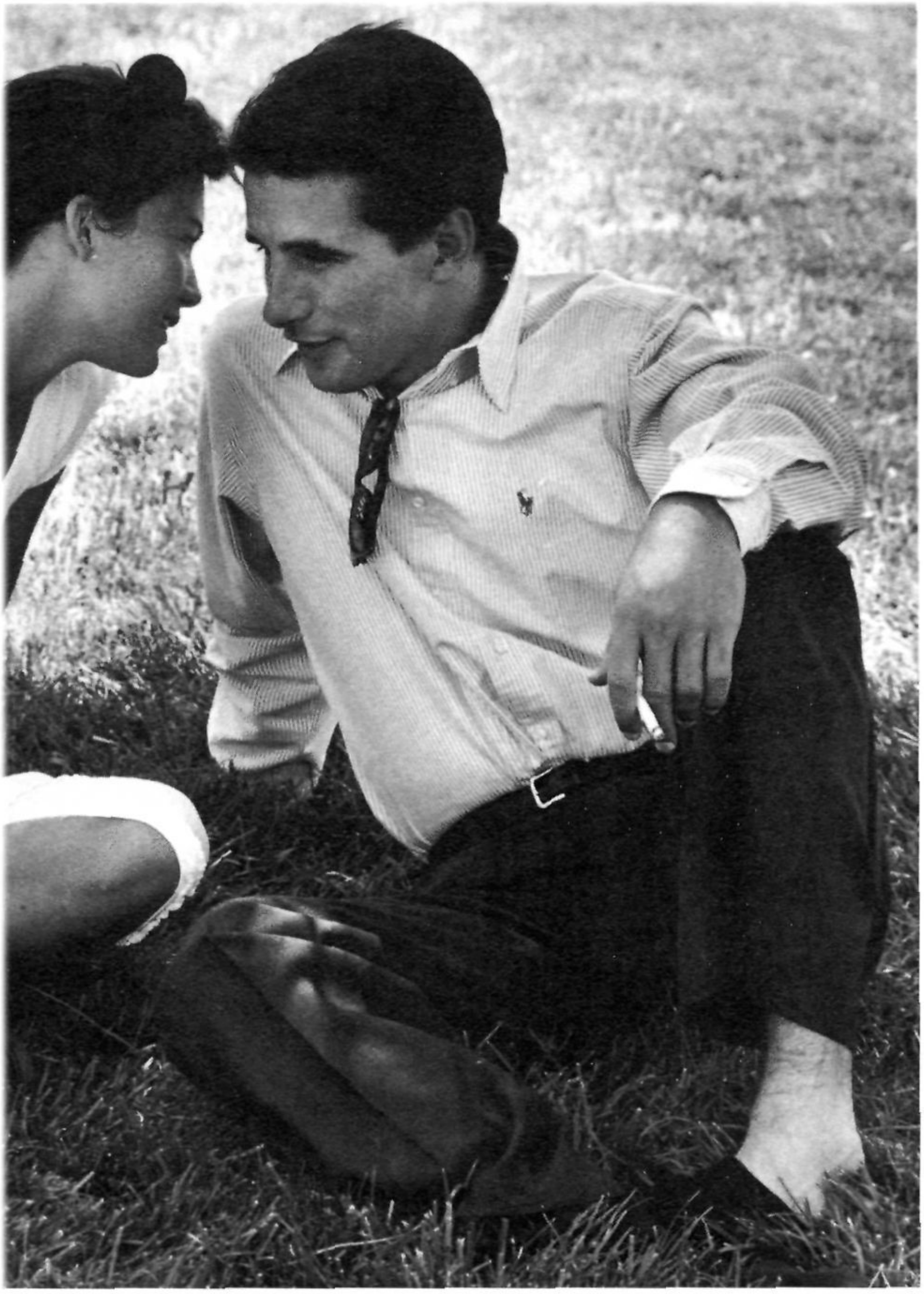
People weekly
SEPTEMBER 25, 1989

ART IMITATES DEATH IN *THE PREPPIE MURDER*

Three years ago Jennifer Levin died; now, to her family's chagrin, a TV movie explores her final days and the killing

By James S. Kunen

CHRISTOPHER LITTLE



The spot where Jennifer Levin died—behind the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York's Central Park—is shaded by gnarled trees, their lower boughs bent to the ground. The tumult of the city seems far away, and the air is as sweet as a young girl's hair; a visitor inhales sadness with each precious breath.

Something unspeakable—and as yet unspoken—happened here in the predawn hours of Aug. 26, 1986. Jennifer, 18, and Robert Chambers Jr., 19, had walked into the park together, but only Robert Chambers walked out.

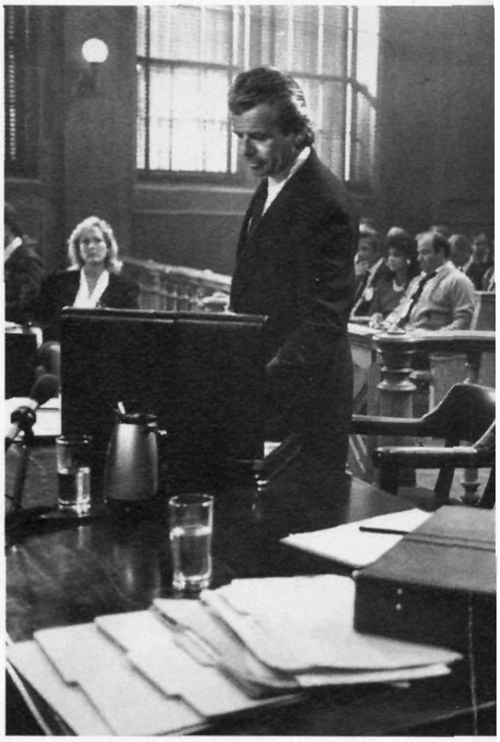
His trial last year, which became known as the Preppy Murder Case, morbidly fascinated the nation. But it has been a year and a half since Chambers pleaded guilty to manslaughter and was sent to prison, and the public mind is fixed on fresher horrors. (Mention crime and Central Park now, and people think of the gang rape of a woman known only as the Jogger, who was brutally attacked about a mile up the road last April.) Now the bicyclists and runners, young and fit and heedless, pass right by the little grove behind the museum, leaving the spot undisturbed, peaceful.

But one day this August, that hallowed earth was aflurry with commerce. The crew of an ABC-TV movie was filming *The Preppie Murder* (see review, page 15), which airs this Sunday (Sept. 24). Though the film was made mostly in Los Angeles, the company had come to New York to shoot exterior scenes, including one of Robert (Billy Baldwin) and Jennifer (Lara Flynn Boyle) walking into the park. (This moment fades into an advertising break, followed by the discovery of Jennifer's body the next morning, for only Chambers knows what happened in between.) Camera crews and sound technicians and makeup artists and actors were going about their business. Their ultimate goal, says producer Sydell Alpert, was to honor Jennifer Levin. "We'd like to stop the injustice," she says.

Alpert, who is a trained psychologist and the widow of a cop, is nothing if not sensitive, and she acknowledges that some might see her work in the park as trampling on Jennifer's grave. "We probably could have shot the scene somewhere else," she concedes, "but when you look at this picture—the museum, the wall—it's all so critical to

Filmmakers re-create the police inspection of Levin's body. "Very few people know how really badly beaten she was," says producer Sydell Alpert.

Jennifer "could have been anyone. She didn't do anything to make it happen," says Boyle (acting in a restaurant scene).



Playing Chambers is "a great opportunity," says Baldwin, with William Devane as his lawyer and Joanna Kerns as DA.

STEVE SCHAPIRO/GAMMA-LIAISON (2)

the story. And it's also cinematic."

One man in her film crew has walked this ground before. "Memories?" says New York police detective Mike Sheehan, who investigated Jennifer's killing. "Let me tell you, this has been very weird." Sheehan served as a paid consultant to the film and also plays a cameo role as another detective. (Danny Aiello plays Sheehan.) "We walked up here for the first production meeting, and [director] John [Herzfeld] says, 'So, where is the actual crime scene?' And I said, 'John, uh, you're standing where her head was.'

"Just being here," Sheehan continues, "I'm blown out of my socks. They wanted me to supervise the makeup of the wounds to [Jennifer's] face and body. I did it from memory. Today, when I actually saw her lying there again, it was too real. Way too real."

Therein lies the insoluble problem of this and all headline-ripping docudramas. It *is* too real not to be mistaken for an accurate portrayal of actual events and people, yet not real enough to be true. For all its good intentions, *The Preppie Murder* is half documentary and half drama and cannot succeed fully as either.

But it cannot fail to salt the wounds of Jennifer Levin's already violated family. Her parents cannot watch with equanimity as their child's death is turned into a mass entertainment. "I have a wonderful daughter [Jennifer's sister, Danielle Roberts], granddaughter, wife and a good solid family," says Jennifer's father, Steven Levin. "I've got to try to be as happy as I can. But I'll always have moments in the day when I get choked up. It never stops. It never will stop.

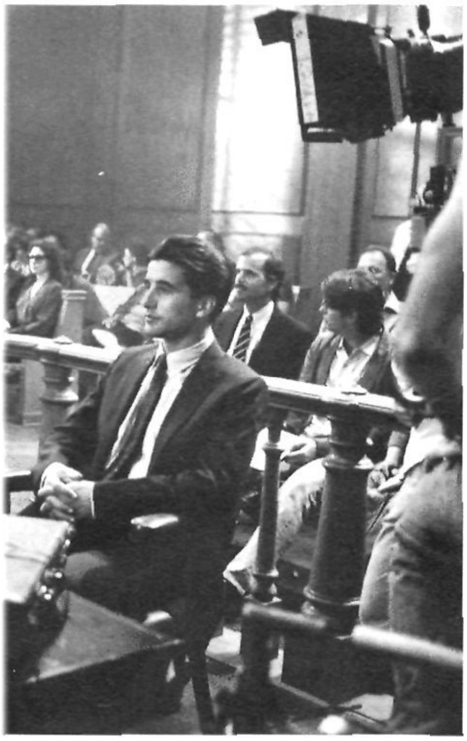
CHRISTOPHER LITTLE

"As we did the interrogation scene, I blew up," says Danny Aiello. "I guess it had to do with the subject matter."

"I did not cooperate with the movie," says Levin. "It's exploitative. All it does is bring it all back, hurt us, make us sad." Steven, a partner in a Manhattan real estate concern, is on the board of directors of Parents of Murdered Children in New York, and he and his former wife, Ellen Levin, Jennifer's mother, have set up the Jennifer Dawn Levin Memorial Fund to benefit victims of violent crime. The filmmakers and ABC have yet to contribute a dollar. Ellen also refused to cooperate with the movie, although, she says, the filmmakers were "very persistent" in seeking her help. Such a project "puts the survivors in a horrible position," she says. "You're tempted to be involved, to try to ensure a fair and just portrayal of your daughter." But the filmmakers retain control, "and if they turn around and exploit your daughter, it's like a stab in the heart."

Ellen was barely able to endure the endless lurid press coverage of the trial, at which the defense argued that Chambers had "accidentally" killed Jennifer when *she* forced *him* into painful sex play. In fact, there was no persuasive evidence of any sexual activity at all. "When your child is horribly murdered, it's devastating," says Ellen, "and then to see her attacked in court and in the newspapers—I had thoughts of suicide. But it was my anger that kept me going, that and the fact that I was lucky enough to find a doctor who specializes in helping parents who've lost their children violently."

Ellen channels her anger into the victims' rights movement: One of her immediate goals is to push through New York's legislature an extension of the Rape Shield Law, which would in most circumstances exclude from evidence the past sexual activities of deceased victims and victims of nonsexual crimes. "Right now a rape victim is protected from having her past brought up, but only if she's not killed," Ellen points out. When a victim dies, her rights die with her—as the Levins learned so painfully. "Our lives became an open book," Ellen recalls, "and then when we heard the movie was being



made, we felt we were being dissected."

Chambers's prosecutor, Linda Fairstein, also declined to help with the film. "I felt there was no way to guarantee it would be done with any taste or dignity," she says. Fairstein, who during the trial was named godmother to Jennifer's niece, Samantha Jennifer Roberts, is now supervising the prosecution of last summer's Central Park rape case. Chambers's defense attorney, Jack Litman, also objects to the movie. Litman, recently elected president of the New York State Association of Criminal Defense Attorneys, points out that the film's principal source of information, aside from court transcripts, was an investigating detective, Sheehan. "Needless to say, it's going to be skewed a little bit," Litman says. From the defense point of view, the movie's distortion begins with its title, *The Preppie Murder.* Litman notes that Chambers stands convicted only of manslaughter.

Indeed, sources in the district attorney's office say even some prosecutors, without having seen the film, mockingly call it the Mike Sheehan Story. Danny Aiello's Sheehan comes off as a worthy successor to Sherlock Holmes, virtually solving the crime the moment he arrives on the scene. In reality, Sheehan was consumed with interest in some irrelevant tire tracks while Robert Chambers sat watching, his face badly scratched, some 50 feet away. "The police investigation was an abomination, an absolute embarrassment," says trial juror Eliot Kornhauser.

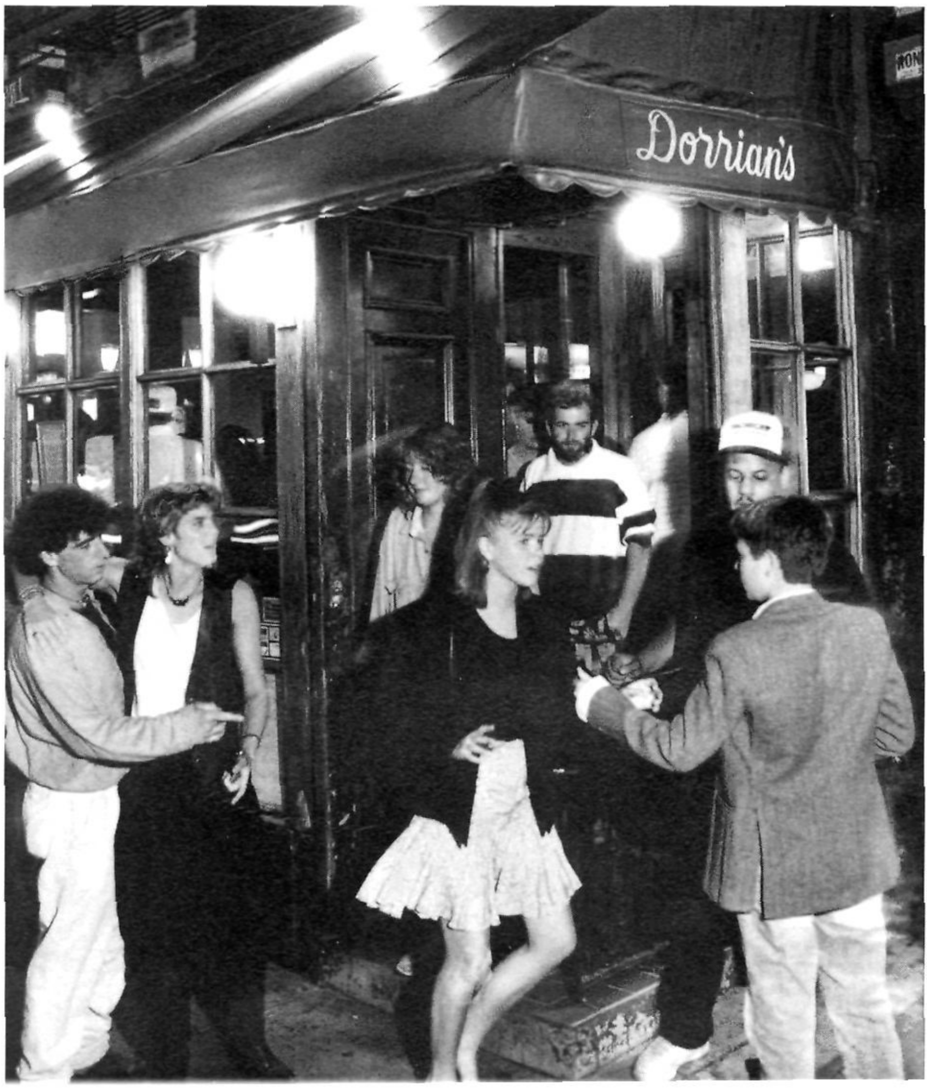
Jack Dorrian, proprietor of Dorrian's Red Hand—the bar where Chambers and Levin met—says he refused an offer of cash from the filmmakers to shoot scenes at his establishment. There, Manhattan's affluent young still gather. "Jennifer Levin's friends come in," he says, "with the exception of Robert Chambers." Some of Jennifer's friends, however, steer clear of Dorrian's—and one another. Some are angry because they believe that others accepted cash to talk about her. At the time of the trial, Jennifer's friends say, one of her pals paraded into a Western-wear store, dropped several hundred dollars on cowboy boots, and said, "These are on Jennifer."

Robert Chambers "fits right in" among his fellow cons, says prison superintendent Leonardo. He will not be watching *The Preppie Murder.*

Chambers, for his part, has not broken his silence. He is doing 5-to-15 years at the Great Meadow Correctional Facility, a maximum security prison in Comstock, N.Y. "He's not thrilled" to be there, says his girlfriend, Shawn Kovell, who cavorted with him in an infamous home video. She still visits him regularly. "He's fine. He's getting through it."

Chambers lives in the prison's general population, does janitorial work, takes college correspondence courses in business, exercises in the yard, and sleeps alone in an 8- by 10-foot cell. "He's treated like everybody else," says prison superintendent Arthur Leonardo. "He fits right in." Chambers will not be watching *The Preppie Murder,* says Leonardo, "because by the time it starts, it's time for the inmates to return to their cells. Prime time is not the same here as it is in New York City."

—Additional Reporting by Alan Carter in New York and Kristina Johnson in L.A.



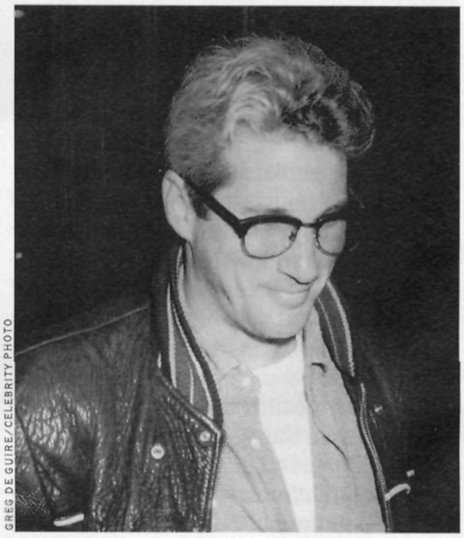
MICHAEL A. SMITH

Life goes on at Dorrian's in New York, around midnight on a recent Saturday. Two bouncers check IDs at the door.

Bonnie Raitt, her *Nick of Time* tour completed, shared a professional tune-up with British rocker Bruce Hornsby.

Princess Stephanie, with current steady, record producer Ron Bloom, added some royal blood to the Hollywood mix.

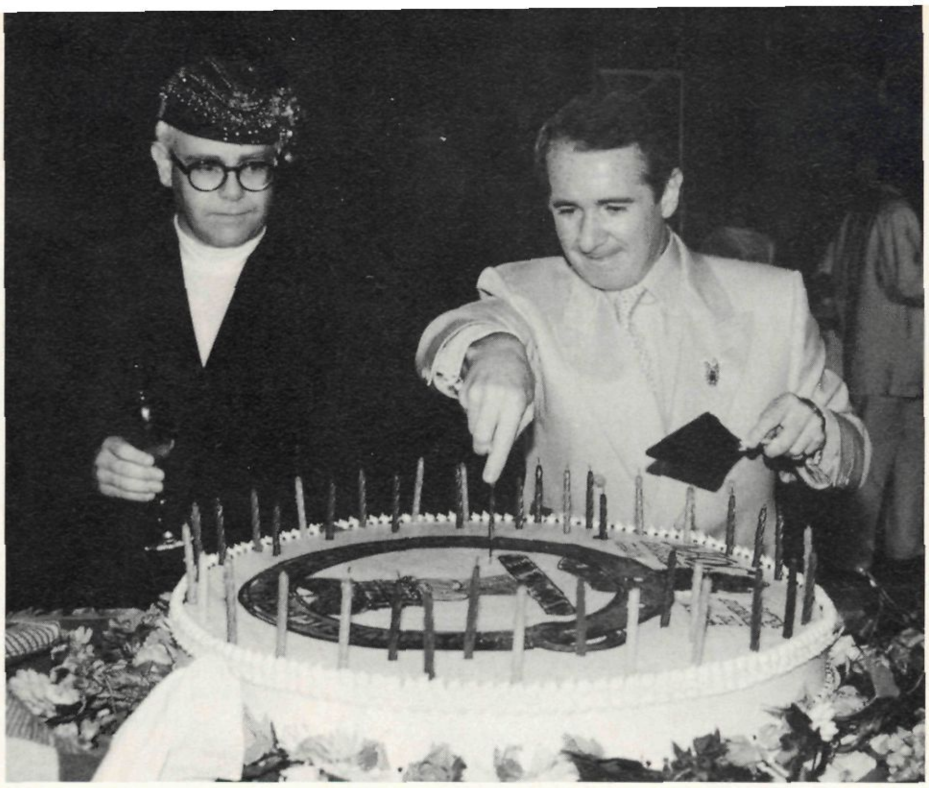
Elton, with actress Jane Seymour, wore a surprisingly subdued diamond-studded cap.



GREG DE GUIRE/CELEBRITY PHOTO

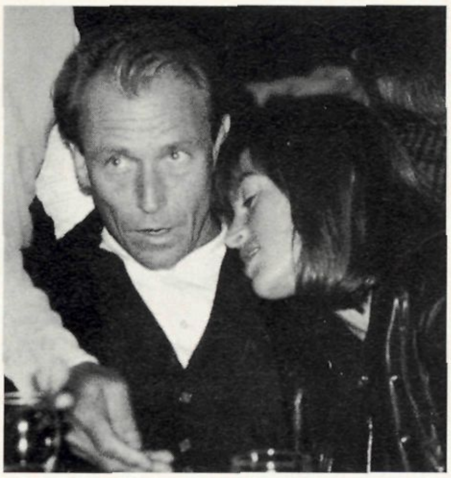
Graying Richard Gere, who currently devotes most of his time to fund-raising for Tibet House, arrived alone.

Robert Wagner joined the chow line with two dates: longtime companion Jill St. John and his daughter Katie.



After birthday boy John Reid made a wish and cut the cake, the celebrants cut a rug on the outdoor dance floor.

And baby-sitter makes two again—Corbin Bernsen and Amanda Pays cuddled sans 6-month-old son Oliver.



PARTY HEARTY ELTON JOHN LIGHTS 40 CANDLES IN THE WIND FOR HIS MANAGER'S BIRTHDAY

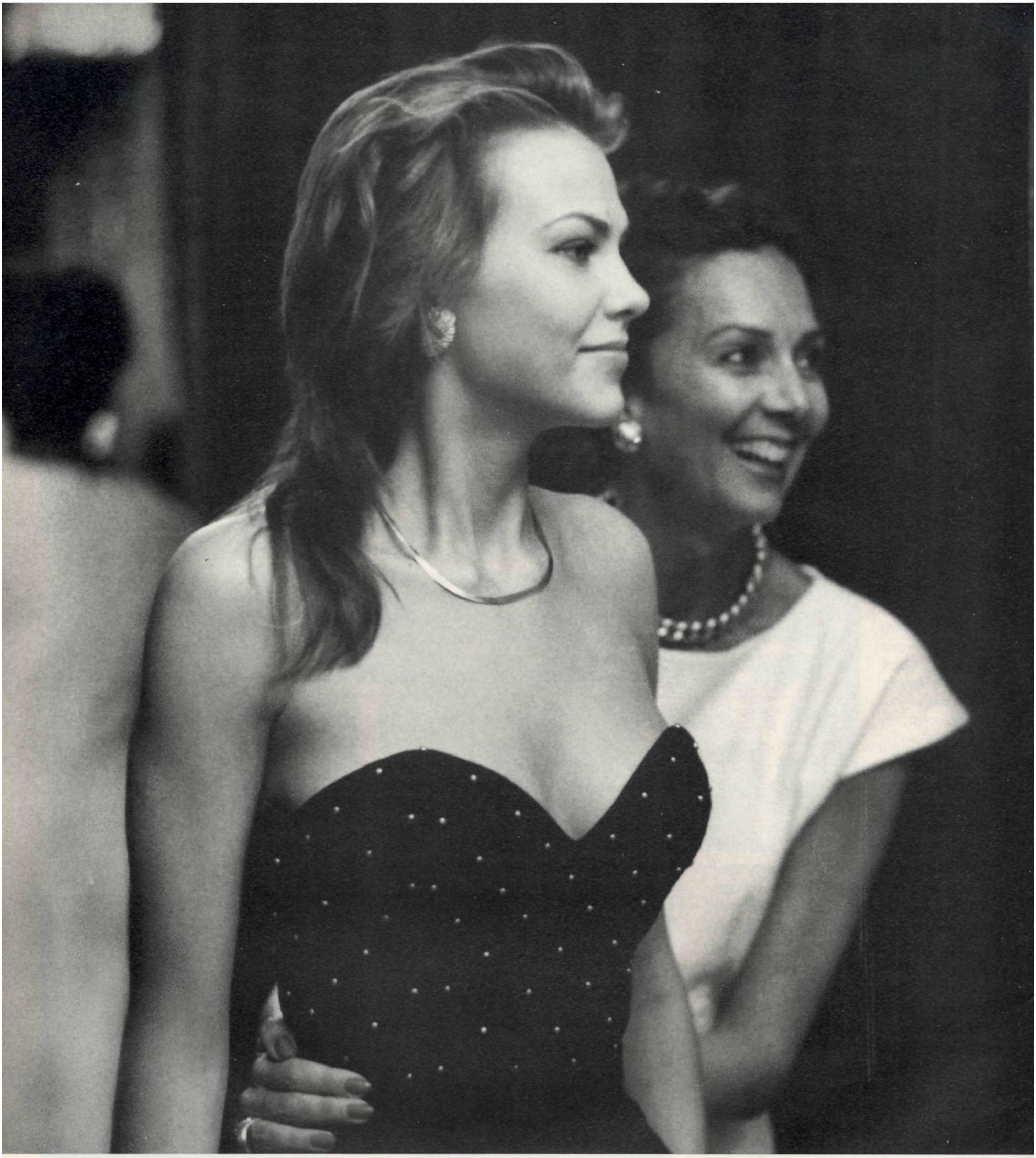
Saturday night was all right for celebrating when Elton John threw a star-lit and star-studded 40th-birthday bash for his manager, John Reid, and 300 of their most charming chums. Captain Fantastic, 42, who long since has toned down his own glittery getups, spared no expense in gussying up the private Beverly Hills estate he rented for the occasion. When such diverse A-list guests as Sylvester Stallone, David Hockney and Princess Stephanie approached the mansion, they were greeted by a six-foot-high ice sculpture carved to resemble Reid's Scottish family crest, surrounded by a bounty of shrimp and oysters on the half shell.

A buffet dinner was served in the backyard garden, where the Scottish games continued with a brace of bagpipers presenting the blindfolded Reid with an oversize cake topped with a living mannequin dressed to the hilt in a kilt. While Reid contemplated the candles in the wind, Elton said, "This man is 40 years old and he's been my manager for 19 years," and broke into an a cappella version of "Happy Birthday to You."

Elton's voice was in fine fettle thanks to the yearlong five-continent tour that he interrupted to fete his friend. After singing Reid's praises in an uncharacteristically restrained manner, Elton cranked up the volume and pop stars, Hollywood denizens and British imports alike took to the dance floor to boogie to Top 40 tunes. And as the evening drew to a close, almost everybody was ready to start "Sleeping with the Past"—or at least, the nostalgic present. ☐

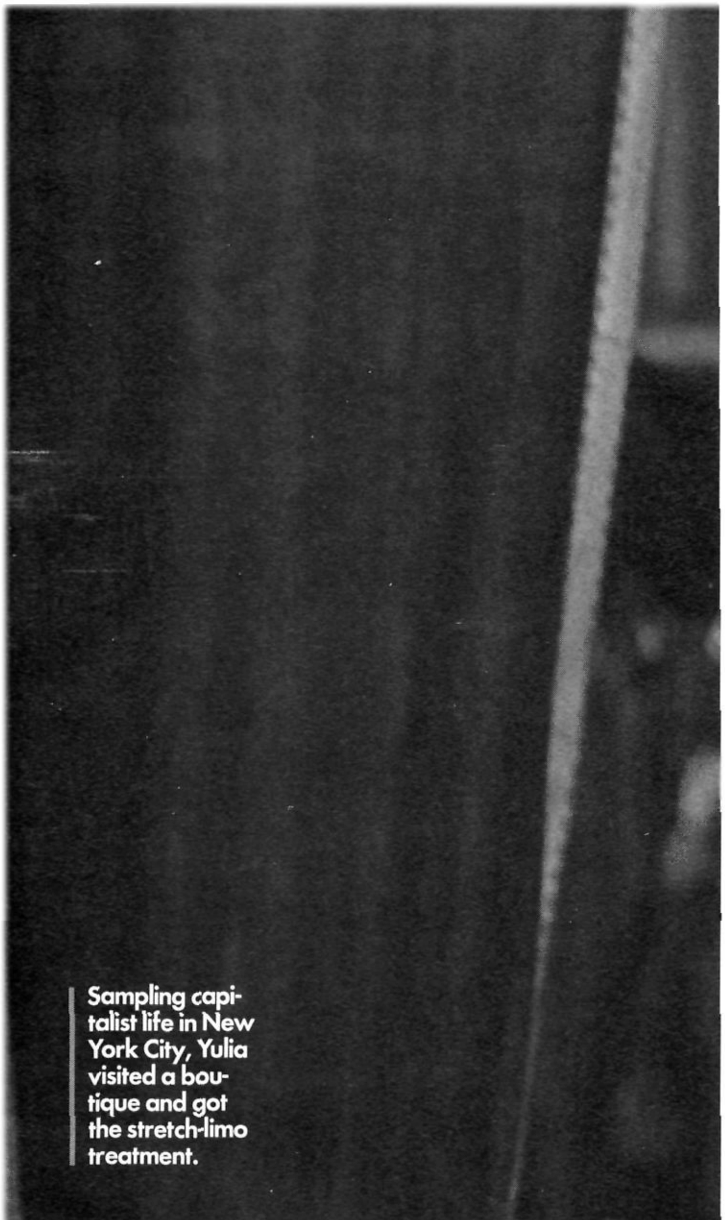
The Brit pack included *Sister Kate* star Stephanie Beacham and the, uh, *casually* dressed but still hirsute George Michael.

Photographs by © 1989 Michael Jacobs/Saga



HERE SHE COMES, MISS U.S.S.R.! AND YULIA SUKHANOVA EVEN WINS A FIGHT TO VISIT THE DECADENT WEST

Photographs by Christopher Little



Sampling capitalist life in New York City, Yulia visited a boutique and got the stretch-limo treatment.

"Americans imagine a Russian woman as ugly and fat and evil," says Yulia Sukhanova with a giggle and a bat of her blue-gray eyes. While she is certifiably a Soviet woman, Sukhanova, 17, is none of those other things. Her face—and a form that's 5′10″ tall and runs to 38-23-36 in between—helped her make history this year as the first woman ever chosen Miss U.S.S.R. Now Yulia is visiting the United States, doing her beauteous best to dispel some of those hoary iron-curtain biases left over from pre-perestroika days.

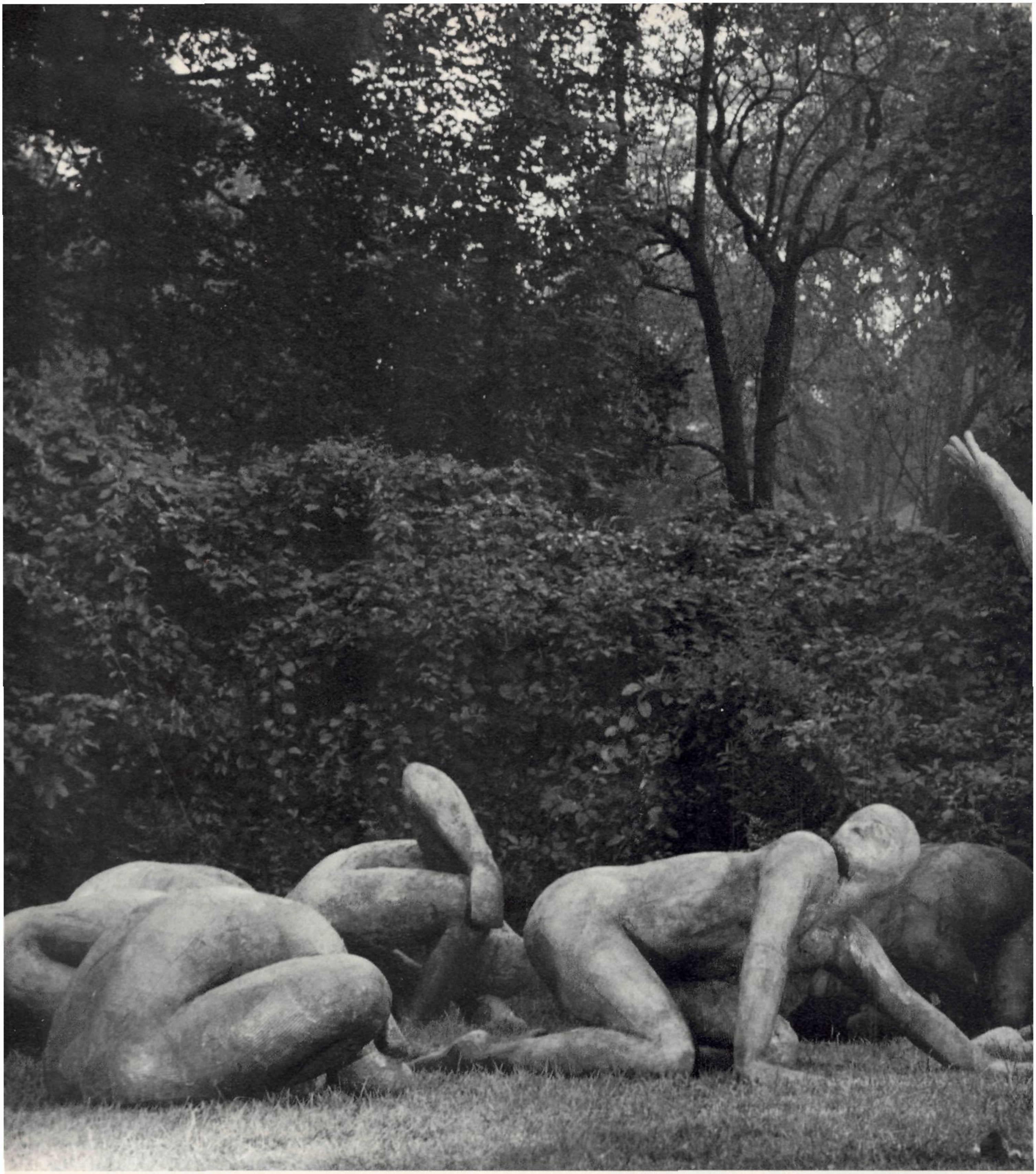
Sukhanova won her crown in Moscow last spring, triumphing over 35 finalists from throughout the Soviet Union in a two-day contest modeled on the annual Miss America rites in Atlantic City. Shaping up for the competition, she endured a pageant-sponsored beauty boot camp for a month of rigorous gymnastics, aerobics and weight training. In the end Yulia sashayed easily through the swimsuit and evening-wear competition, and at her anointment looked every inch a Romanov princess in a black strapless sequined gown. With appropriate socialist rectitude, however, she says she doesn't like to wear her crown because it makes her uncomfortable to act "like a queen."

Otherwise, Yulia's victory was a virtual copy of a Western beauty contest, down to the requisite hint of scandal. Though loftily billed as a "festival of adoration of the ideal woman," the Moscow pageant took a dubious turn when director Yuri Kushnerev allegedly threatened to prevent Yulia from visiting the U.S. unless he accompanied her—alone. Not intimidated, Miss U.S.S.R. took the revolutionary step of going public. In a letter published in a Soviet newspaper she reportedly called his contract terms "bondage." With the attendant publicity, Kushnerev retreated. Yulia traveled on her own.

A recent high school graduate, Yulia shares a two-room house in Moscow with her mother, a retired office worker. (Her father died of a heart attack when she was 9.) Like teens everywhere, she likes to hang out with friends, though she admits to no steady date. She has two older sisters and a brother, all with families of their own.

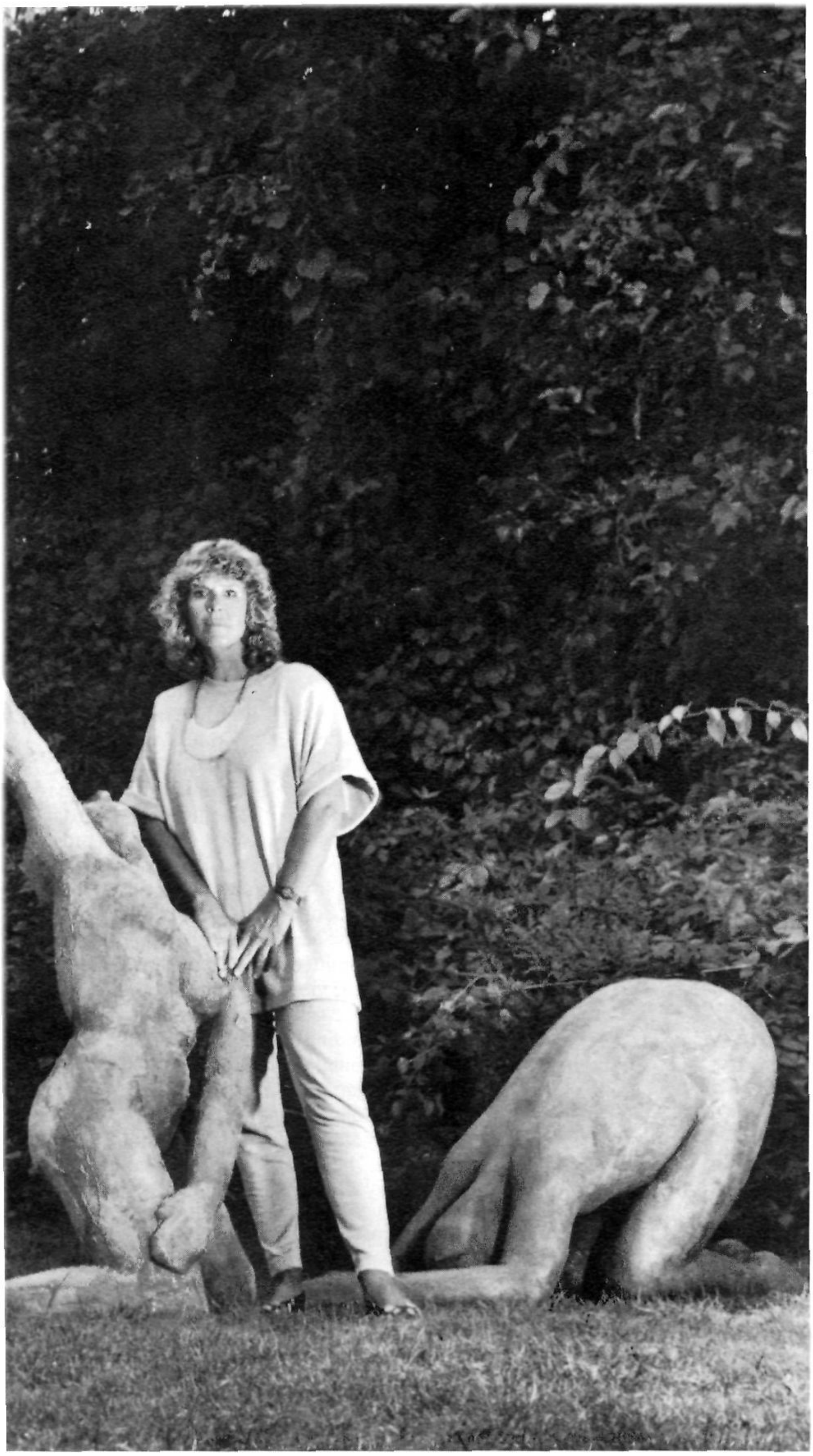
She started down the beauty competition runway by entering the first-ever Miss Moscow competition in 1988, though by contest rules she was a year underage. Still, even after that inconvenient fact was discovered, she was not disqualified and made it to the semifinals. It was excellent training for her Miss U.S.S.R. bid, but Yulia confesses she still finds the pageant process embarrassing. The worst part, she says, "was standing in front of the cameras for 10 minutes while everyone watched you, and then having to rush back and change clothes and do it all over again." And, like her American counterparts, she had to field her share of inane questions. ("Do you like animals? What kind?") Her prizes included a large-screen TV and a large hint—a white dress suitable for a wedding.

Currently in the U.S. on a 45-day tourist visa—the trip is sponsored by Seline, an American talent agency—Yulia visited New York City, then flew to Washington, D.C., where she was poked, prodded and painted at an Elizabeth Arden salon. Another highlight was a scheduled meeting with Sting after his opening in *The Threepenny Opera* at the National Theater. Her itinerary will also take her to the West Coast, where she wants to visit a movie studio. Yulia intends to pursue a career as a fashion model and actress, but probably in her homeland. "All my friends are in the Soviet Union," Miss U.S.S.R. says, sounding like a patriot or possibly showing a first sign of homesickness. "It's my native land." ***—Harriet Shapiro, Sarah Skolnik in Washington, D.C.***



A GRIEVING MOTHER TURNS THE HORROR OF PAN AM FLIGHT 103 INTO A MONUMENT TO HER SON

Suse Lowenstein wears a mask of composure as she invites a guest to examine her latest sculptural work. Self-control is all that holds her together as she regards her creation, a ring of eight sorrowing figures encircling a woman with one arm draped protectively over her



Lowenstein cast the anguished mother figure of *Evolution* in her own image.

womb and the other stretched heavenward in a gesture of despair. The piece is dedicated to Lowenstein's son Alexander, one of 270 people killed last December when a bomb ripped apart Pan American Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland. "The sculpture embodies my futile desire to have my child back and the anger which comes from knowing he was murdered," she says. "The bottomless pain of the mother figure is something I have felt every day since Alex died."

Sitting amid her handiwork on a grassy knoll outside the Elaine Benson Gallery in Bridgehampton, N.Y., Lowenstein recalls a happier time, in August 1988, when Alexander posed at their summer home in nearby Montauk for three of the figures in the sculpture. At that point Lowenstein envisioned a work that would celebrate his earthy vitality at age 21. "Surfing had kept him in very good shape," she says. "He was an exceptionally beautiful young man."

On Dec. 21, as she worked in her studio at the family residence in Mendham, N.J., Lowenstein, 45, was surrounded by her photographs of Alexander and eagerly anticipated showing him the progress she had made on the sculpture. A senior at Syracuse University, Alexander had spent the fall studying in London and was expected home that evening for the holidays. Lowenstein's reverie was interrupted by a call from a friend of Alexander's who wanted to know his flight number. Flight 103, Lowenstein replied. "Oh, my God," cried the friend. "Haven't you heard? That plane just exploded over Scotland." Stunned, Lowenstein upbraided the girl for playing a morbid joke. Then she collapsed. "I knew," she says, "that Alexander was dead."

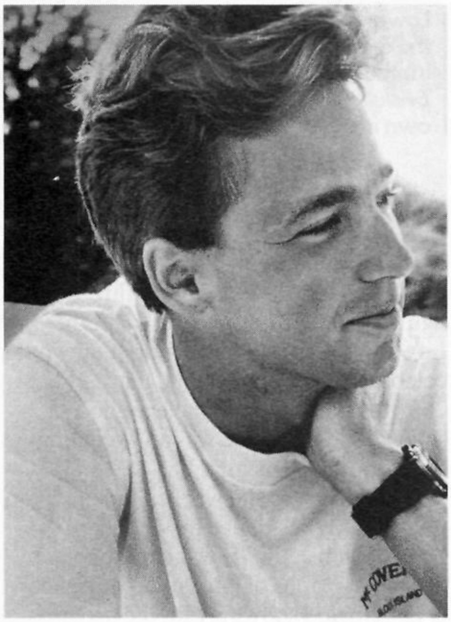
Just three weeks earlier, Lowenstein had felt an inexplicable need to spend some time alone with her son and dropped everything to travel to London. During her week-long visit, Alexander proudly squired her around town. "It was such a beautiful role reversal," Lowenstein says. "I suddenly realized he had become a man."

The next time Lowenstein saw Alexander was in a dream, three days after the crash. "I was working in my studio, and he was leaning against a doorframe," she says. "His face was very white, and he was begging me not to let him go. I woke up and was beside myself."

Lowenstein's despair turned to rage following news reports that the U.S. Embassy in Finland had been tipped by an anonymous phone caller in early December that terrorists were planning to bomb a Pan American plane in Europe. U.S. diplomatic personnel were informed of the threat so that they could adjust their Christmas travel plans. Pan Am was also notified, but chose not to tell its customers.

Nearly a month passed before Alexan-

Photographs by Michael Abramson/Onyx



Months before he died, Alex was anticipating his semester in England. "He was sunny and always up," says his mother.

der's remains were returned to America. At Kennedy Airport the Lowensteins and other grieving relatives gathered at an area used for handling livestock. "The rear of a truck opened, and they started unloading coffins with a forklift," Lowenstein says. "That's all. Neither Pan Am nor the U.S. government sent a representative. They showed us no dignity or respect."

By contrast, Lowenstein is grateful to the Scottish police and people of Lockerbie for their heartfelt condolences and their efforts to recover the personal effects of the victims. "It may seem bizarre," she says, "but I've found myself hungering for every little piece of him." The grisly mementos include torn clothing, half of a camera and torn ID cards. The two halves of Alexander's suitcase landed 40 miles apart, and his windbreaker was found 60 miles from Lockerbie. Every item was returned washed and hand wrapped.

In the months following the bombing, Lowenstein discovered that working on her sculptures of Alexander helped to make him whole again in her mind. "In my studio I could pretend he was still alive," she says. "I found myself screaming or shouting as I worked on the figures. But I kept telling myself, 'Alex, this is for you.' " Inspired by the mystery of Stonehenge, which she and Alexander had visited during her trip to England, she decided to include the figures in a circle of boulderlike forms gravitating toward a mother consumed with violent emotions of grief. She called the piece *Evolution.*

Lowenstein's greatest fear is that she will somehow forget her son. "I need to speak about him," she says. "The more I think about him, the less pained I am." Her husband, Peter, 54, who owns a small plastics company, has grieved quite differently. He finds it painful to talk about Alexander and cherishes the moments he can spend aloft in his single-engine Piper Dakota. "It is one of the few things I can concentrate fully on," he says, "and not think back to Lockerbie." Alexander's younger brother, Lucas, 20, who will graduate from Syracuse next spring, has been plagued with guilt stemming from normal sibling rivalry. "It is a common thing for brothers to fight," says Lowenstein. "But right now that is not easy for Lucas to accept."

Both Suse and Peter have been active in a committee formed by relatives of Pan Am 103 victims to lobby for improved airport security measures and to monitor the continuing criminal investigation of the bombing. Last month Peter was part of a delegation that met with British transportation officials and Scottish police. "I believe they already know who the murderers are," he says. "Still, I have this awful fear they will never be brought to justice."

Lowenstein says that her next work will depict a circle of women mourning a child's death. Meanwhile she is working on Alex's gravestone, a bronze relief of a serene ocean scene. "Any work I do in the future will involve Alex," she says. "I hope all this pain and sadness will give me power from here on in."

A shadow of a smile crosses Lowenstein's face as a narrow shaft of sunlight falls directly on the tormented mother in her sculpture. "I could sit here forever," she says. "I love the stillness and quiet. It brings Alex back." ***—David Grogan***

"The security we had as a family is gone," says Suse, strolling on a Long Island beach with husband Peter.

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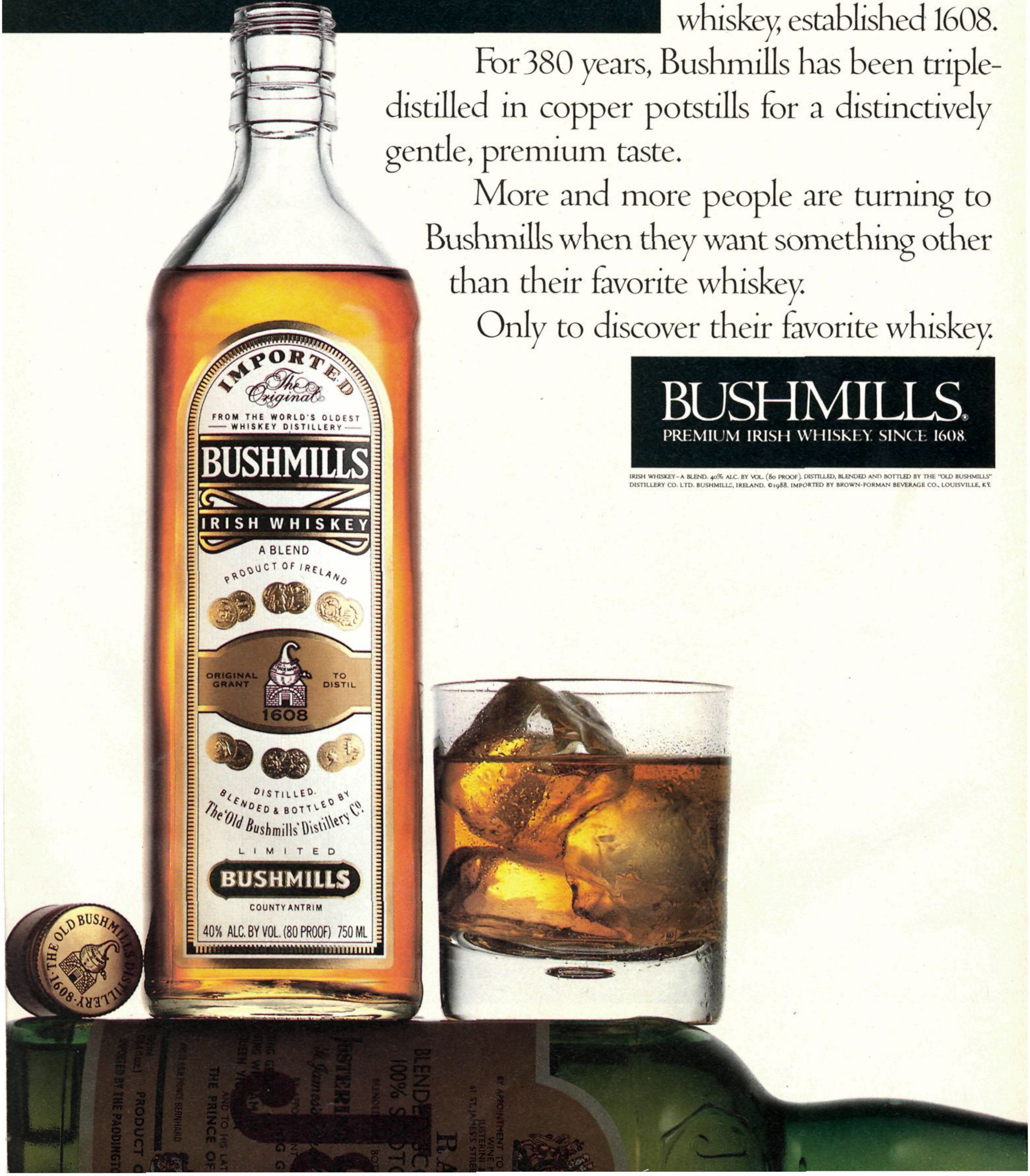
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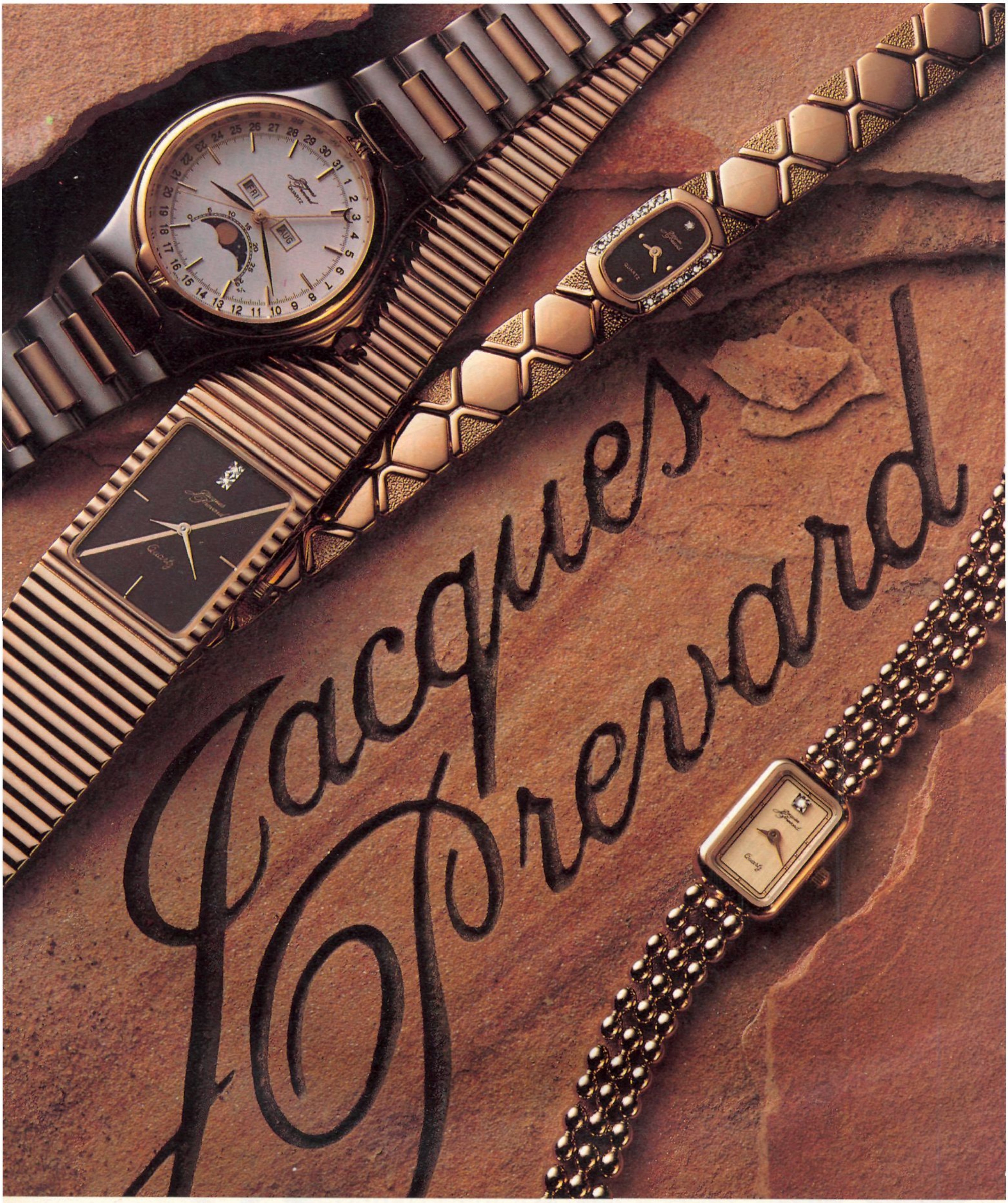

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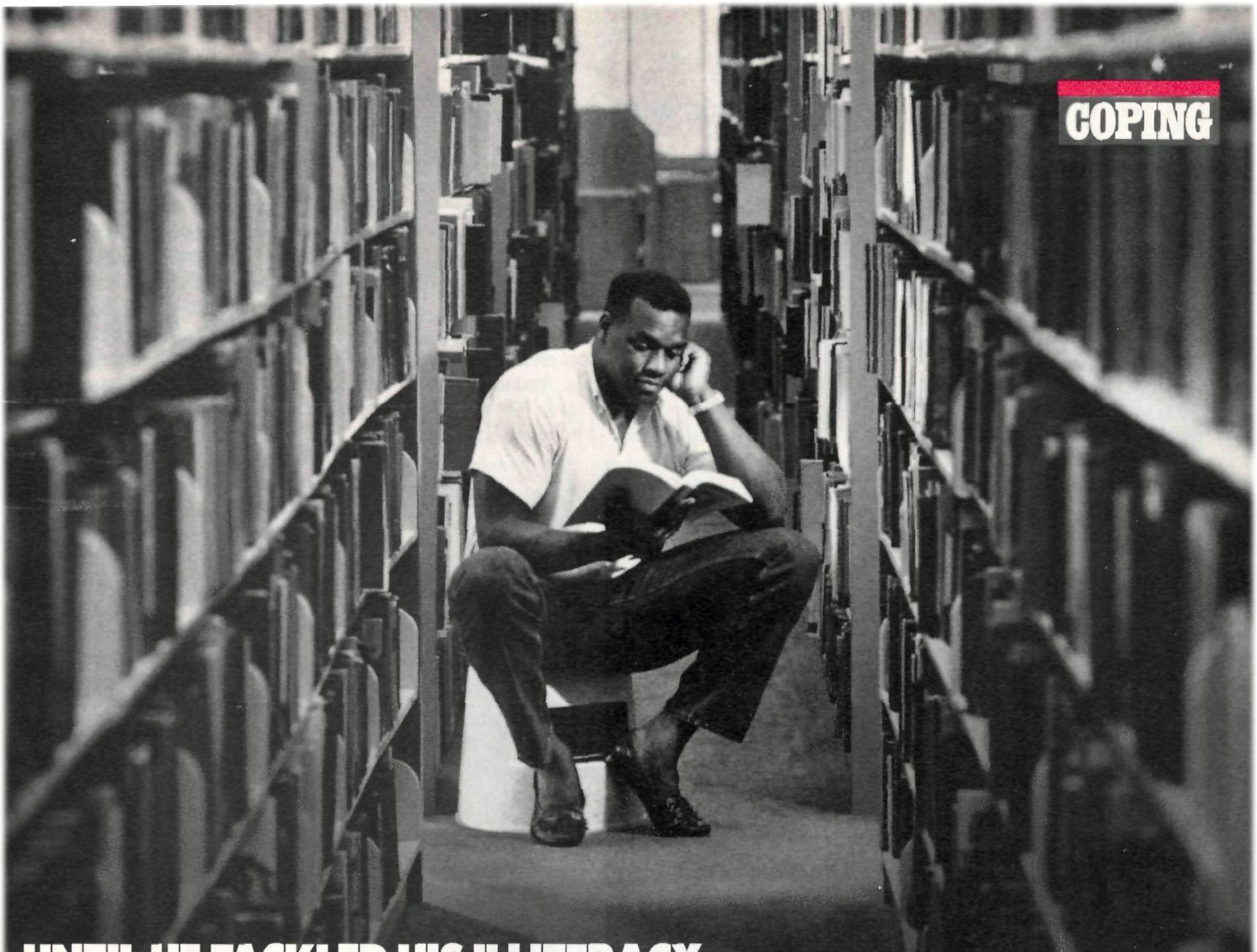


UNTIL HE TACKLED HIS ILLITERACY, THE REDSKINS' GRIDIRON TERROR LIVED IN FEAR OF THE ABC'S

By Dexter Manley

Dexter Manley, the Washington Redskins' defensive end, has been called many things in his eight-year career. Like "fearsome"—the mountainous, 6'3", 257-lb. All-Pro is the Redskins' career leader in sacks. And "brash"—he once told reporters he'd like to "ring the clock" of San Francisco QB Joe Montana. And particularly "self-destructive"—in 1987 he spent a month at the Hazelden Foundation in Center City, Minn., being treated for alcohol abuse, and last year he was suspended for 30 days for violating the NFL's substance-abuse policy. About the only thing Dexter Manley, 31, has never been called is "humble."

One day last May, however, Manley sat speechless in front of the TV cameras. Testifying before a Senate hearing on illiteracy, he struggled valiantly, and in vain, to read a statement he had prepared. Reduced to tears by the anxiety of reading in public, Manley sat in silence for almost a minute. Finally, he was able to abandon his script and simply tell the legislators about the learning disability (poor auditory memory) that left him functionally illiterate and, until recently, able to read only at second-grade level.

Manley's problems had eluded his parents and his elementary, high school and college teachers. Like an estimated 23 million adult Americans unable to read above fourth-grade level, Manley, the youngest of four children of a chauffeur and a nurse's aide in Houston, grew up feeling isolated, angry and frustrated to the point of violence. "I'm baffled I ever made it this far," he says. "Usually, people like me end up in jail, or dead."

Three years ago, in perhaps his gutsiest move on or off the field, Manley finally —although at first secretly—sought help at the Lab School of Washington, D.C., an institution for the learning disabled. To the delight of his family—wife Glinda, 32, an image consultant, and children Derrick, 12 (his son from a previous marriage), Dexter II, 4, and Dalis, 3—Manley can now read "almost anything I want." He described his struggle to correspondent Marilyn Balamaci.

Manley, who now goes nowhere without his pocket dictionary, hits the stacks at the American University library.

Photographs by Michael A. Smith

Having to repeat the second grade was the beginning of a life of frustration. I got 19 F's, so they put me in a special-ed class. Well, that's the professional name for it. Kids called it the dummy class. Most of the other kids were physically handicapped. My defects were that I couldn't read, write or spell. I couldn't understand why I was there. I felt like I wasn't normal. Other kids would call us retards. In fact, I was called so many negative things that after a while I began to believe them. And I began to hate myself.

I was kept in special ed through the sixth grade, and by fourth grade I had started taking out my frustrations on others. One time I went to sharpen my pencil and when I got back to my seat, I stuck the pencil into this girl's neck. Our neighbor's son delivered newspapers. One day—I don't know exactly why—I set the papers on fire and burned them all. The fire spread and destroyed a room in their house. My father had to work overtime to buy the family new furniture, and to this day I can remember the beating he gave me. I was also punished by being stuck in a closet for seven straight days. I went to school during the day, but as soon as I walked through the door at home, I was put into the closet. The closet! I ate and slept there. The only thing I saw was darkness. Because of that, I'm still afraid of the dark. Ask my wife. I have to have light.

I suppose some people would call that child abuse. But that extra dose of discipline in my father's house did help me. After that, I feared doing any wrong. Instead, I learned how to act, to cover up my defect, come up with excuses. Once, when I was about 12, a Sunday school teacher called on me to read a Bible passage. I just patted my pockets and pretended I'd lost my glasses. And I never went back.

In seventh grade I switched to Ryan junior high. There was no special-ed class there. I could walk around like a normal person. That's where I began to feel better about myself—especially because I was becoming a good football player. That gave me self-esteem. I knew I was gifted, but I still had problems. In school I could spell "dog," "cat," and write my name, but not much more. I could count my money and get the right change, but I didn't know any other math. I guess the reason hardly anyone flunked me—I got mostly C's and D's—was because I could be a nice kid. I always went to class and always wanted to learn. That goodwill and determination on my part really helped me get in good with the teachers. But I couldn't do the work. So I started looking at other kids' papers, you know, cribbing.

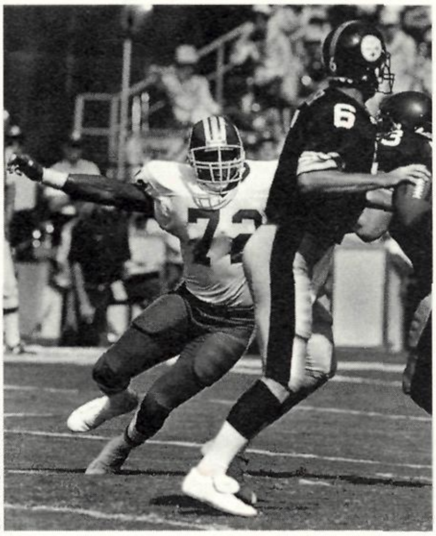
As a sophomore at Yates High School, I started for the varsity. Being unable to read didn't fit my image as a football star, so I just kept denying my problem and ignoring academics. I wanted to focus on what was good about Dexter Manley, not on the negative stuff. By the end of high school, I had 37 football scholarship offers. I went to Oklahoma State because I thought they had courses in hotel management and I figured, "I could do that." All you'd have to do is greet the customers, hand them the keys and ask *them* to spell their names.

At first I took a lot of phys ed classes. Basketball. Bowling. In other courses, like business or history, I would never do the essays on tests. All I could do were the multiple choice questions, and I would usually guess on those. My senior year it got real close when I had to pass a religion course to play sports. My girlfriend wrote the final paper for me. I never graduated, though, because I didn't have enough credits for a business major.

I never told anyone I was struggling. Why would I want to jeopardize my status as a big man on campus? I was feeling so important with all my scholarships. But inside, I knew that if I didn't make it in football, in four years I'd be nowhere in life. When I got drafted by the Redskins in 1981, I just kind of suppressed my problems. But in many ways nothing had changed. Like the time [Bears coach] Mike Ditka said that I had the IQ of a grapefruit. I've been hearing hurting remarks all my life, so I came back with some remark to show I wasn't hurt. But I *was* hurting.

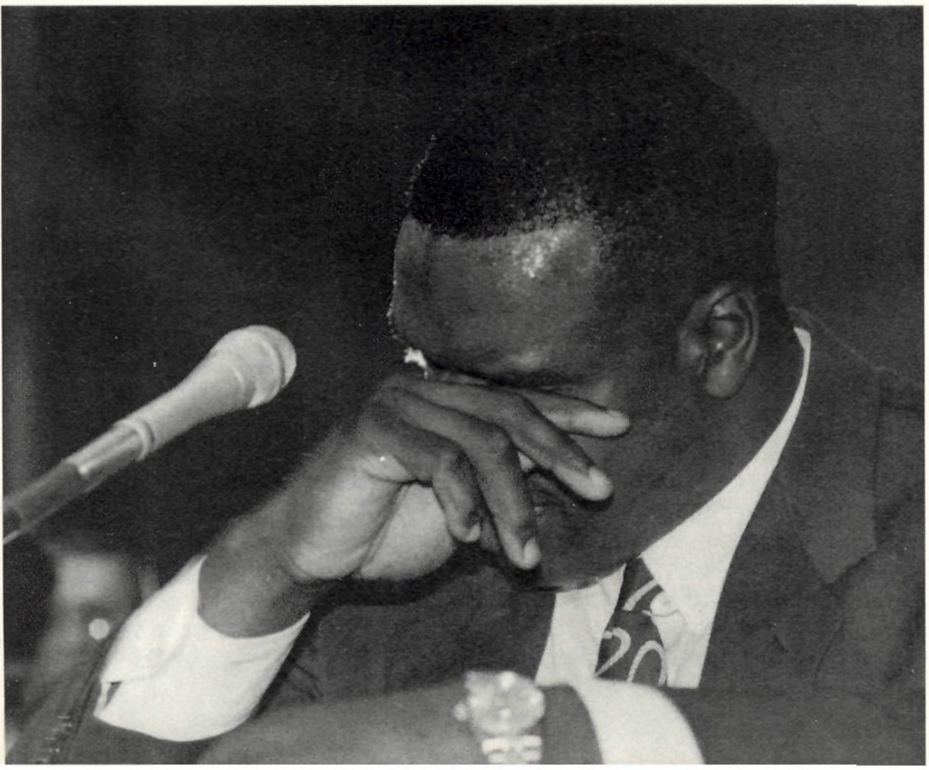
I tried to fool my teammates. I'd walk into Redskin Park carrying the *Wall Street Journal* under my arm and pretend to

Pittsburgh Steeler quarterback Bubby Brister, right, feels the heat from a Dexter Manley pass rush last season.



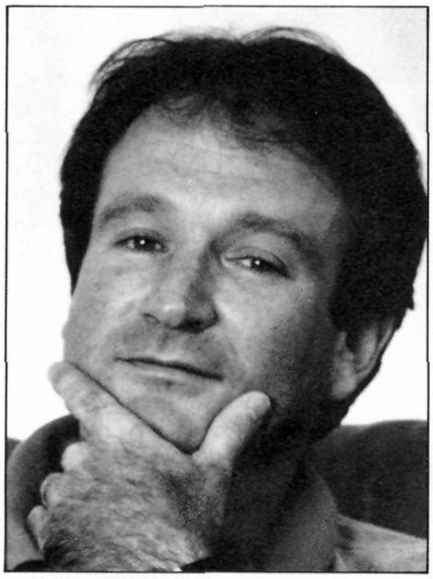
SCOTT CUNNINGHAM

Although Manley had become a fairly capable reader by then, the pressure of performing in front of a Senate panel last May was more than he could handle.



AP

Happy Hour.
10:00-11:00 PM.
(9:00 PM Central & Mountain)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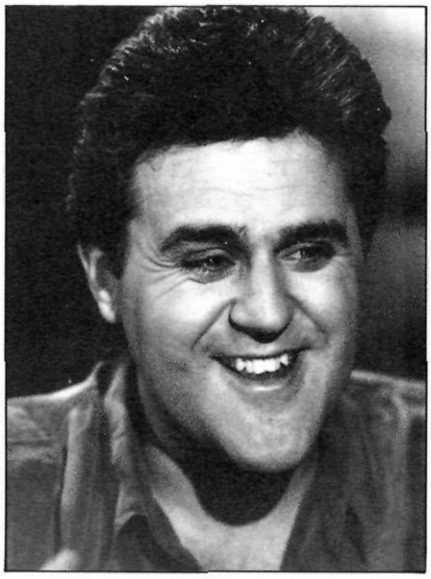
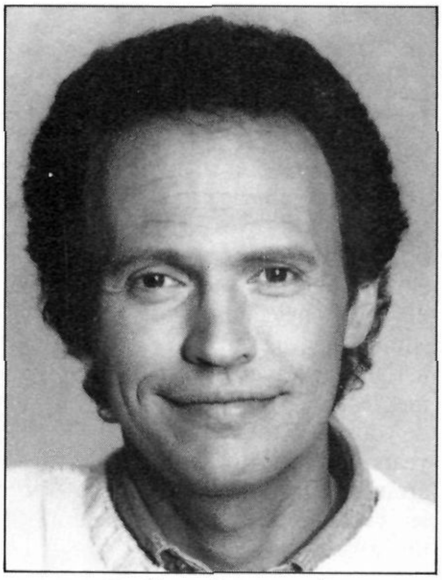
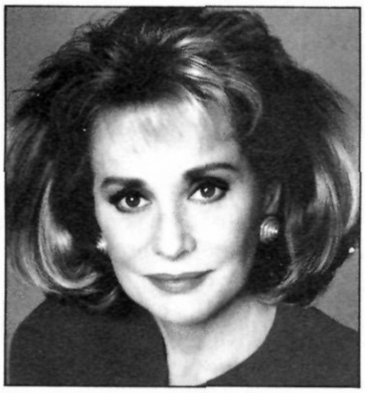

Jay Leno


Billy Crystal



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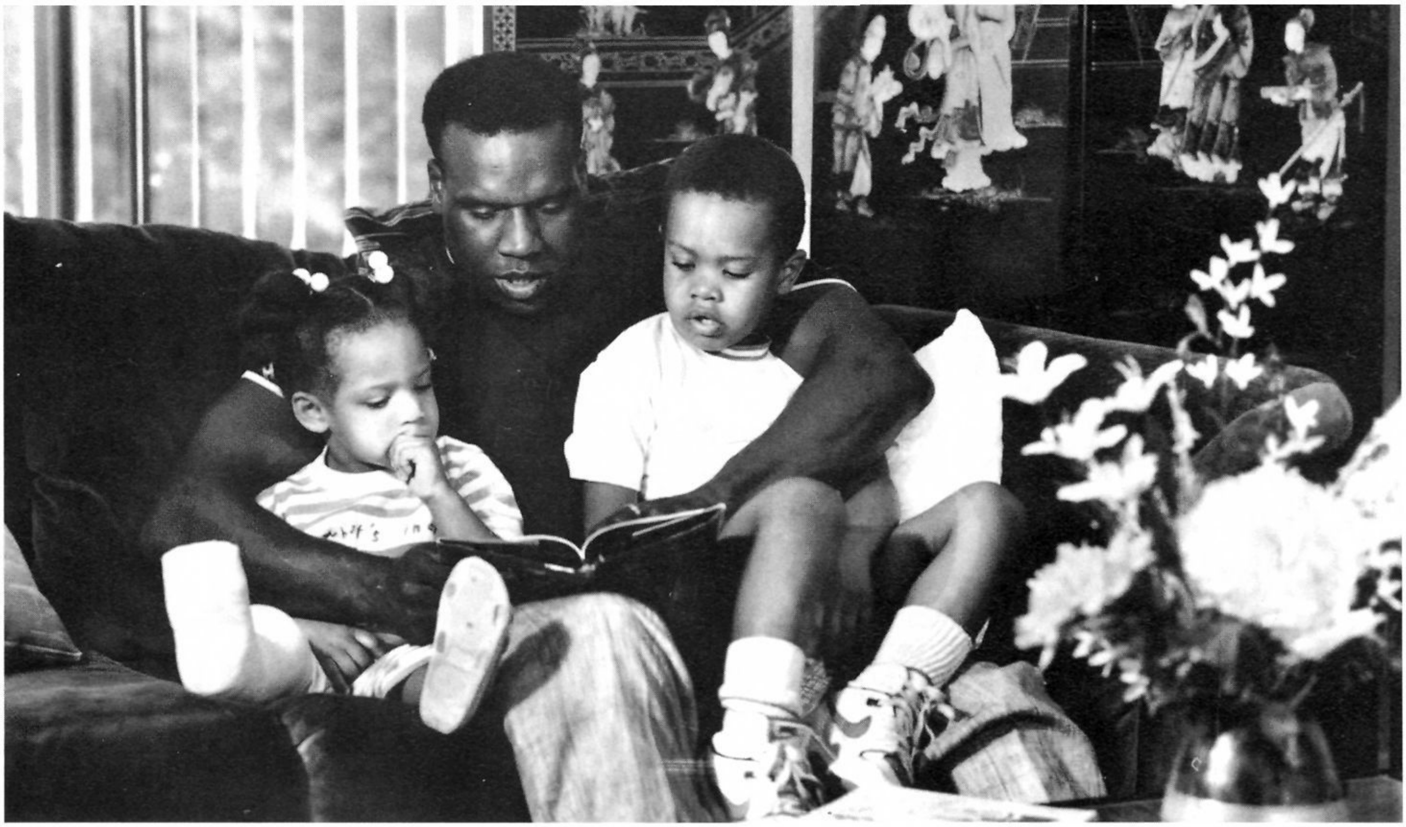


"No question, having kids pushed me to learn how to read," says Manley, with daughter Dalis, left, and son Dexter II.

read it in the locker room. I'd sit there and flip through the pages, move my head, move my eyes. The funny thing is, now that I've gone public about my disability, some of my teammates don't believe me. They think it's some kind of PR stunt. They've even started joking about it. [Defensive tackle] Darryl Grant asked me, "Man, if you can't read or write, how do you get off the Beltway? For seven years, you ought to be still riding around." The truth is I used to have problems with the Beltway. But I memorized the exits.

It's the same in restaurants. I could read "hamburger," "steak," "shrimp." At French and Italian restaurants, I'd order anything other people ordered. And when I'd go to my favorite spots, I'd simply say, "You know my special," and smile. Finally, in 1986, I told my wife I needed help. I was tired of hiding. She said she really felt good about me telling her, but she was sorry that I'd had to live a lie for so long. Up until then I would fake it, even with her. She would be reading—she has a bachelor of science degree from Arizona State—and I'm sitting there acting like I'm also reading. I would get her to read me the articles that were written about me by pretending I was too busy to read them myself.

But then, in November 1985, Joe Theismann, our quarterback, broke his leg. I'll never forget that game. Here's a guy on top of the world, a Notre Dame grad, a very well-spoken man. And in one play his career is over. It filled me with fear. I suddenly realized it could happen to me. I had no choice but to get some help. I knew that I couldn't play football forever.

The following year, I secretly enrolled in the Lab School. I made my teacher, Sara Hines, swear she wouldn't tell *anybody.* I had daytime tutoring, and sometimes there were a lot of kids around. They'd stop me in the halls and ask, "Dexter, what are you doing here?" I would lie and tell them I was a consultant. For a while I went to classes with other adults. They were just like me. At school I started liking myself better. I found out I have poor auditory memory. I can't remember what sounds the letters make, and I have trouble blending them into words. We use my strong visual memory to make up for my weak auditory memory. Like the word "contract." I first see "con" from "control." Then I see "tract" from "tractor." Now we're using special cards to improve my phonics. I go for private tutoring every Tuesday. Soon I'll go twice a week. The most important thing is patience. At first, when I couldn't get the words right, I'd get real frustrated. Now I can read almost anything I want to, but I get nervous if I have to read out loud in public. Being able to read makes me feel as if I'm finally beginning to experience life.

I tried to fool my teammates. I'd walk into Redskin Park carrying the *Wall Street Journal* under my arm and pretend to read it in the locker room.

I've also learned that it's okay to have some weaknesses and admit them. I wouldn't say my alcohol problems were directly connected to not being able to read, but maybe I didn't want to face reality. That's why I'm talking about this now.

I've been getting stacks of letters. Everybody's been writing to me from all over the country, especially kids. I cry when I read their letters. Every time I get a sack this season, I'm going to donate money to the literacy program in Washington. We can overcome this problem. It's going to be a lot of work, but nothing's going to turn me back. It's the priority of my life now, because I have kids. I don't want them or anybody else to have the same struggles I did. □

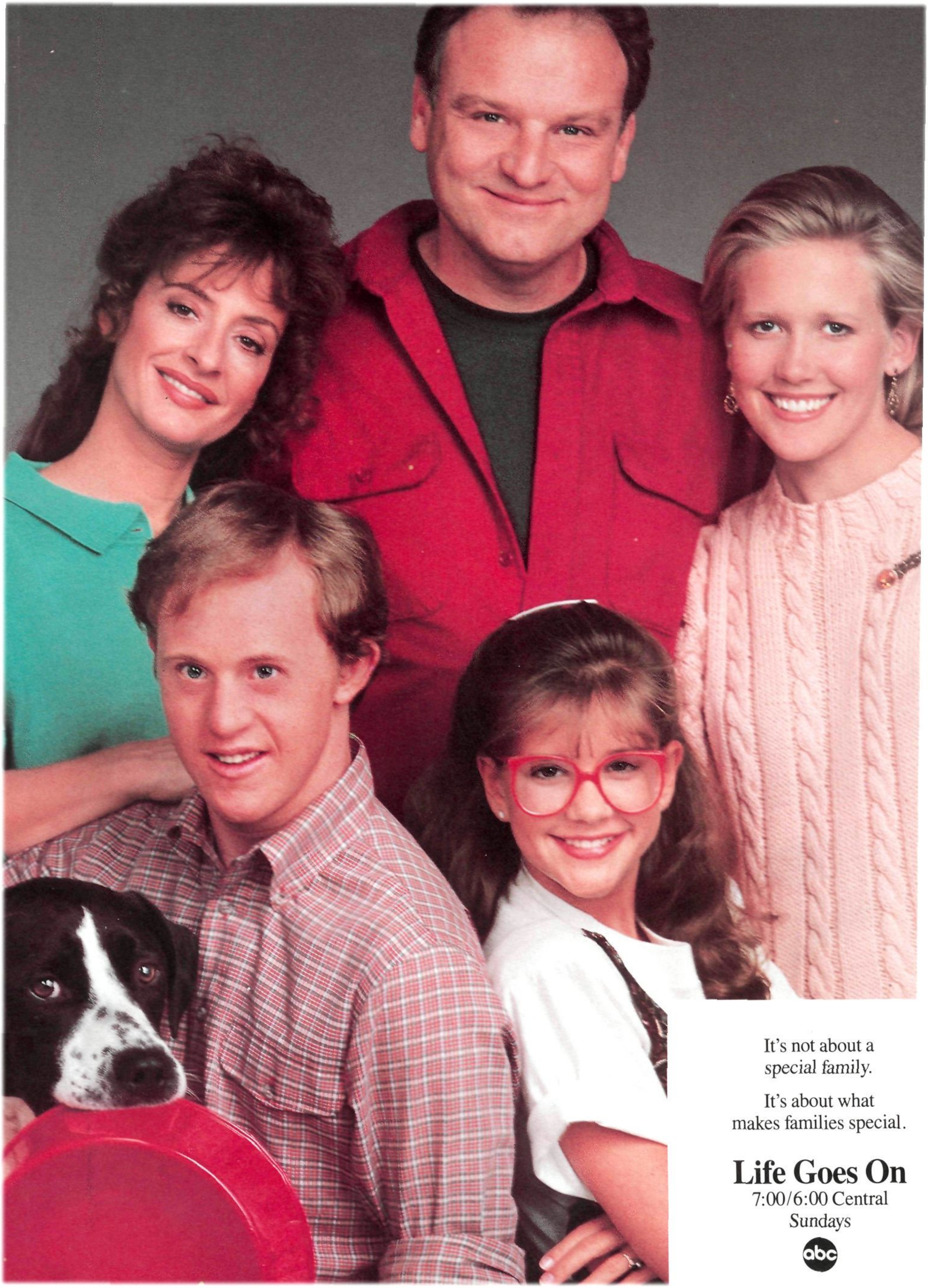
The Who's Who of What's New

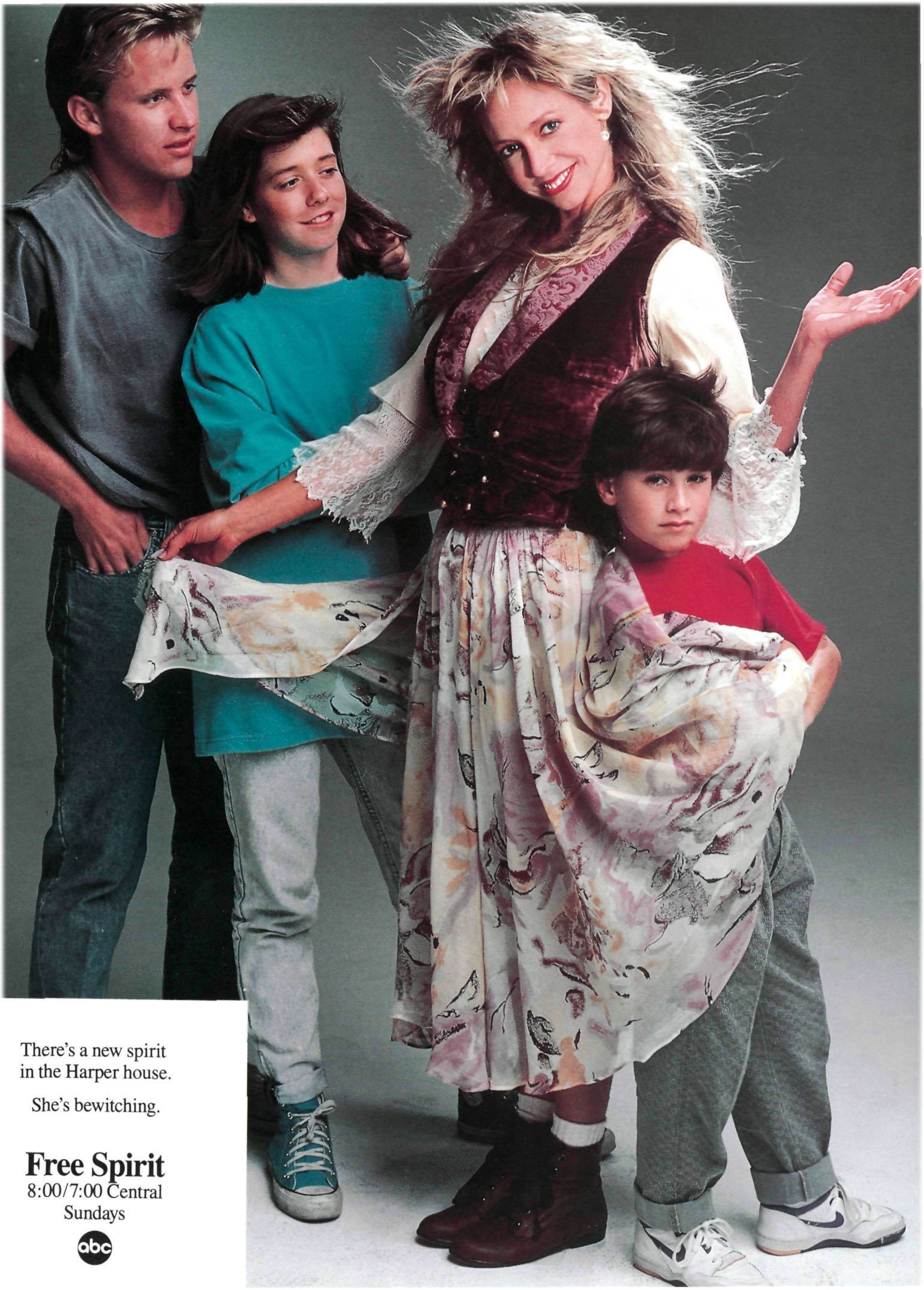
Fall '89

Four teen models.
One role model.

Living Dolls
8:30/7:30 Central
Saturdays

abc


It's not about a
special family.
It's about what
makes families special.
Life Goes On
7:00/6:00 Central
Sundays
abc

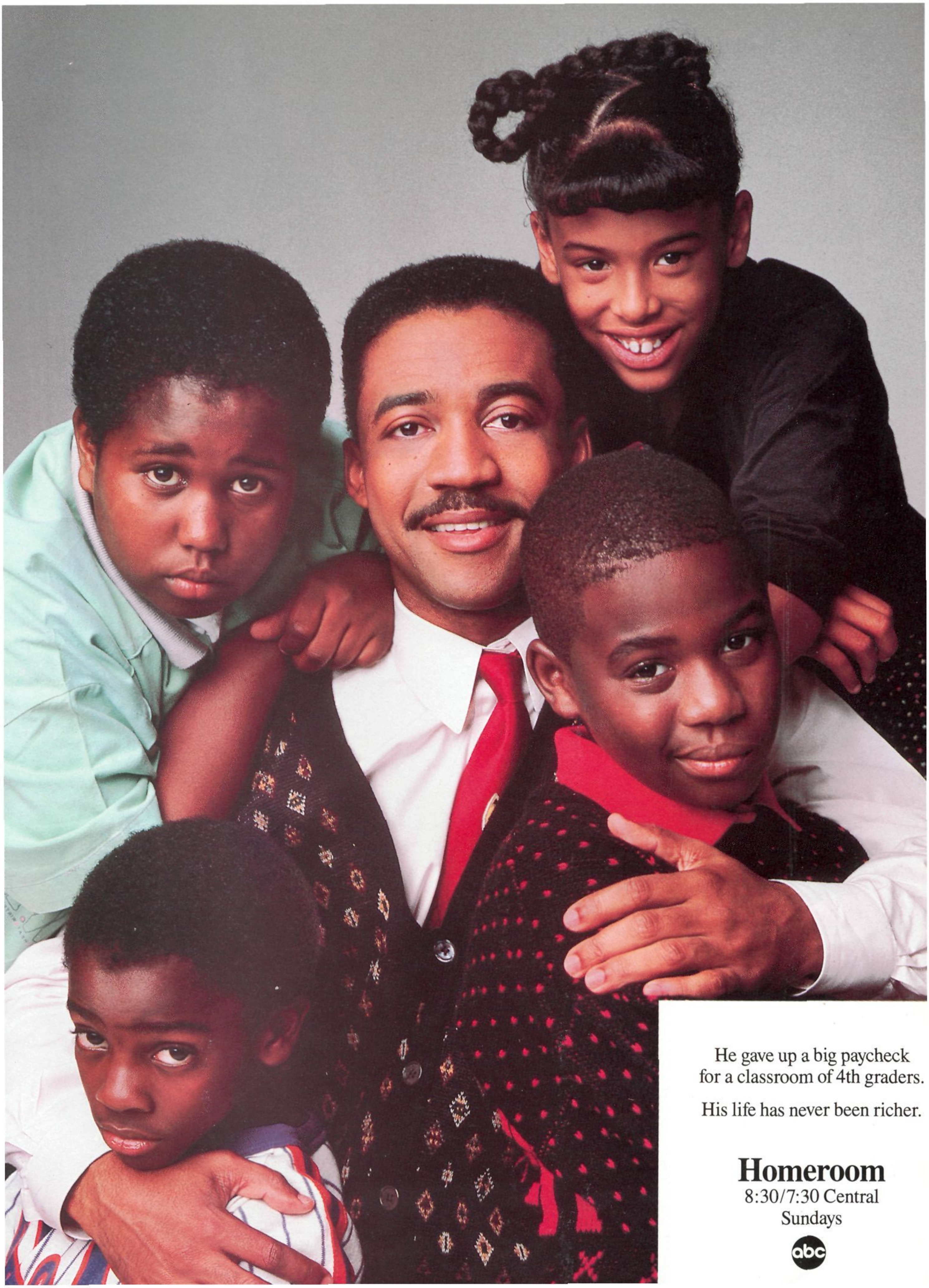


There's a new spirit
in the Harper house.

She's bewitching.

Free Spirit
8:00/7:00 Central
Sundays

abc



He gave up a big paycheck
for a classroom of 4th graders.

His life has never been richer.

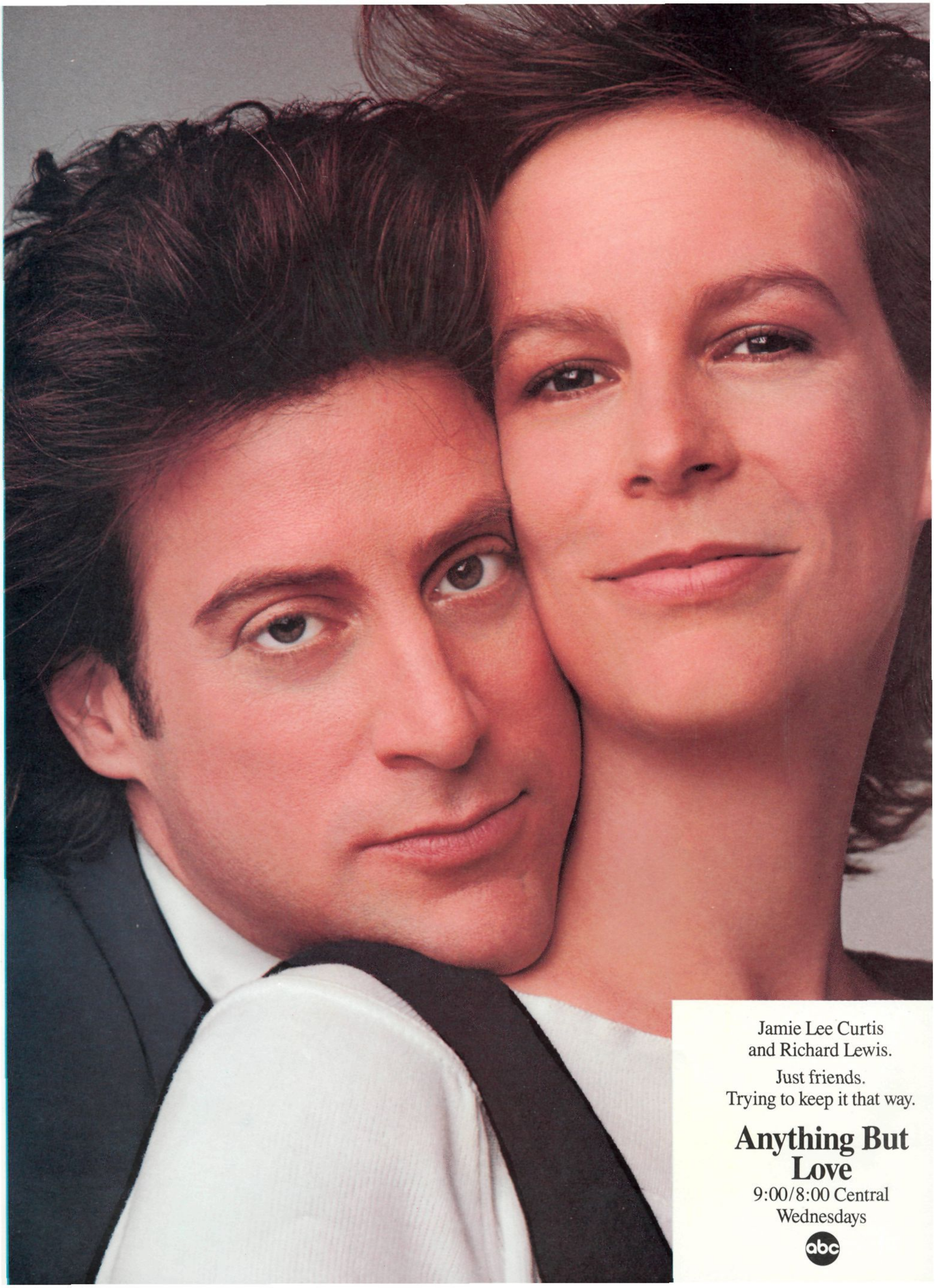
Homeroom
8:30/7:30 Central
Sundays
abc

From the producers
of Roseanne and
The Cosby Show.

Starring Jackie Mason
and Lynn Redgrave.

Chicken Soup
9:30/8:30 Central
Tuesdays

abc

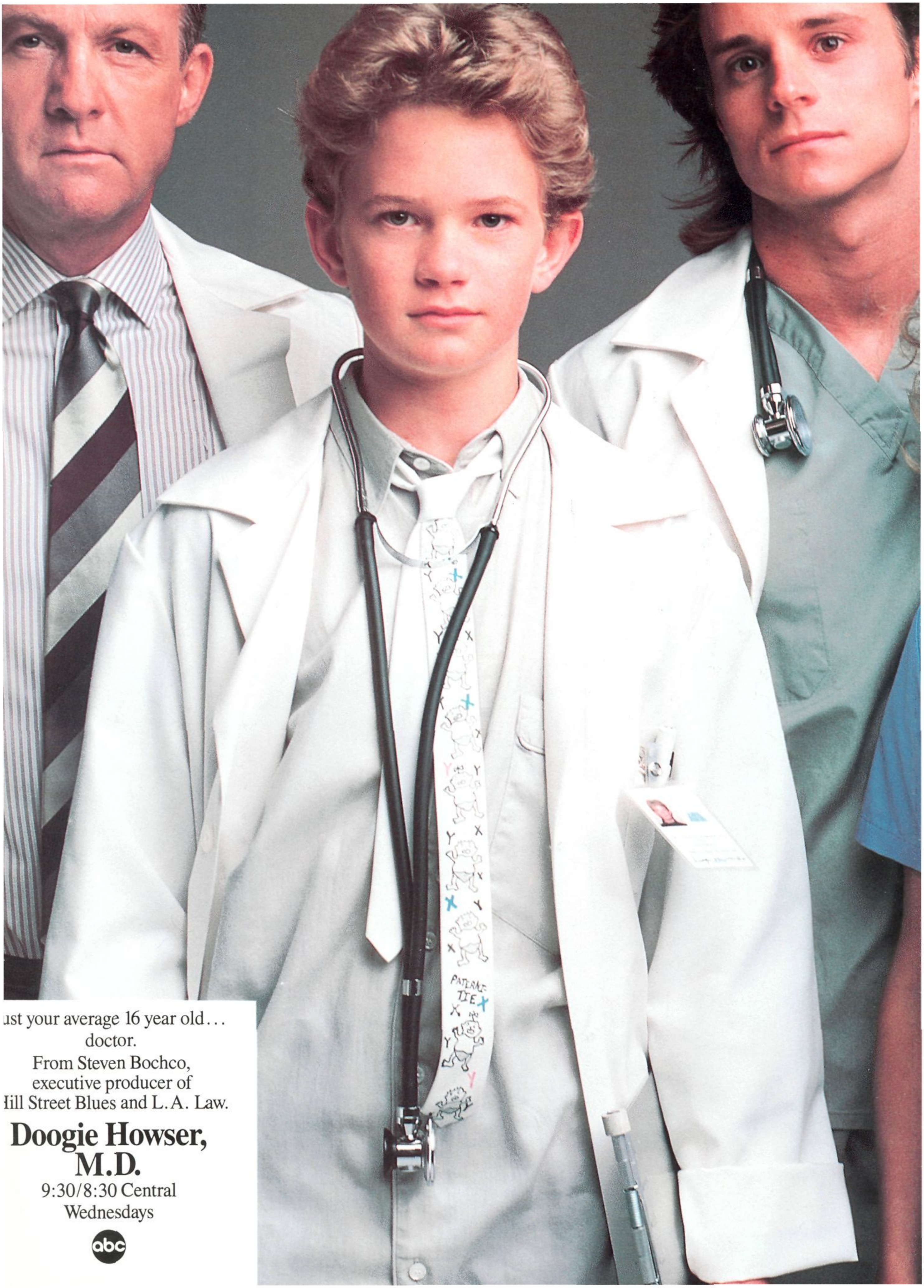


Jamie Lee Curtis
and Richard Lewis.
Just friends.
Trying to keep it that way.

Anything But Love

9:00/8:00 Central
Wednesdays

abc



ust your average 16 year old . . .
doctor.
From Steven Bochco,
executive producer of
Hill Street Blues and L. A. Law.

Doogie Howser,
M.D.

9:30/8:30 Central
Wednesdays

abc

When the West
was young and wild.
The Young Riders
9:00/8:00 Central
Thursdays

How many Winslows
could a household hold,
if one house could hold
the Winslows?

Family Matters
8:30/7:30 Central
Fridays

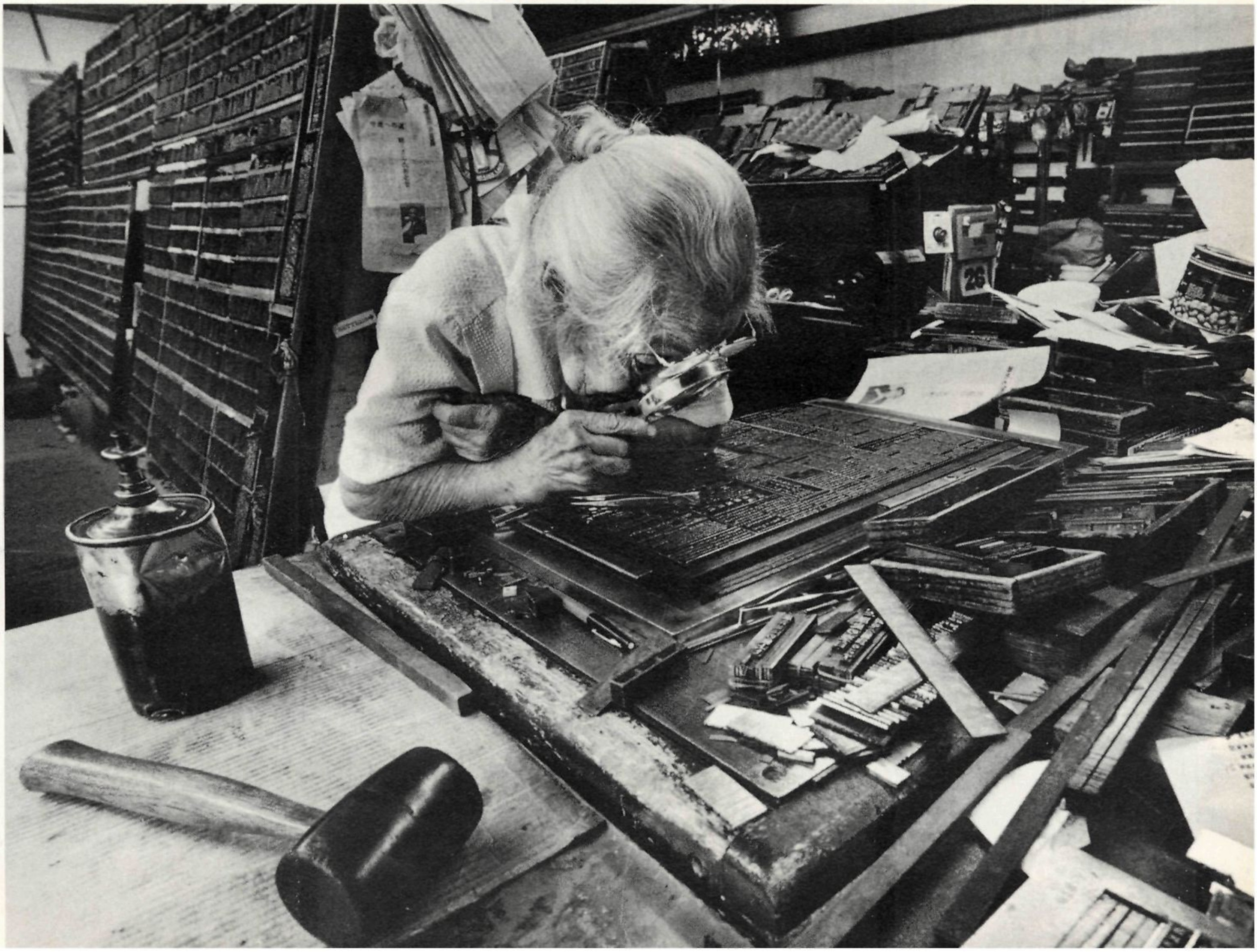
TIRELESS KUNIKO TERASAWA IS THE FORCE BEHIND A NEWSPAPER ALMOST NO ONE CAN READ

Enter the cramped, cluttered office of Salt Lake City's *Utah Nippo,* and time seems to stand still. At one end of the newsroom is a wall clock that reads 2:37—as it has for months. At the other end is the Japanese language newspaper's 93-year-old owner, Kuniko Terasawa, bent over a rackety, low-tech printing press. Magnifying glass to her eye, tweezers in her fingers, she's hand-setting type the old-fashioned way—in antique characters that even most Japanese cannot read. Her four-page paper, which in November will celebrate its 75th anniversary, started as a daily, then became a weekly and is now, finally, a "sometimes monthly." Explains Terasawa: "The paper is published when the stories are finished being typeset." Why is it still called *Nippo,* which translated means "daily"? She pulls herself to her full 4′7″ height. "Because," she says, "I work on it every day."

Indeed. Terasawa is not merely the owner and publisher of *Utah Nippo*; she is the editor, the ace (and sole) reporter, typesetter and proofreader. Although she takes frequent rest breaks, she's still at the office up to eight hours a day, seven days a week. "I never thought I'd be doing this for so long, but I really enjoy it," she says, while composing a story about the discovery of an ancient Japanese castle. "My food tastes better each night if I put in a hard day's work and keep moving."

Utah Nippo is the only remaining Japanese-language newspaper in the U.S. that served the first wave of immigrants from Japan, the *Issei.* Founded in 1914 by Terasawa's husband, Uneo, who died of pneumonia in 1939, the paper once boasted more than 10,000 subscribers around

"I put out the *Nippo* to say 'thank you' to all those who helped me over the years," says Terasawa (setting type in her print shop).



the country. These days there are only about 700 readers, mostly in Utah and adjacent states. A subscription still costs $7 a year—the same as it did when the *Utah Nippo* was started. But then Terasawa is not in the communications business mainly for profit. "Money is not important," she says. "People are."

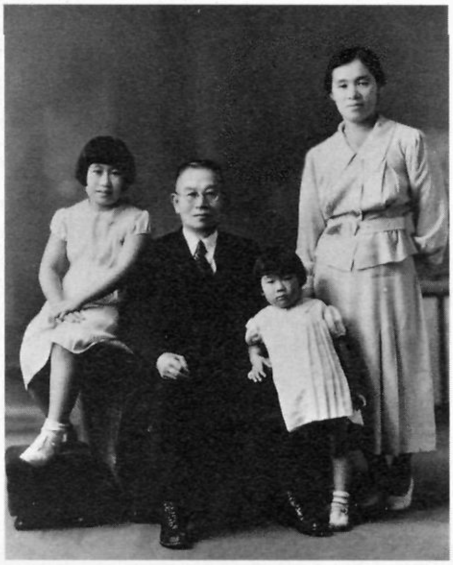
Terasawa gets to work about 10 A.M. every morning—as she did even on the day after her husband's death. "I had to take care of the employees," she says, "or they'd lose their jobs." Although she is now helped by her family, in her cinderblock office and print shop, "Mother does most of the work herself," says her daughter Kazuko, 63, who lives with the older woman and who has never married. (Terasawa's other daughter, Haruko Moriyasu, 57, who's widowed and has a 20-year-old son, teaches at the University of Utah.) Kazuko edits an English page and translates for her mother, who professes to know only one phrase in English: "That is a cat."

Except for Kazuko's page, all copy appears in pre–World War II characters, disused elsewhere since Japanese ideograms were modernized starting in the late 1940s. Terasawa is the only person at the paper who can still compose with the 3,600 or so old-style characters, which few but the older *Issei* can read. No longer able to report community events herself, she depends on her network of friends to bring her news of weddings, bonsai plant exhibits and Buddhist temple events.

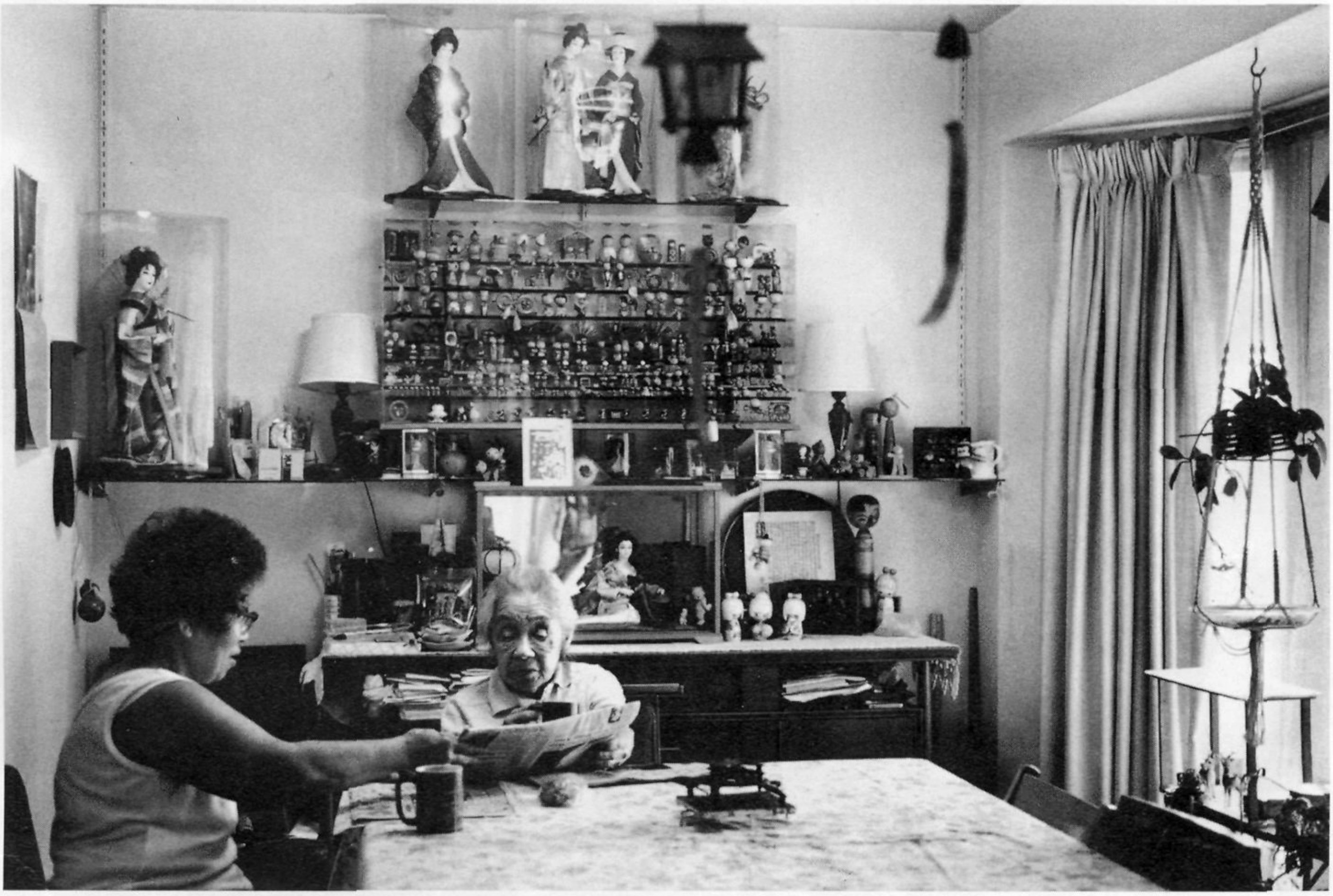
A sewing and fine embroidery teacher back in Japan, Terasawa left her hometown of Iida at 26, when Uneo, a vegetable farmer–turned-publisher, came looking for a bride to join him in Utah. "Until he passed away," she says, "I didn't have much to do with the paper. I was too busy being a housewife."

She and Kazuko now share a simple brick home six blocks from the print shop. They live frugally and often use their Social Security checks to help keep the paper going. But Terasawa insists that her needs are few, and she doesn't mind working slowly. "Doing things the old way takes more time," she says, smiling and stooping amid the clutter of metal plates, walls of stored type and her ancient, clanking press. "Old things bring much joy. As long as I'm breathing, this is what I want to do."

—Ron Arias,
Cathy Free in Salt Lake City

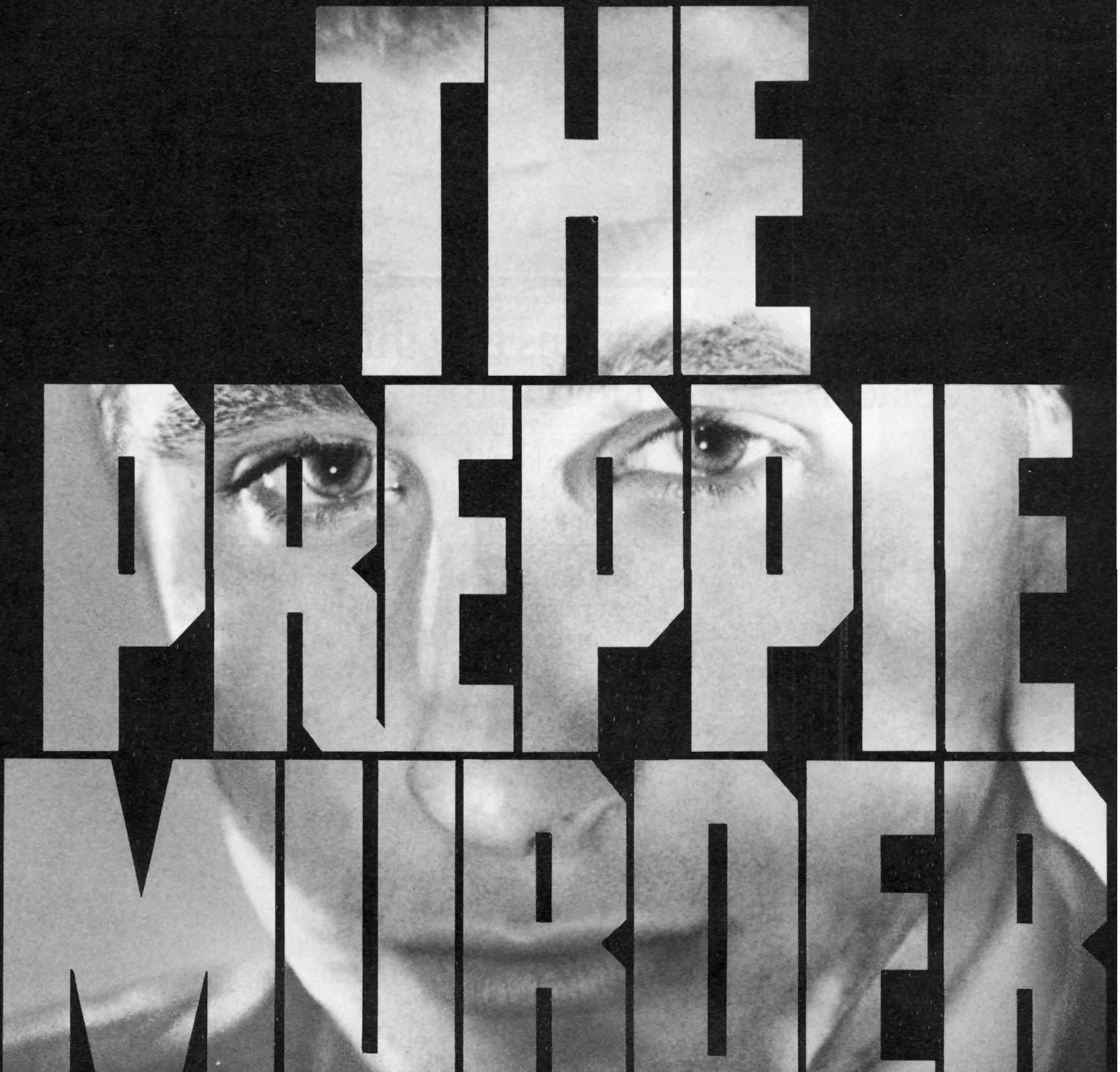


Terasawa posed for this 1936 portrait with husband Uneo and daughters Kazuko, left, and Haruko. At home (below) she reads the latest *Nippo* with Kazuko.



Photographs by Taro Yamasaki

**What really happened that night in the park?
Was it a tragic accident or a brutal murder?**



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HIS CAROUSING DAYS BEHIND HIM, AUTHOR TOM McGUANE IS AT HOME —AND AT PEACE—ON THE RANGE

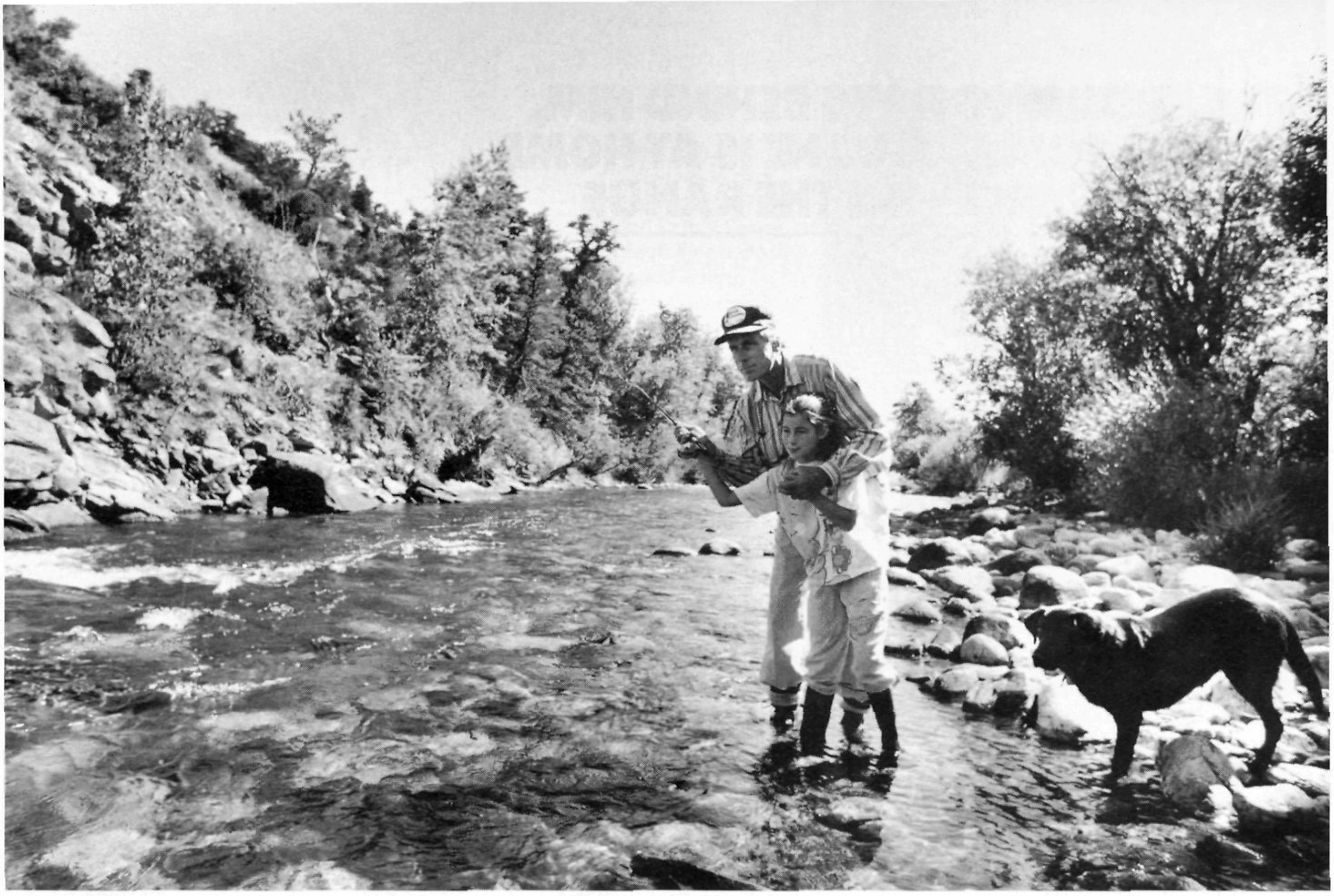
By Jamie Diamond

Thomas McGuane drives his clattering five-horse trailer up to the barn of his 3,700-acre Montana ranch after picking up his mail in McLeod, a town with a post office and an old hotel. Pine trees scent the air and a river thunders nearby, but McGuane's solitude is hardly complete. In his corral stands a satellite dish ("the Montana state flower," McGuane calls it), and his publisher has just sent him a new copy of his seventh novel, *Keep the Change*, the tale of a muse-abandoned artist who quits his job designing lie-detector tests to work the family ranch. The glossy volume may look out of place in the author's rope-calloused hand. Yet it's not unusual for McGuane, 49, who has written and ranched in Montana for over 20 years, to win a rodeo competition on Saturday and find his fiction reviewed in the *New York Times* on Sunday. "I'm a neurotic fiction writer who'd like to be a cowboy," he says. After years of turmoil, he's at ease in both worlds.

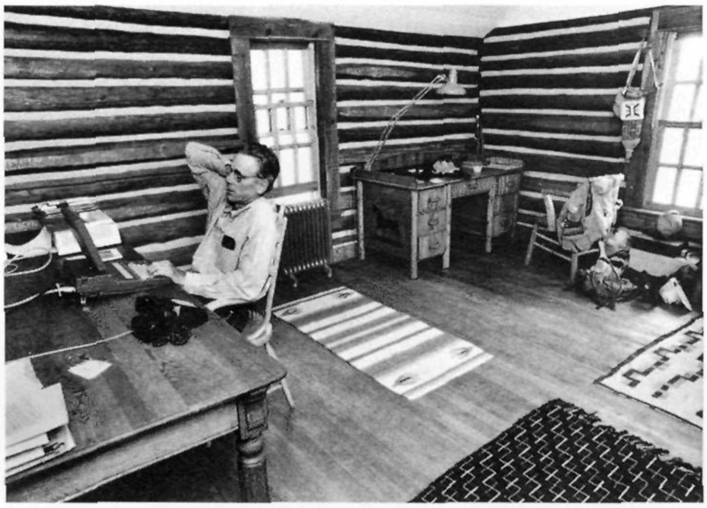
This fall McGuane, his wife, Laurie, 40, and their daughter, Annie, 9, are settling into a new ranch where they raise cattle and horses. "This is the sixth ranch I've owned," says McGuane. "It's *almost* a justifiable commercial unit." The "new" house, rescued from beneath a layer of shag carpeting, is a striking, century-old log cabin. A converted bunkhouse functions as McGuane's study. Next to his computer sits a gun cabinet; on the porch are waders and a pair of nearly fossilized socks. The Boulder River, roaring 10 feet away, is so loud that McGuane must close his door when he writes.

But McGuane isn't writing these days; he's riding around with his ranch hands, discussing brood cows and Japanese investment in the valley. He's acutely aware of the choice between experiencing life and recording it. "That's my daily strug-

"Montana isn't a vacation spot for me—it's where I started over," says McGuane, at his ranch with his beloved dogs.



McGuane and daughter Annie, both fishing enthusiasts, check the trout action on Boulder River, near their home.



"My father used to tell me I'd never make a living writing and I'd better get practical," says McGuane, at work in his study.

PAGES

gle—a mind-body struggle," he says. "I was always an extremist. I haven't changed."

McGuane was just shy of 30 when he electrified the literary world with his lush first novel, *The Sporting Club*, about a young man who wreaks havoc on a decadent hunting club. Saul Bellow declared its young author a "sort of language star," and McGuane has been shining ever since, turning out acclaimed novels with offbeat titles like *The Bushwhacked Piano* and *Ninety-Two in the Shade*. His stories crackle with mavericks who buck the system: men who rustle cattle with chain saws, do battle with automatic batting machines, smuggle emeralds sewn into horses. In McGuaneland, the boy never gets the right girl. "I like to write about the solitary things people do," he says. "Humans seem to function best when they're alone."

His own uneasy childhood may have fostered that view. McGuane was raised in Grosse Ile, Mich., the son of an auto-parts manufacturer. His home was filled with books, and his Irish Catholic father instilled in him a passion for the outdoors. Yet beneath the cultured veneer there was suffering. "I was scared of life and had to put on this game face because both my parents were alcoholics," McGuane says. "I always felt this smoldering pressure in my stomach. I never saw my father stumbling around or slurring words. He was one of those guys who drank five big drinks after dinner and had a *serious* mood change. He would paralyze the whole family. He'd turn and say, 'And *you*? What are *you* doing?' "

McGuane, now a stately 6′3″, remembers being a "geek" as a teenager—"a 130-lb. weakling really having to keep from getting mashed." At 15, he ran away from home, following a girlfriend to her father's ranch in Wyoming. "I decided I wanted to be a cowboy," he recalls. "The negotiated truce was I would go to boarding school." At Cranbrook School, outside Detroit, he reverted to his original dream: becoming a writer. He flunked out of the University of Michigan but ended up on the dean's list at Michigan State. After a stint studying play writing at Yale Drama School, McGuane moved on to Stanford, where he won the Wallace Stegner fellowship for fiction.

In 1968, shortly after publication of *The Sporting Club*, screen rights to the novel sold for $75,000, and McGuane decided

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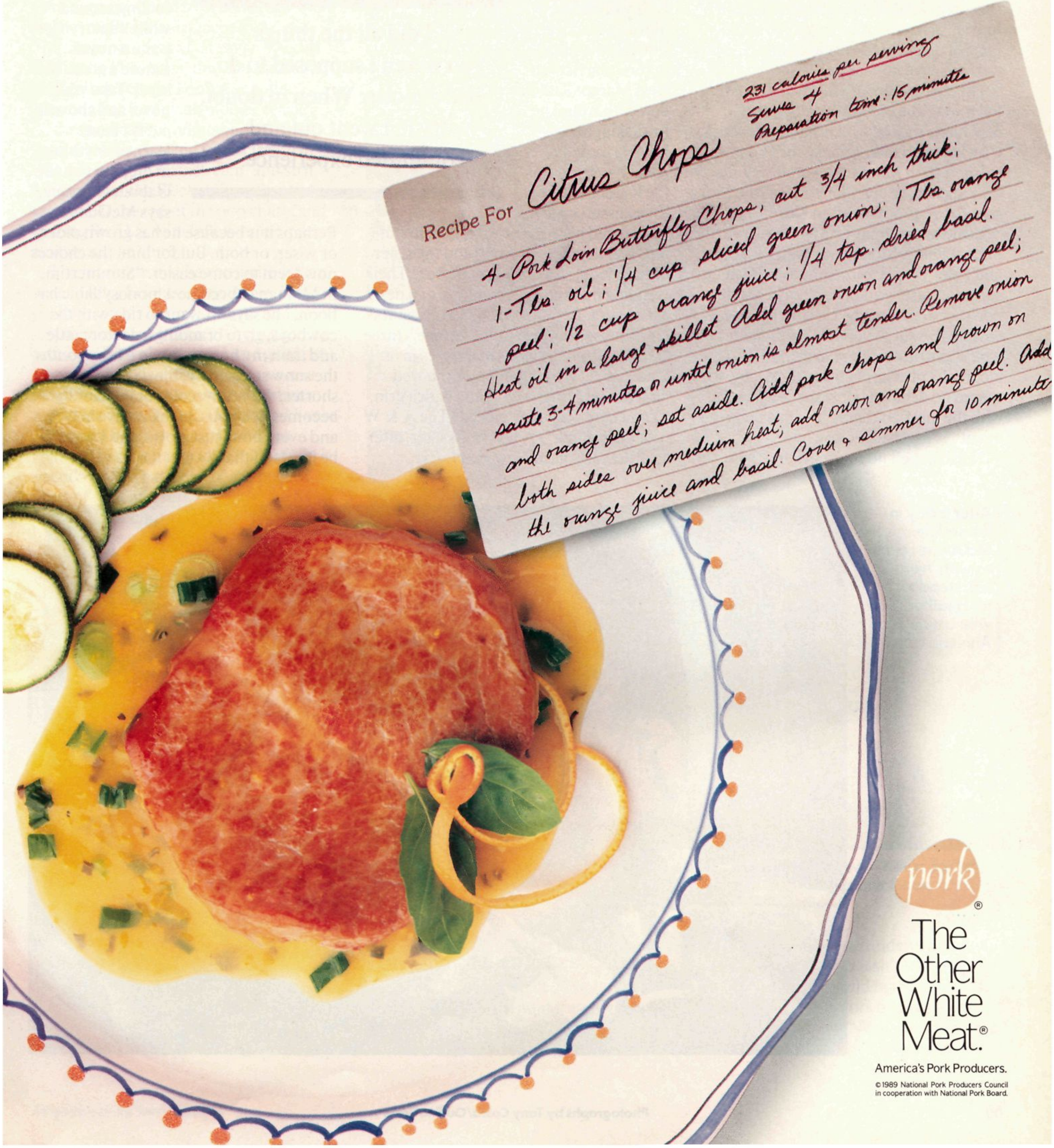

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to try his hand at screenplays. He completed several, including *The Missouri Breaks* (which starred Marlon Brando), before getting a chance to direct the movie version of *Ninety-Two in the Shade.* "I said I didn't know how to direct a movie, but the producer said any idiot could do it," McGuane remembers. "I said okay. But I was right. I didn't know how to direct a movie." The film was a personal and financial disaster, one critic calling it "a homosexual porno film."

His cowboy dreams fared better. After the movie sale of *The Sporting Club,* McGuane moved with his first wife, Becky Crockett, and their infant son, Thomas IV, to a spread in Montana's Paradise Valley. Periodically, he abandoned monastic Montana for 90-proof nights in Key West, Fla. Soon he was running on a fast track with the likes of fellow Montanans Sam Peckinpah and Peter Fonda, careening around in fast cars after faster women, often in a state of booze-sodden lunacy. He was, by his own description, "a sociopath." Ultimately he would land a starring role in the 1978 autobiography of actress Elizabeth Ashley, who spared no detail of her sexual acrobatics with the married "aging juvenile delinquent . . . psychedelic cowboy."

"I had a spell no more striking than other people of my job description," McGuane says. "I did all the things you weren't supposed to do. I had a motto: When in doubt, try it. I went out and committed experience. But when I was supposed to be having such an endlessly wonderful time in the street, I was writing five screenplays a year. I don't have any regrets."

Nor, for a time, did he have a viable marriage. In 1975 Becky divorced him and married Fonda. McGuane in turn married actress Margot Kidder, with whom he has a daughter, Maggie, now 13. After a few months the Kidder marriage dissolved and he married his current wife, Laurie Buffett, a skilled horsewoman and the sister of his friend, singer Jimmy Buffett. Their wedding marked the beginning of a new, calmer era. It took place in a Montana courthouse with two of the couple's three children from previous marriages in attendance. ("We let them pick the wedding dinner," says McGuane with a grin. "You know what they picked? The A & W root beer stand.") A few years later, after a particularly gaga New Year's Eve, McGuane decided he'd had enough of liquor. Now all he drinks is nonalcoholic beer in chilled goblets.

> "I did all the things you weren't supposed to do. I had a motto: When in doubt, try it. I went out and committed experience."

Is McGuane's affinity for chaos a thing of the past? "Tom has to *observe* chaos," says Laurie. "But he has to write in an environment that is comfortable to him." McGuane admits he may not always contribute to that comfort. "I give people a lot of pressure," he says. "I can take this tone that you are fooling around while *I* am trying to write a novel. Laurie's great. She says, 'Take your novel and shove it!'

"If I have learned anything in life, it is that life is about choosing," says McGuane. Perhaps it is because he has grown older, or wiser, or both. But for him, the choices now seem to come easier. "Summertime in Montana I become a monosyllabic baboon," he says. "I want to ride with the cowboys, go to brandings, doctor cattle and train my horses. But in a few months the snow starts to fly, the days become shorter, the yellow color of interior light becomes delicious. I look at my shelves and every book just glows, and I want to be inside of that." ☐

After a day in the saddle, McGuane relaxes with, from left, stepdaughter Heather, 20, wife Laurie and Annie.

Photographs by Tony Costa/Outline Press

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As his volunteer-built creation nears completion in Brewer, Maine, Leathers takes a moment out for a playful test.

HELPING HANDS

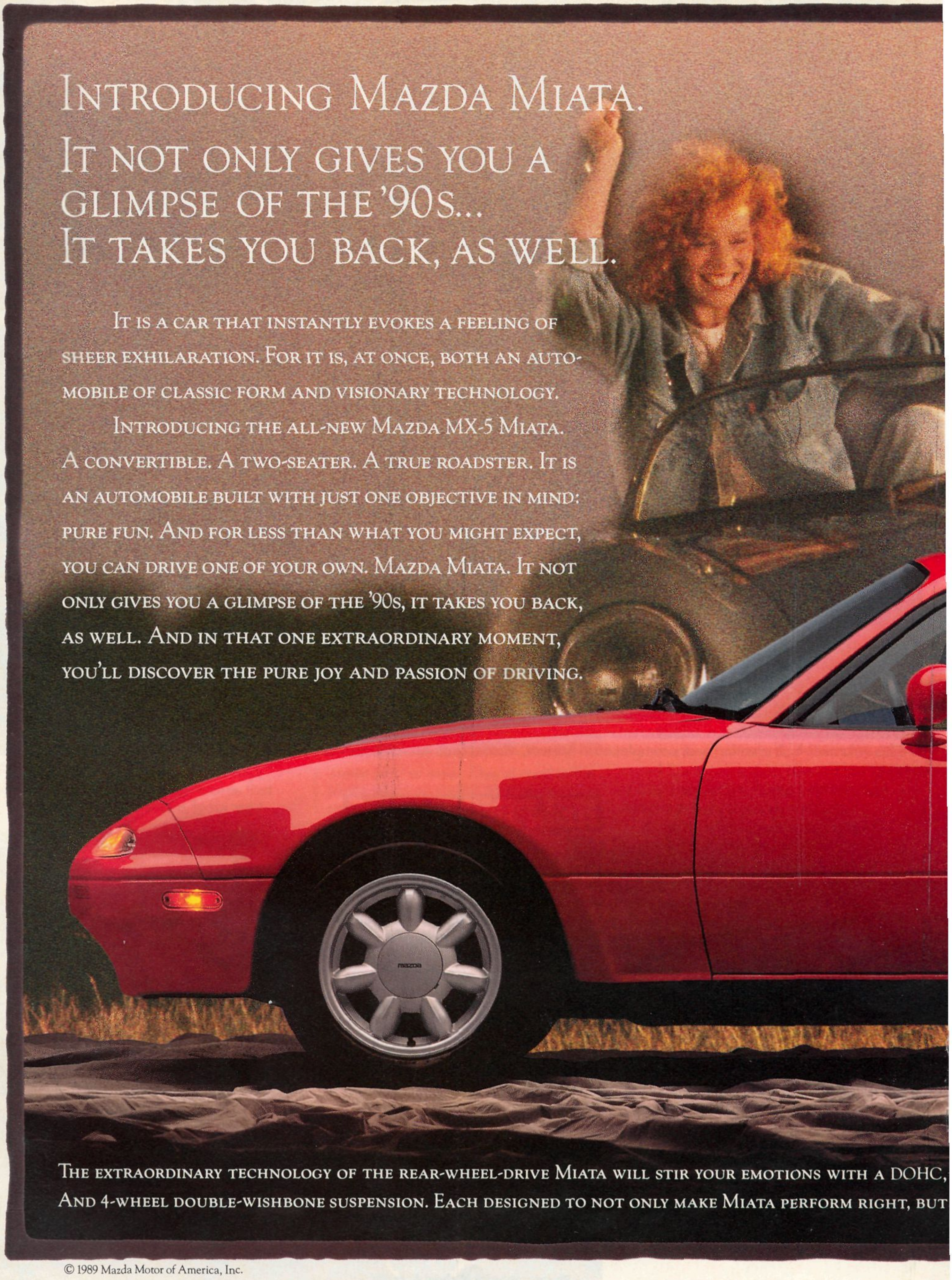
WHEREVER HE GOES, ARCHITECT ROBERT LEATHERS LEAVES ANOTHER NEW PLAYGROUND BEHIND

At 6:30 A.M., as a light drizzle falls on Brewer, Maine, the man they call "the Johnny Appleseed of playgrounds" is preparing to work his magic. While bustling volunteers set up tables and tents in an empty pasture alongside Route 1A, architect Robert Leathers, 47, stalks the site in his customary construction attire: battered Nikes, faded jeans and a well-worn, fully loaded tool belt slung low on his hips. His red T-shirt trumpets the message, WE BUILT IT TOGETHER.

Wherever Leathers travels across the land, innovative new playgrounds just seem to sprout from the bare ground in only five 14-hour days and at minimal cost. Over the past 20 years, he has developed a system that allows his firm, Robert Leathers and Associates of Ithaca, N.Y., to design, organize and construct between 80 and 90 playgrounds every year, charging only $4,000 to $15,000 each in architect's fees. His group has already built 500 of them in the U.S., and the waiting list extends to 1991. "I could do half as much and charge three times more," he says, "but as long as we don't go broke, we'll keep our fees low because the money is precious to these communities."

In Brewer, Leathers is overseeing about 500 volunteer workers, whom he has separated into skilled (those who can handle something like a power saw)

Photographs by Michael A. Smith



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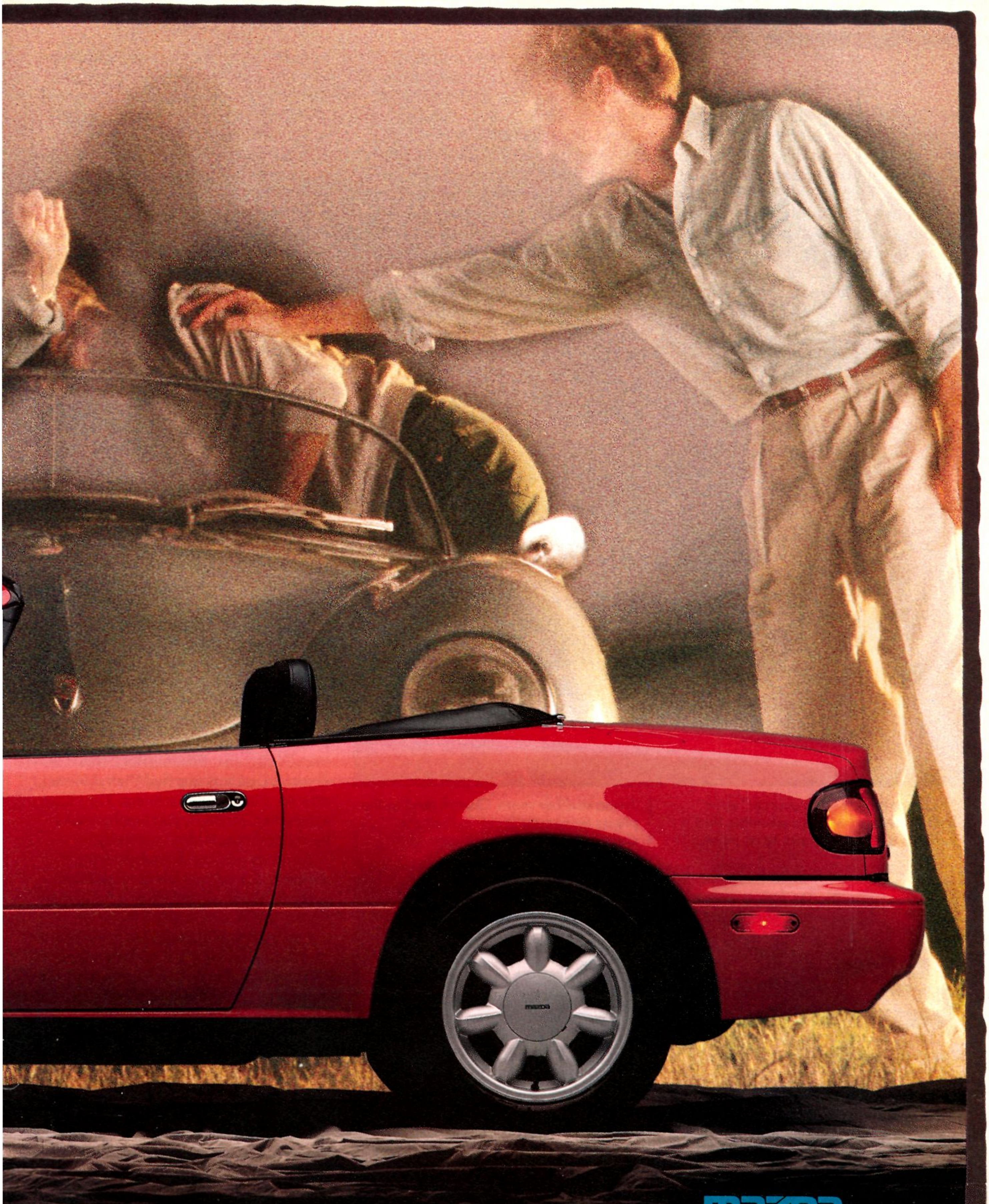

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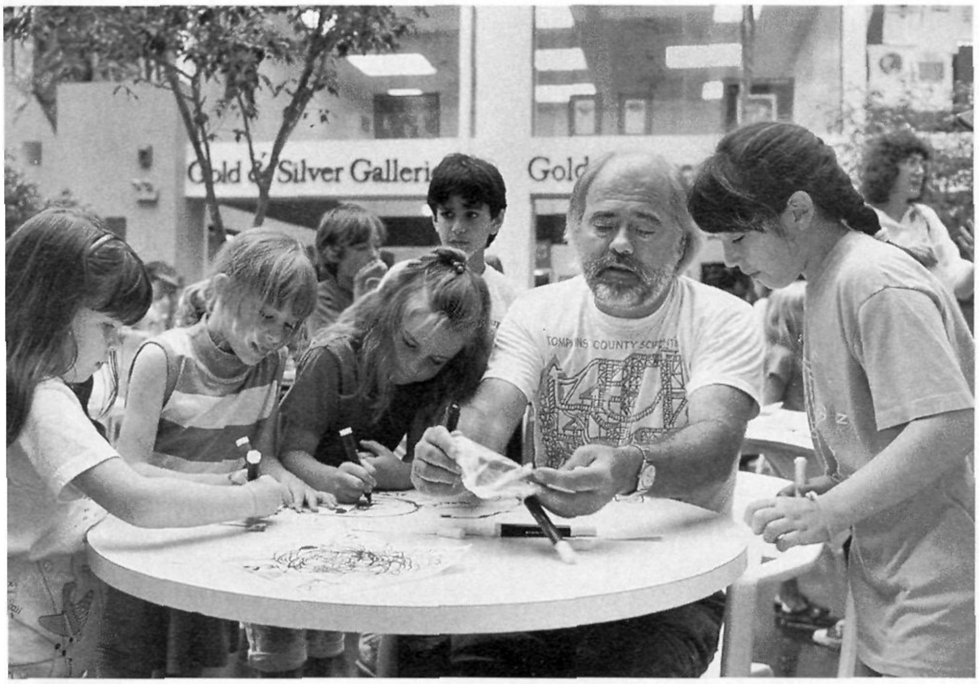
and unskilled work groups. "They've got people like my mom working, and she is really unskilled," says Corey Coffin, 10, who is working as a message runner. Corey's mother, Bonnie, 34, who is using her vacation from a department store job to help out, laughingly agrees: "I started off sanding lumber. But I'm getting more skilled every day."

Despite some inevitable fumbling, volunteer labor is the key to controlling costs. Through bake sales, car washes and solicitations, the town of Brewer raised about $55,000 for its splendid new playground. The price might have been five times higher if the work had been undertaken by commercial contractors.

There are three phases to any Leathers playground. The first is design day—which takes place a year before construction—when Leathers finds out what features the local kids want in their playground. Brewer's playground will contain a castle, a pirate ship, a robot, a dinosaur and a race car. Next comes organization day, three months before construction, when Leathers meets with committee heads and outlines fund-raising, tools, materials and publicity to set everything in place for the third and final phase.



"Kids are my creative source," says Bob, consulting with a committee that includes daughter Jenna, to his right.

Jenna and her mom, Cheryl, tend to the plants on several levels in their designed-by-Dad home in Ithaca, N.Y.

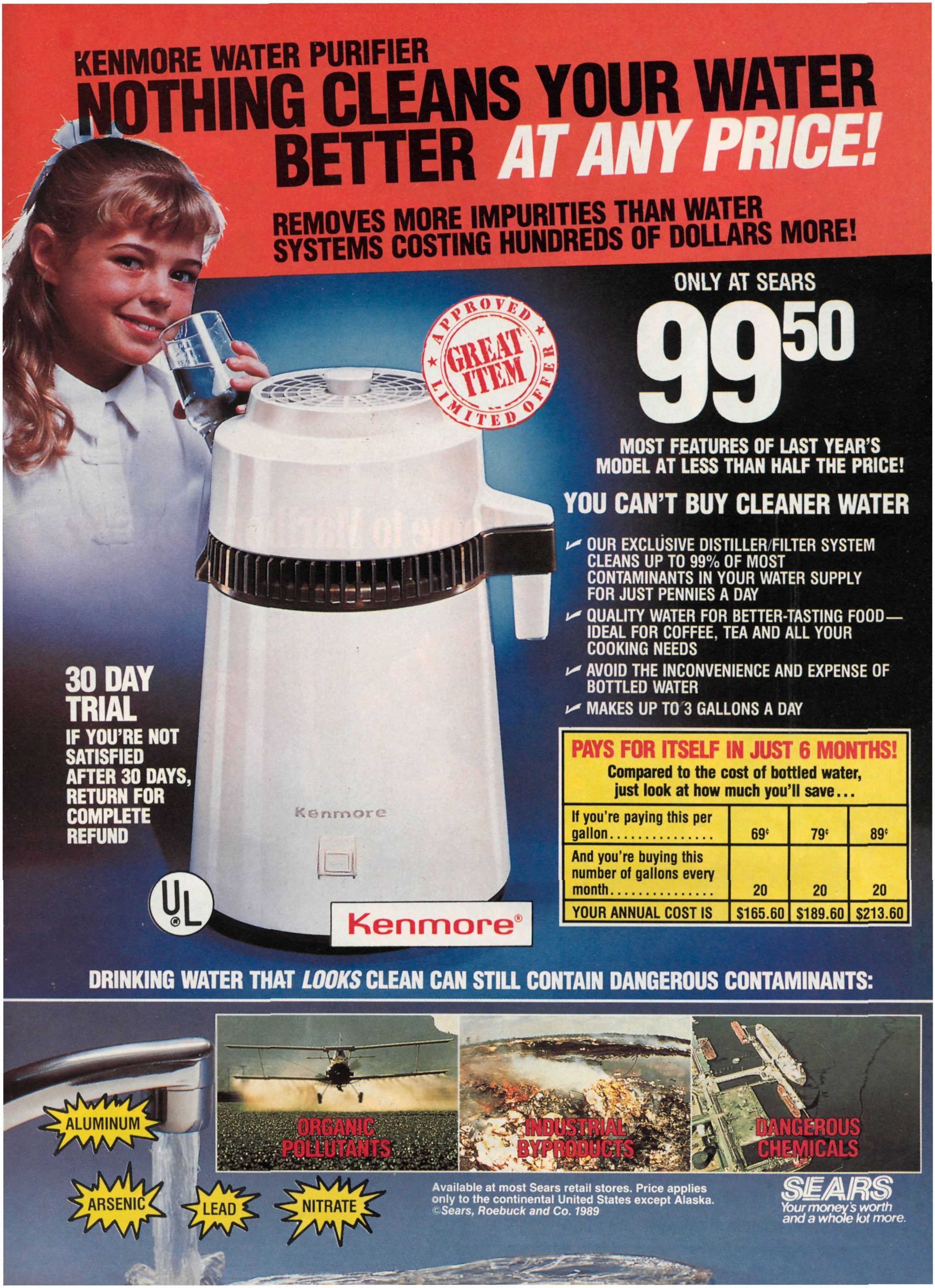
Given his seemingly boundless energy, it comes as a surprise to discover that Leathers, who grew up in Bangor, less than a mile from Brewer, spent a year of his boyhood battling polio. He was bedridden for all of the seventh grade, says his mother, Marie, 71, and "he was in such pain that the reverberation from us walking across the wood floors would hurt him."

During the convalescence that led to a complete recovery, Bob, an only child, turned to drawing. By age 17 he knew he wanted to be an architect in the mold of his hero, Frank Lloyd Wright. After graduating from the Rhode Island School of Design in 1965, he headed for Oregon to work for an architectural firm. Raised a Roman Catholic, he converted to the Ba-ha'i faith, lived in a commune and was a passionate anti-establishment, anti-Vietnam War activist. "I was gassed at Berkeley," he says with a distinct note of pride.

He is less proud of his early record as a family man. Married while in college, Leathers and his first wife had two children and adopted a third. Still, he admits bluntly, "I was a lousy father. The children just sort of tagged along in our lives." After that first marriage ended in divorce, Leathers married Cheryl Nickel, now 46, a landscape architect. They have a daughter, Jenna, 7, and Leathers sees his other three children regularly.

As far as relating to young people is concerned, Leathers has more than made amends. When he and his first family settled in Ithaca in the early '70s, he designed his first playground as a voluntary project for a school that his kids attended. Now, even though playgrounds make up only 40 percent of his firm's business, they are an integral part of Leathers's psyche. "I'll always build them," he says, "because when you do, you know you're doing something good."

It's 6 P.M. Sunday in Brewer, and after five days the hammering has stopped. A hushed community gathers at the one-time pasture, a little awed by what they have wrought. "Okay, kids, it's yours!" shouts Robert Leathers as he cuts a ribbon and hundreds of balloons soar. And then he is gone, off to another town to build another playground. —***Ned Geeslin, Bonnie Bell in Brewer***



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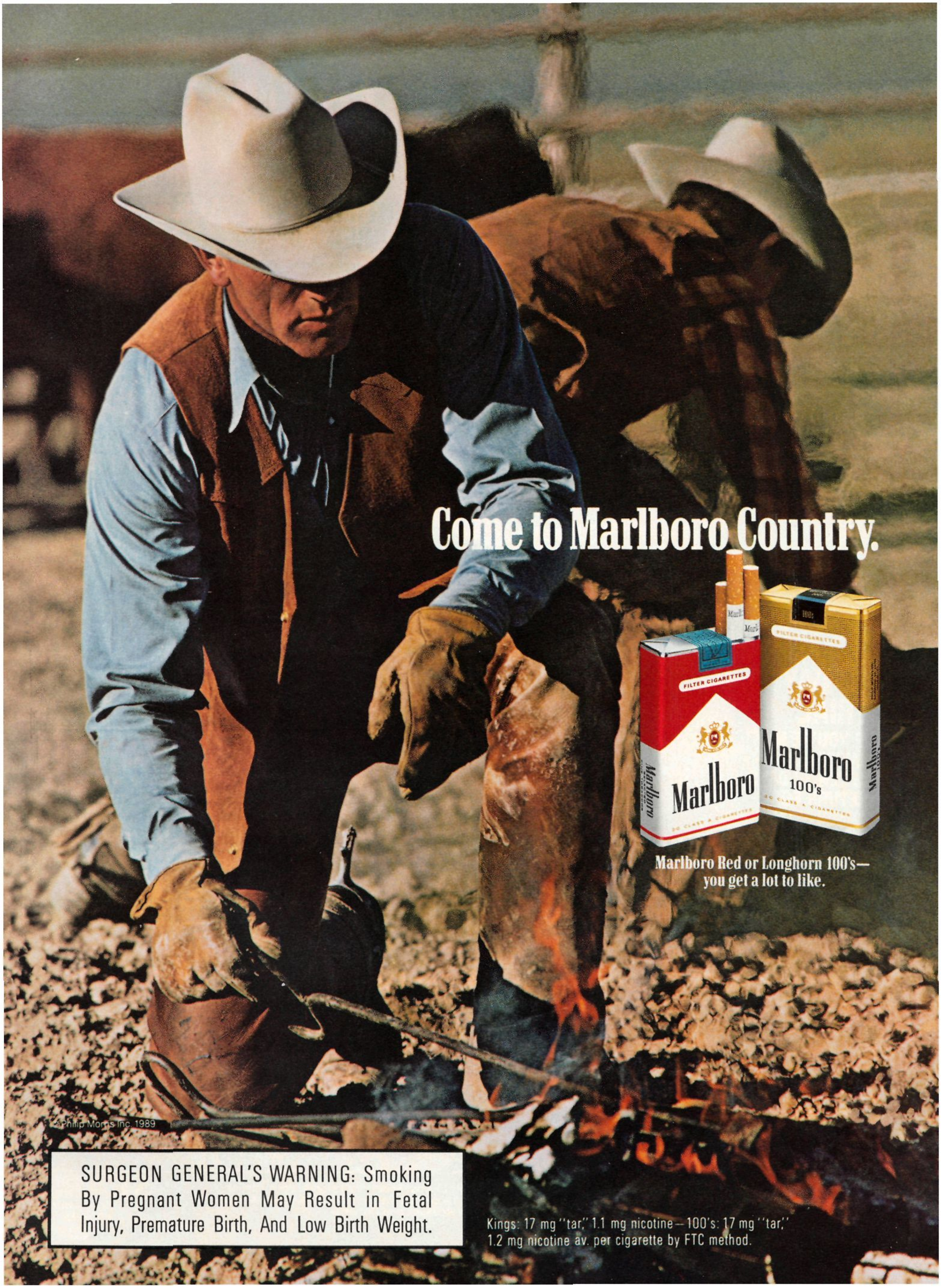

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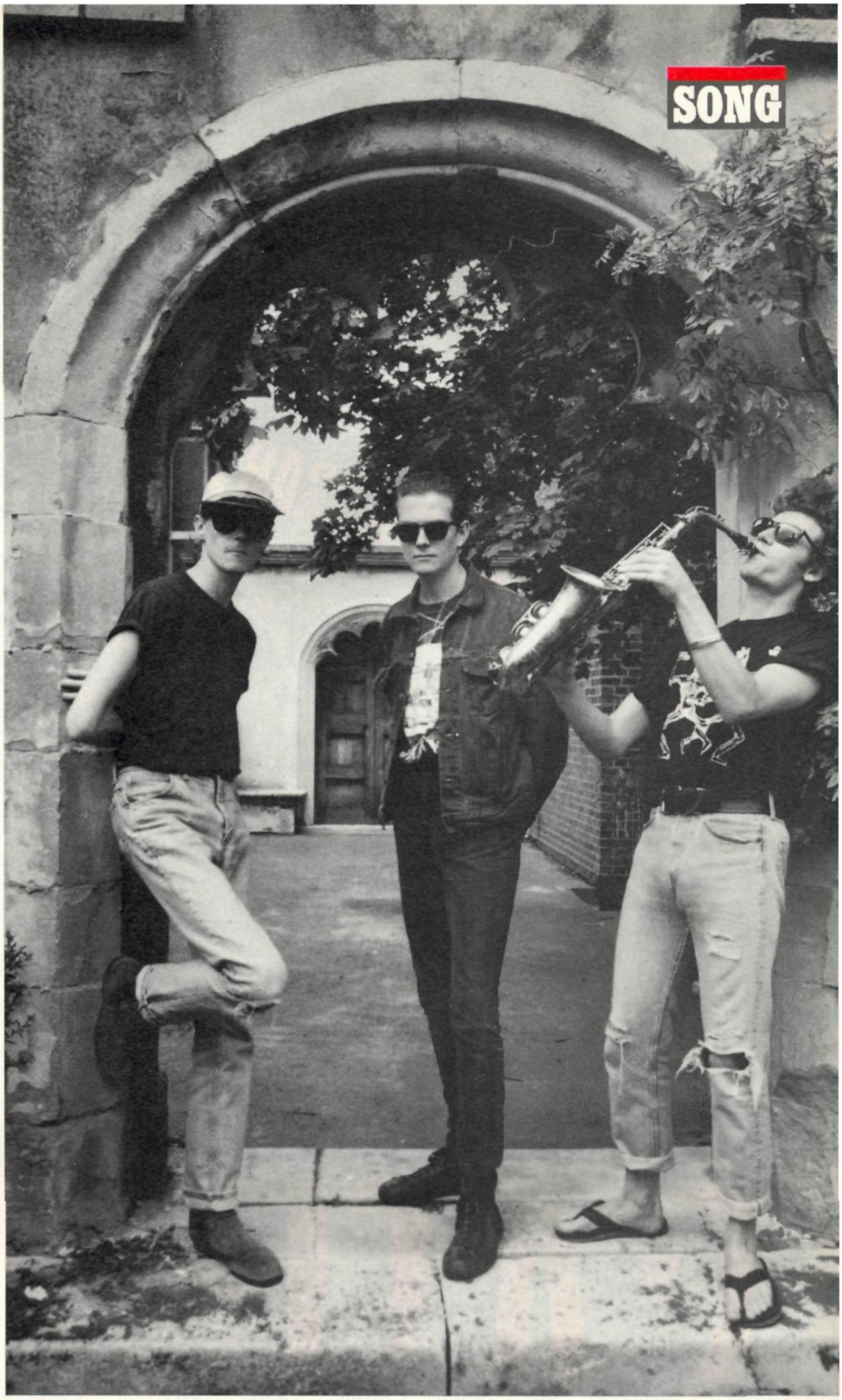
GLOOM-ROCKERS LOVE AND ROCKETS SPLASH DOWN IN THE MAINSTREAM

Not long ago, the three pale, bony Brits known as Love and Rockets would have been mortified to produce any music that might be called accessible. As founding members of an early '80s cult band called Bauhaus, they led a gloomy musical movement known as goth-rock and favored bleak moods, black clothes and cacophonous chords. But even the most devoted iconoclasts can stumble into the mainstream, and so it happens that the Rockets now find themselves near the top of the pop charts and touring the U.S. with fellow mope-rock sensations the Cure.

The hit single that has propelled them to such lofty heights is "So Alive," a simple love song from their fourth and latest album, *Love and Rockets.* "Actually it's a lust song," says lead singer and guitarist Daniel Ash, 32, who formed Love and Rockets four years ago with drummer Kevin Haskins, 29, and Haskins's 32-year-old bassist brother, David, who has changed his last name to J. "Hopefully it sounds sexy. That's one of the biggest parts of rock and roll." Though the band members, unconventional and proud of it, are a little unnerved by their techno-pop ballad's success, they see it as progress of a sort. "With Bauhaus we would never have written a song about boy meets girl," says Ash. "It would have had to be something weird and twisted."

Which is not to say that the Rockets are cleaving to the straight and narrow. Ash still performs in mascara, lipstick and dangly earrings, slipping into a minidress for a tune titled "It's a Drag." And all three like to say they were discovered by "the Bubblemen," space aliens from "the planet Girl."

At home in England, the Rockets live relatively sedate lives in their native Northampton, a working-class town in the English Midlands where they first met as art students 11 years ago. David J. paints; Ash, who describes his love life as "a lot of bloody hassle," finds solace in riding motorcycles; Haskins swears that he likes to "shop for antiques and mow the lawn." The new sound that has catapulted them to fame in the U.S. has aroused scant interest among their countrymen, who still think of them as Bauhaus alumni.



"The Top 40 thing was an accident [but] a plus," says Ash, right, with Kevin, far left, and David at an English church. The group lifted its name from a comic book.

But the Rockets aren't complaining: America loves them, and they love America, despite the fact that, as J. points out, "You can't get a decent cup of tea." Having ascended from the underground, they have found that life doesn't look as gray in the limelight as it did in the Bauhaus. "There are more colors on the palette now," says David J. "And instead of one brushstroke, there are many." ☐

Photograph by Terry Smith

15TH
ANNIVERSARY

It was the best of times and it was the worst of times.
—Laraine Newman . . . and, okay, Charles Dickens

Behind the gilded Art Deco facade of the RCA Building in Manhattan's Rockefeller Center, NBC's studio 8H is a particularly venerable soundstage. There, Arturo Toscanini directed the NBC Symphony Orchestra, and the *Kraft Television Theatre* contributed to the Golden Age of TV. But on the night of Oct. 11, 1975, a performance of quite a different sort took place in 8H. Beamed live to an audience of nearly 5 million, a bearded English teacher (Michael O'Donoghue) looked at his chubby Eastern European student (John Belushi) and intoned the lesson, "I would like . . . to feed your fingertips . . . to the wolverines."

That wasn't exactly the fodder TV viewers expected to chew at the time. Yet that bizarre beginning marked the birth of the most influential comedy institution of a generation. From the moment Chevy Chase first uttered the

SATURDAY

CLOCKWISE, FROM TOP RIGHT: ©1989 EDIE BASKIN; ©NBC; ©1989 EDIE BASKIN; ©NBC; ©1989 EDIE BASKIN; HOWARD FRANK ARCHIVES

opening lines, "Live from New York! It's Saturday Night!" American television was changed forever. There was instant fusion between a nation ready to laugh at itself and a white-hot ensemble—Belushi, Chase, Newman, Gilda Radner, Jane Curtin, Garrett Morris and Dan Aykroyd—that burned with lunatic glee. No other show has endured so many changes of cast and fortune, or made such a profound impact on the way America laughs. On Sunday, Sept. 24, NBC will herald the start of *Saturday Night Live*'s 15th season with a live anniversary special, featuring some of the show's most memorable sketches and stars. On the following pages, those stars recall the behind-the-scenes secrets and off-the-wall humor that made up life inside *SNL*. "I have a couple of rules that I try to live by," explains producer Lorne Michaels. "One is not to do a show that you wouldn't watch. The other is not to work with people you wouldn't have dinner with. . . ." Welcome to the *SNL* crazy salad.

NIGHT LIVE

1975-1980 WELL, EXCUUUSE ME

Geeks on the prowl, Aykroyd and Martin's Wild and Crazy Guys gleefully propositioned every chick they met.

KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

HOWARD FRANK ARCHIVES (2)

In Aykroyd's loony impersonation of Julia Child, the tippling French chef kept admonishing viewers, "Don't throw away the liver," even as she bled to death.

©RAIN WORTHINGTON FOR EDIE BASKIN

Morris, in drag as Tina Turner, also did bery, bery good imitations of Diana Ross and Cicely Tyson.

In 1975 NBC's 11:30 P.M. Saturday night time slot was a ratings wasteland, filled with old movies or Carson reruns. So there seemed little to lose when Dick Ebersol, NBC's long-haired director of weekend late-night programming, teamed up with Lorne Michaels, a young Canadian comedy writer and producer, and pitched their idea for a live, 90-minute comedy variety series.

Lorne Michaels: I got a message to be at the Beverly Hills Hotel at 7:00 A.M. for a breakfast meeting with Dick Ebersol and [two NBC executives]. They wanted to do a new series. I was given six months to put it together and was guaranteed a year, 17 shows.

Dick Ebersol: We were all young. I was 27, Lorne was 30. The whole rest of that summer was a whirlwind of auditions and going to clubs until all hours of the night.

Lorne sent this wonderful girl to my office. She was thin and tiny and full of life. Her name was Gilda Radner. She came with her boyfriend, a young kid from Canada named Danny Aykroyd.

Chevy Chase: Danny pulled in late on a huge BMW machine with all his leathers on. He was just in the office there, talking Canadian.

Laraine Newman: My boyfriend and I loaded up the car like the Clampetts and got to New York. I was 23. Lorne said the show would be "a cross between *Monty Python* and *60 Minutes.*" It was a guarantee of 17 shows so I thought, "What the heck?"

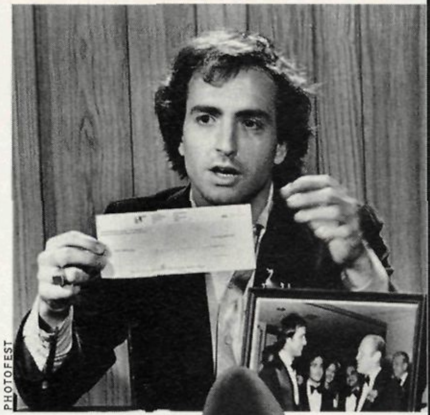
The first person I met was Gilda. She was trying to get Lorne to look at Belushi, who had a full beard, long hair and looked like a beast. They got him to shave for the test. He did the Samurai.

Garrett Morris: I remember my audition like it happened yesterday. As soon as Gilda opened her mouth, I realized something was going to happen. I can't really tell you what it was. I just remember everyone laughing.

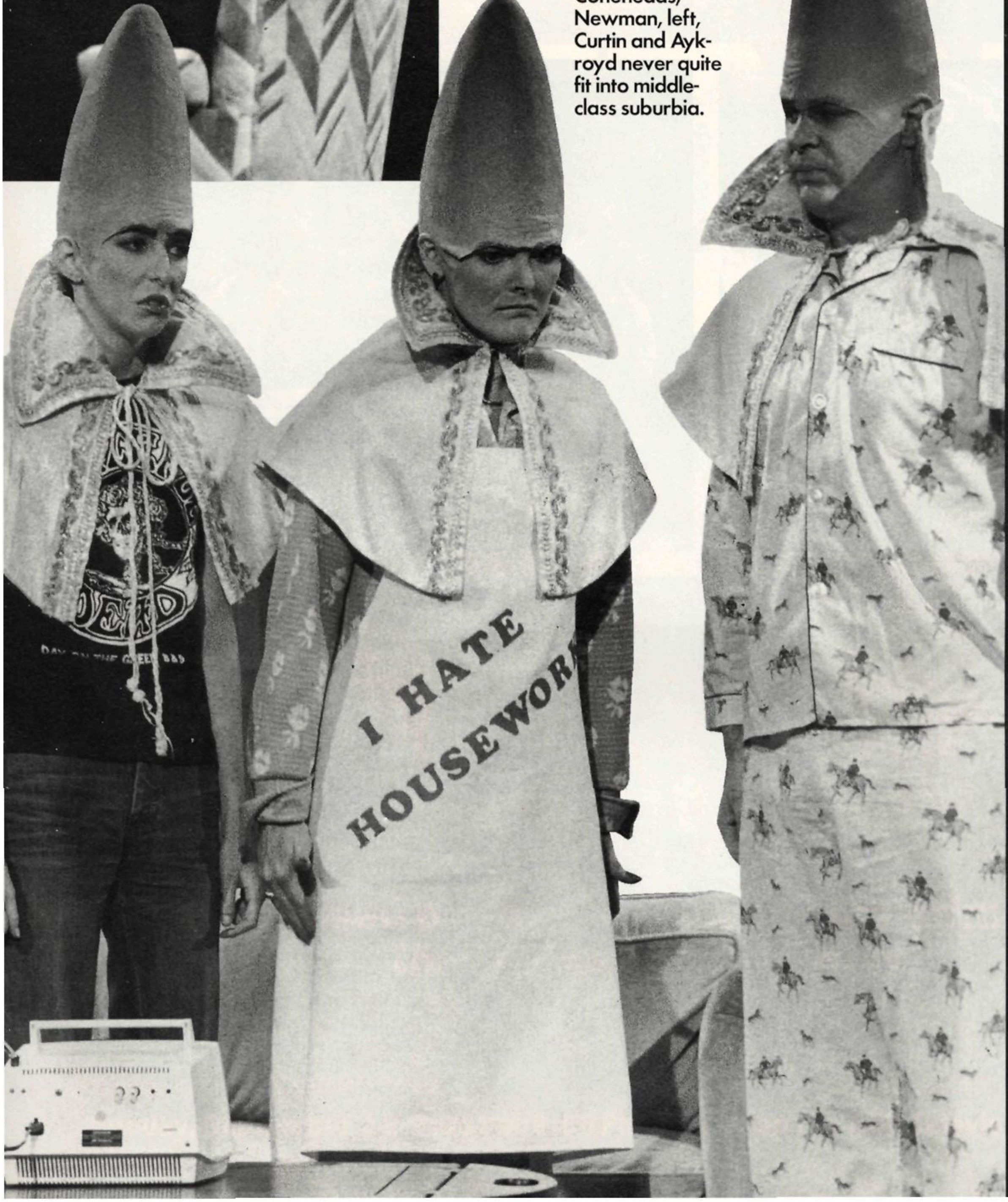
Michaels: The performers all got paid $750 a show. Everybody lived at the offices at Rockefeller Center, and they were generally much nicer

©NBC

When Radner's Baba Wawa interviewed Belushi's Kissinger, her lisp confronted his accent in a hilarious battle of speech impediments.


PHOTOFEST

In 1976, Michaels offered the Beatles $3,200 to reunite, to no avail.


DAY ON THE GREEN BAD
I HATE HOUSEWOR

As the beer-guzzling, ring-tossing Coneheads, Newman, left, Curtin and Aykroyd never quite fit into middle-class suburbia.

MAHVELOUS

To size up SNL's *contribution to pop culture, the* **PEOPLE** *staff conducted an unofficial and incorrigibly biased in-house poll. If you don't agree with our choices, well, excuuuse us.*

Best Characters

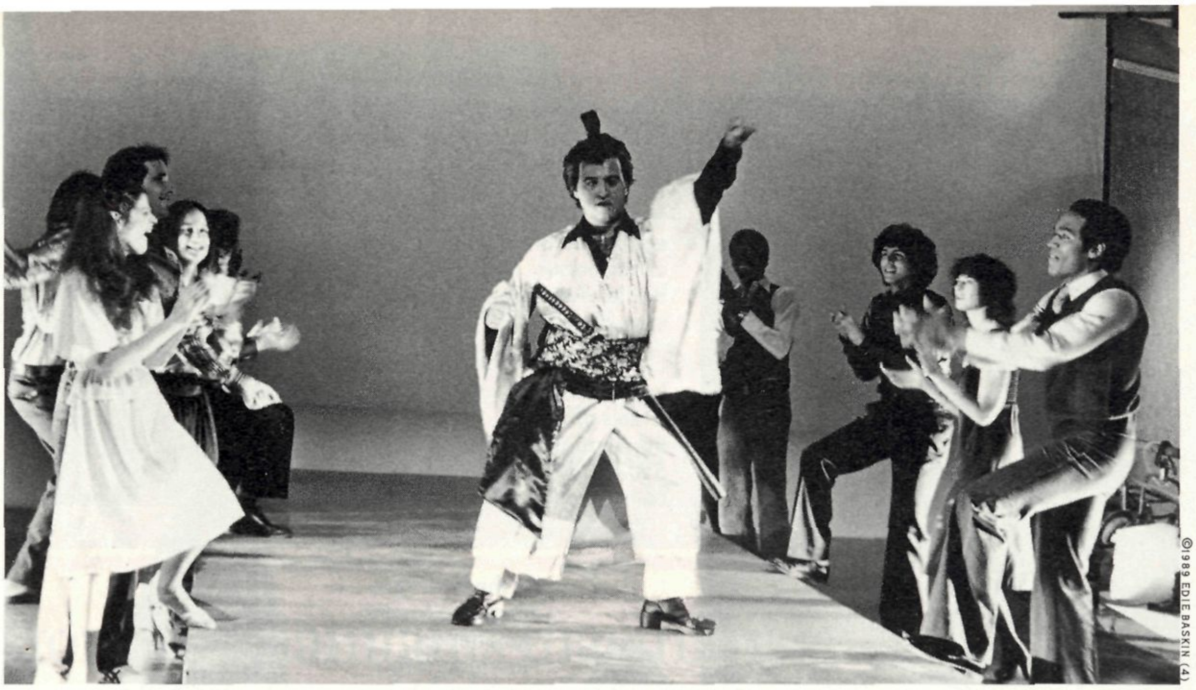
1) Wild and Crazy Guys (Martin, Aykroyd)
2) Church Lady (Carvey)
3) Roseanne Roseannadanna (Radner)
4) Coneheads (Aykroyd, Curtin, Newman)
5) The Whiners (Piscopo, Robin Duke)
6) Father Guido Sarducci (Don Novello)
7) Pathological Liar (Lovitz)
8) Nick the Lounge Singer (Murray)
9) Ed Grimley (Short)

JOSEPH J. SIA

10) Emily Litella (Radner)

Best Catch Phrases

1) Jane, you ignorant slut.
2) Isn't that special?
3) Cheeseburger! . . . Cheeseburger!
4) It just goes to show you . . . it's always something.
5) But *noooo.*
6) Never mind.
7) Well, *excuuuse* me.
8) I'm Chevy Chase, and you're not.
9) I must say.
10) I'm Gumby, dammit!



Belushi's audition piece as a tersely grunting Samurai pool hustler won him a spot on the show and sparked a series, including, clockwise, from right, Samurai Night Fever, Samurai Hit Man and Samurai Dry Cleaner.

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than the places people were living in.

Manager Bernie Brillstein: Danny used to take care of John, and they both shared the same office at NBC. They had bunk beds. They used to sleep there, and talk about *stink*!

Michaels: It was a little, dinky late-night show. It wasn't going to change anything. It wasn't seminal.

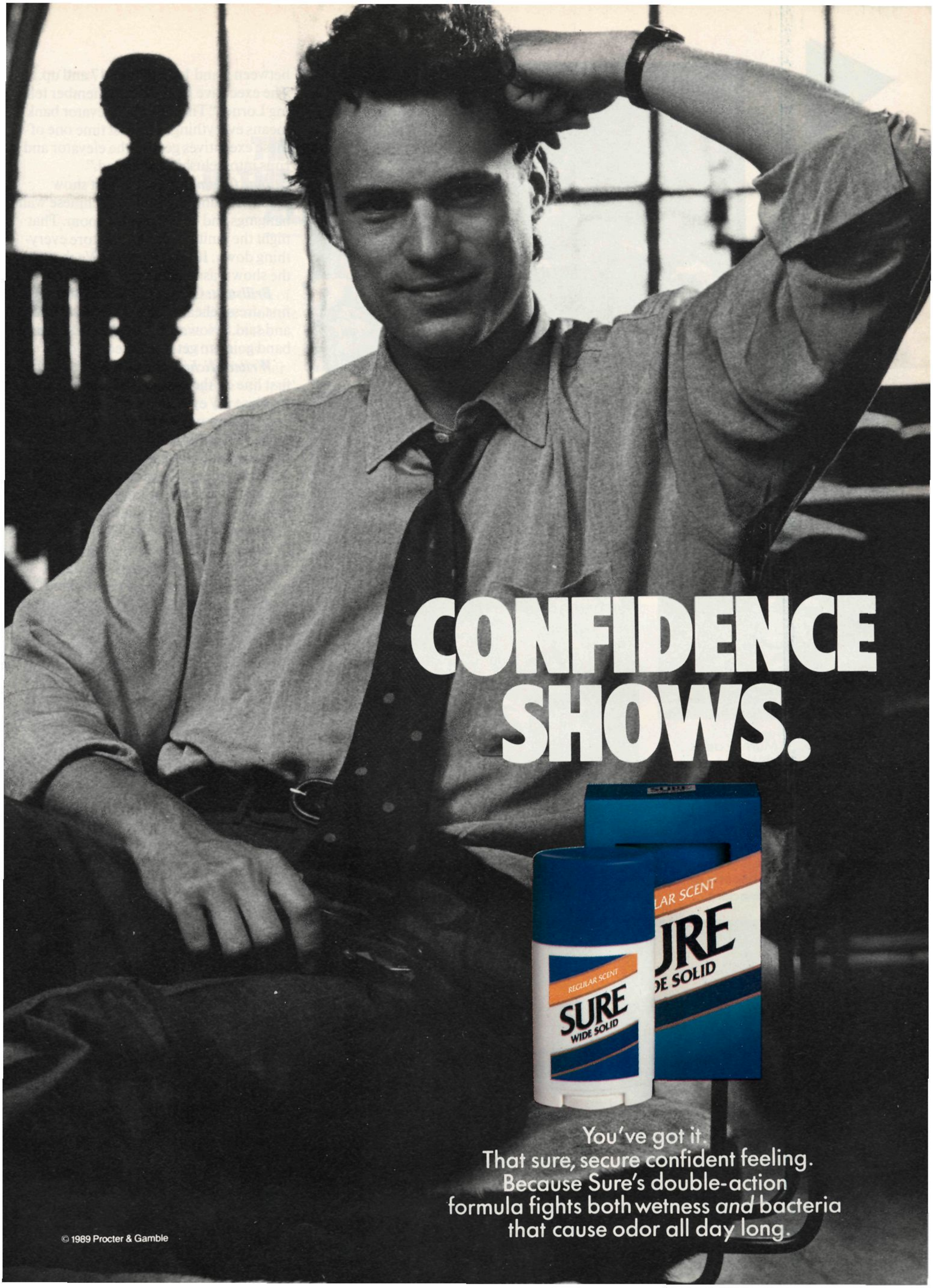
When NBC officially announced the show on Sept. 22, 1975, the only things SNL *had definitely lined up were six short films by Albert Brooks and running guest appearances by Jim Henson's Muppets.*

Michaels: We were making it up as we went along, but people seem to have the impression that it sprang full-blown from Zeus's thigh. Gilda said, "Lorne, what's the show going to be?" And I'd say, "I don't know, but it'll be all right."

Viewership often jumped by a million homes whenever Martin, left, as the boogying King Tut ("Born in Arizona, moved to Babylonia"), hosted.

Ebersol: In the last month before the show went on the air, Lorne and I got a little scared that if NBC really knew what kind of show we were doing, they wouldn't let us. So we'd say, "Yeah, the USC marching band is going to be on. Rich Little is going to be a surprise guest." There was a lot of disinformation being thrown around.

It was also by design that the show was on the 17th floor. One elevator bank goes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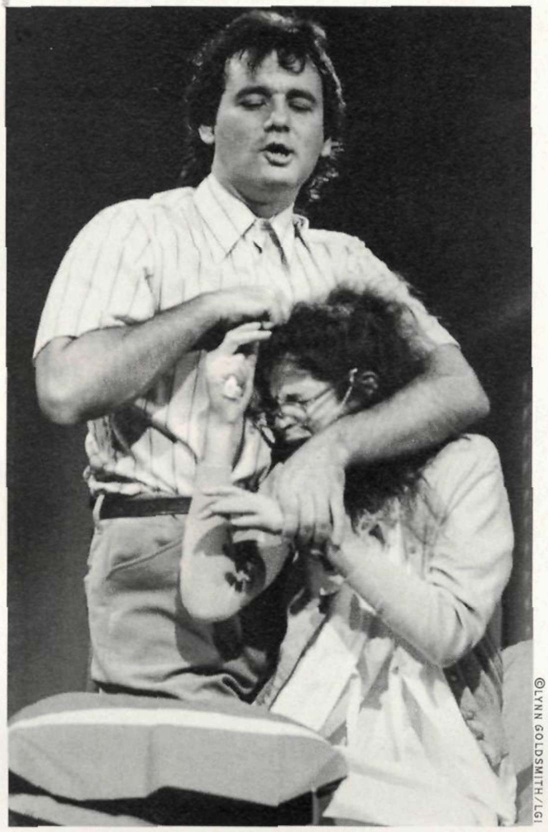
Although Belushi built a reputation as something of a savage, his comic skills were impeccable. With equal deftness, he could spoof Humphrey Bogart, Truman Capote or even Liz Taylor, right.



©LYNN GOLDSMITH/LGI

Murray added Nick the Lounge Singer and noogie-giving nerd Todd DiLaMuca, with Radner's Lisa Loopner, to *SNL*'s growing menagerie of silly characters.

between 1 and 16; and then 17 and up. The executive floor is 6. I remember telling Lorne, "The different elevator bank means everything. The first time one of these executives gets on the elevator and runs into Belushi, we're dead."

Jane Curtin: Before the first show Gilda, Laraine and I bought Chinese wall hangings and decorated our room. That night the janitor came in and tore everything down. It was an omen. We thought the show wasn't going to work.

Brillstein: Genius that I am, after the first dress rehearsal, I went up to Lorne and said, "Now, come on. When is the band going to get into tuxedos?"

Writer Michael O'Donoghue: I did the first line on the first show. I was terrified. If I close my eyes, I can still see that moment as they were counting off 30 seconds, 15 seconds, as if a roller coaster is just at the top of the big hill and hasn't quite been caught by gravity and gone screaming into the valley yet. I had that feeling when time stops and a big yawning abyss is below me.

Chase: The first year it was relatively minor and pretty innocent. We didn't have a lot of money, so it's not like we could all be cokeheads. We were all making 700 or 800 bucks a week, and we were too frightened to be stoned doing a show. With the exception of John, who was a deadhead and liked to do everything. I think it [drug use] did happen quite a ways into the show a lot more. From what I knew and from having seen John after I left, that was when it was really heavy.

Newman: The first year I spent 90 percent of my time at Rockefeller Center. I also had a tremendous drug habit. I didn't develop it while I was on the show—I came there with it. The show just made it more accessible and more affordable.

Chase: We were up all night all the time, always working, always on a high, always feeling that we had something new and that people couldn't wait to see it. We didn't really know if it was good or not, just that we had plenty of ideas.

Newman: There was really no way to know what the impact of the show was—except that the next day people would pass us on the street and yell out something that we'd done the night before.

Detroit
TIGERS
YANKEES
PIRATES

©NBC

KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

Soon after the Bees, far left, debuted in the first season, Americans everywhere began sporting antennae.

"Cheeseburger! . . . Cheeseburger! . . . No Coke, Pepsi" was the steady refrain at the Olympia Greek diner, left.

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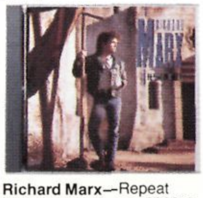

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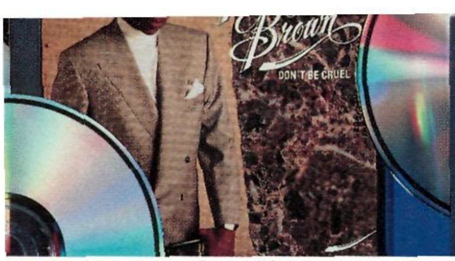

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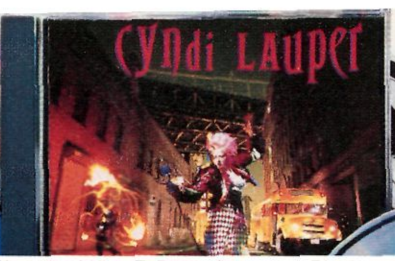

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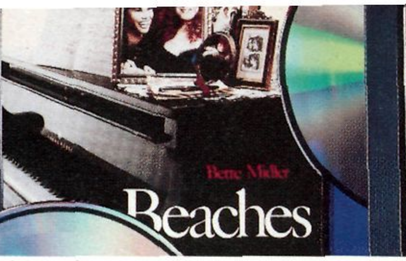

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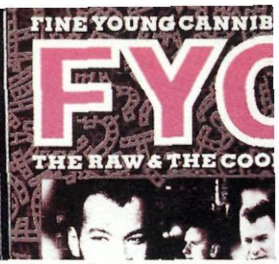

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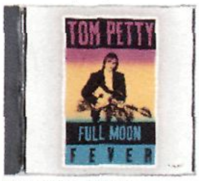

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One of *SNL*'s most difficult hosts was Milton Berle, as a Widette, above. Michaels so hated Berle's 1979 show that he banished it from airing in reruns.

©LYNN GOLDSMITH/LGI

Belushi enlisted the aid of guest host Art Garfunkel, a wallflower at heart, for a 1978 sketch about a man talking to his plants.

©ISAIAH WYNER

So mighty he could even take on Greek heroes, Murray lampooned he-man Hercules, grown flabby and out-of-shape.

By the time SNL *won four Emmys for its first season, its impact was beyond dispute. It had become a fount of the wildest, most irreverent humor TV had ever seen. Representative example—Gerald Ford's campaign slogan on Weekend Update: "If he's so dumb, how come he's President?"*

O'Donoghue: Any good humor is sophomoric. Sophomoric is the liberal word for funny.

Newman: When we did a commercial parody on deodorant for your house, I had to demonstrate with this four-foot-long deodorant stick and roll it on the drapes. The only thing that gave me stage fright was, "This is so *heavy.* Will I ever really make it look like I'm effortlessly applying roll-on?"

O'Donoghue: Our least favorite thing was writing for the Muppets. We used to pay each other money out of our own salaries to write for them—anything rather than write for those dopey Muppets. Finally I helped get rid of them. I wrote a piece called "The Muppets Are Away."

Writer Al Franken: There was a certain biting honesty in critiquing other writers that you don't really have today. O'Donoghue would say things like, "How much are you making again? $160 a week? I spent that much last week getting my cat's paws rotated."

At times, on-camera outrageousness was surpassed only by offstage chaos.

Curtin: I loved doing the Coneheads, but I hated the cones. Sometimes it took an hour to put on and you had maybe 45 seconds to take it off, so the only way was to rip it. It was glued to your head.

Stage Manager Joe Dicso: Going into the first show there were times I thought, "We're not going to make this." Sometimes the performers didn't make it to the set until after we'd started. I'd tell the control room, "Laraine's not here," and the director would say, "We'll go to a close-up of Belushi. Let us know when she's there." And that's what we did. There've been heel marks on the floor from when I grabbed people on the wrong way to their marks.

Curtin: Bill Murray would be off doing something, and I'd be in place to start Update. He'd have two seconds to get there. And I never, ever doubted that he would.

Dicso: They were doing Samurai stockbroker. John Belushi whipped out his sword and turned around to face a chart of stock performance. He was going to "cut his losses," but when he brought the sword back, Buck Henry was standing right behind him and caught the tip of it right on his forehead. Cut him pretty good. That was live. So they bandaged him up. And it was Chevy, I think, who went around and put Band-Aids on everybody's forehead for the rest of the show.

Then there was the time we were doing snake worshipers and Danny was waving around this handful of snakes. One of them turned around and bit him on the thumb. He did not drop the snake. A true professional.

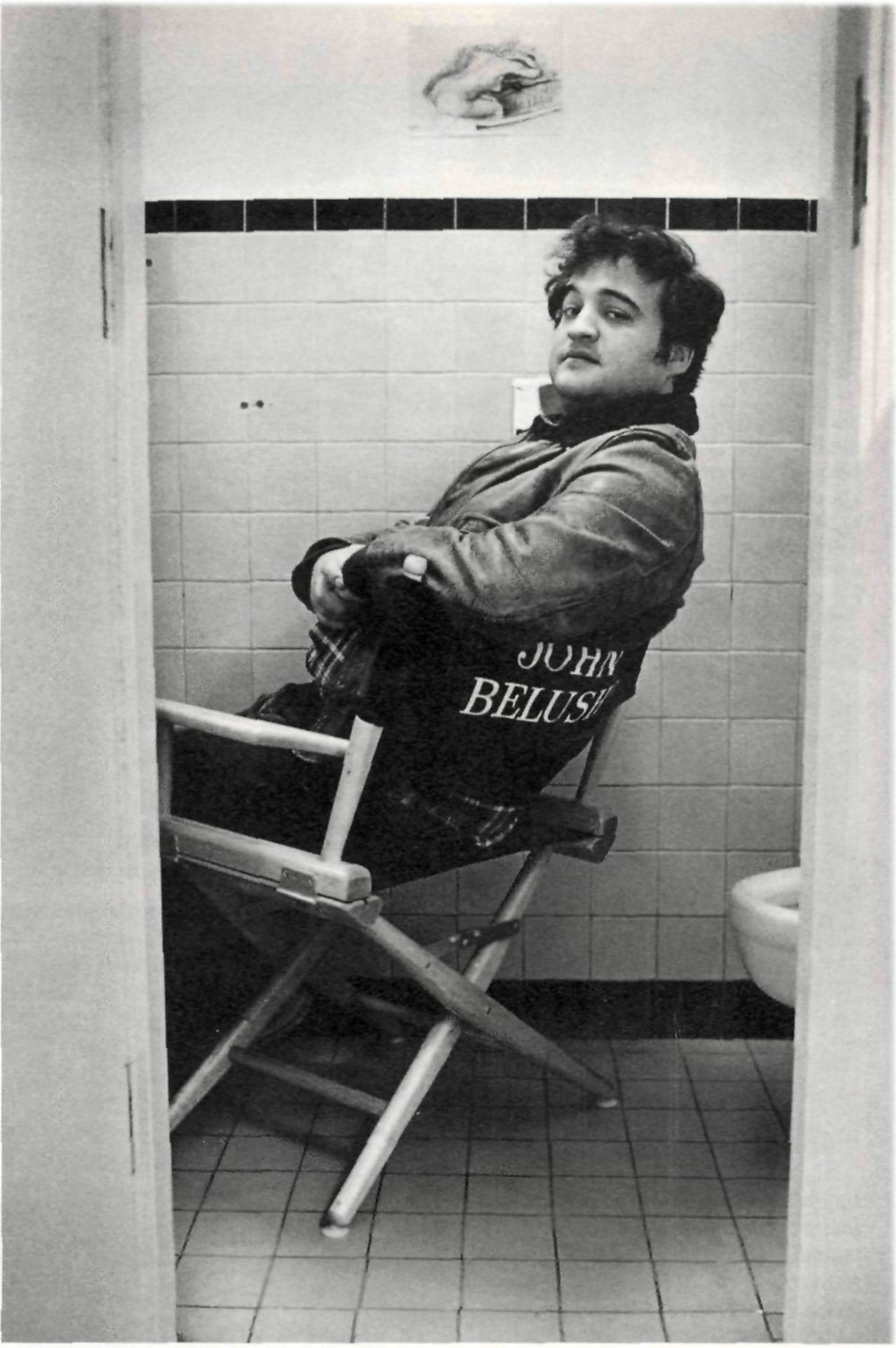
The show's writers had no interest in safe material, a stance that often brought fire from the censors, NBC's standards department. One they got away with: "I have paid for worse than you," said by Steve Martin, one of the Czech brothers, to a woman at a disco.

O'Donoghue: I had some pretty good fights with the censors, but sometimes, if it was funny, they'd give in. I had a thing called Pussy Whip, the first dessert topping for cats. They let it go.

Chase: There was a man named Professor Backwards who was known for talking backwards. He was murdered. Michael wrote that his last words were "Pleh, pleh." I did him on Weekend Update, and I got a lot of ooh's. I didn't understand until I got letters explaining that he was a real person with a family.

Guest host Candice Bergen: Once, we had one of the Gray Panthers on, a little gray-haired old lady who said s--- on the air. For Richard Pryor, they were on the alert. But for a Gray Panther, they figured they were safe.

Censor Bill Clotworthy: Incest, cancer—we've touched on all of them. There is nobody we haven't taken on, every religious group. We're an Equal Opportunity Offender.



MADDY MILLER

"You could send Belushi out there with almost nothing," says Michaels. "No matter what, he'd bring back laughs."

©1989 EDIE BASKIN

"In the first years, it was rather all for one," says O'Donoghue, with Curtin and Newman. "Very innocent."

In the first year Michaels had gone begging for guest hosts. A season later, they were begging him for the honor.

Newman: They were discussing having Steve Martin on. I'd never heard of him, and the guys were grumbling, "Aw, he's a stand-up. He won't work with us. He'll be by himself in scenes."

Bergen: Lorne said that my expression when the camera first came on me was probably the same look that Patty Hearst had on her face when the Symbionese Liberation Army came through her apartment door.

Newman: We were thrown a couple of times at the last minute. There'd be a host locked in the dressing room, weeping, "I won't go on unless so-and-so's nice to me." Tantrums. Emergencies.

Curtin: George Carlin [the first guest host] gave Gilda and Laraine and me roses before the performance. The Pythons, Michael Palin and Eric Idle, were great. So was Steve Martin. Louise Lasser, on the other hand, locked herself in the dressing room at 11:15 and said she wasn't coming out.

Dicso: Chevy was all set to wear a wig in her place and do her lines. [Unfortunately, Lasser went on.]

Bergen: Danny and John used to come

Belushi was jealous when wife Judy Jacklin, right, began a book project with *SNL* writer Ann Beatts.

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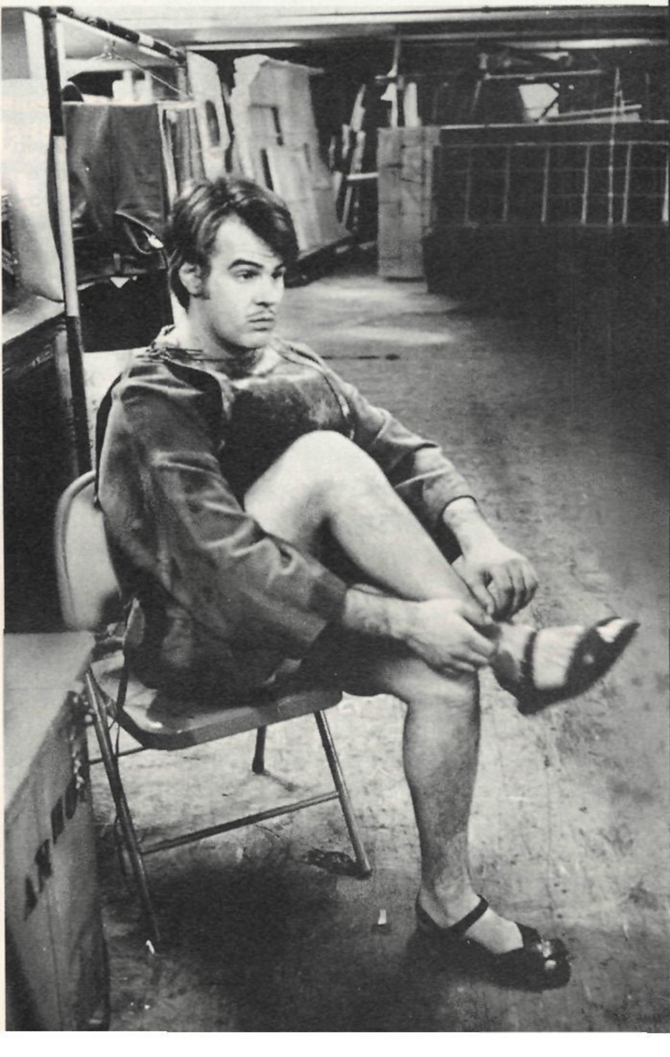
"Gilda had allies all over the place," says Newman, playing cat fight with her. "I was kind of struggling along."

GLOBE PHOTOS

MADDY MILLER

"I was thin from coke," admits Newman, who has since kicked her habit. "I wasn't anorexic or anything."



MADDY MILLER

"Chevy and I thought Danny was Orson Welles," says Michaels. "We thought he was everything."

MAHVELOUS PART 2

Best Impersonations

1) Baba Wawa (Radner)
2) Sammy Davis Jr. (Crystal)
3) Gerald Ford (Chase)
4) Joe Cocker (Belushi)
5) Stevie Wonder (Murphy)
6) Elizabeth Taylor (Belushi)
7) Buckwheat (Murphy)
8) Don Kirshner (Paul Shaffer)
9) Henry Kissinger (Belushi)
10) Julia Child (Aykroyd)

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Best Sketches

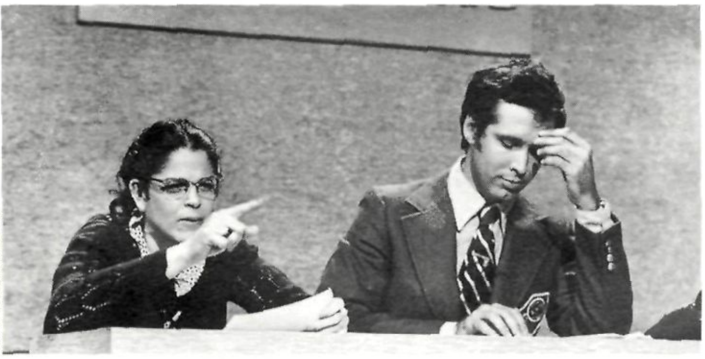
1) *Jaws II*–Candy Gram (11/8/75)
2) Greek Restaurant (1/28/78)
3) Samurai Deli (1/17/76)
4) The Bees (10/11/75)
5) Shower Mike (5/23/77)
6) Bass-O-Matic (4/17/76)
7) White Like Me (12/15/84)
8) King Tut (4/22/78)
9) Star Trek (5/29/76)
10) Synchronized Swimming (10/6/84)

WEEKEND UPDATE

EDIE BASKIN (2)

Many of the show's most memorable antics came from Weekend Update. Curtin, above right, countered viewers' preference for sex appeal over brains by flashing her chest and shouting, "Try these on for size, Connie Chung!" Radner's Roseanne Roseannadanna, right, tried Curtin's patience with her digressions on toenails and earwax. Similarly, Radner's Emily Litella, below, frustrated Chase with her editorials on presidential erections and endangered feces.

KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

When the mania subsided, there were some moments of grace, like Martin and Radner's elegant, yet amusing "Dancing in the Dark."

into my dressing room and give me Harley-Davidson pins. I felt like Lana Turner. They would jump on me and wrestle me to the floor. Lorne couldn't believe it. Nobody had told them you couldn't treat guest hosts like that. Lorne was saying, "Please get off the host."

Chase: John was head over heels about Candy Bergen. He actually thought he might want to marry her. He was absolutely stricken.

Bergen: One of the best memories of my life is the Bee Capades. The cast dressed up as bees, and I was in a Sonja Henie outfit. They took over the whole ice rink at Rockefeller Center, and we all went down the elevators in our costumes. The elevator operator never looked at us—12 people in bee costumes and ice skates and me in a little red outfit with a white fur muff. We all just fell around on the ice, and the bees sang "Noel" because it was the Christmas show. I couldn't believe you could be over 30 and have that much fun.

In the pressure cooker of the show's grueling day-for-night production schedule, there was romance and also internecine feuding.

Michaels: John had been with Judy [Jacklin] from the beginning, and Danny had been living with Rosie [Shuster, Lorne's ex-wife]. Billy had gone out with Gilda, but then married Mickey [Kelly]. When Billy and Gilda split up, it didn't affect things; they didn't refuse to be in sketches with each other. When they were doing Todd and Lisa, you could tell there was real affection between them. It would be hard to be that intimate onstage with someone if you didn't trust

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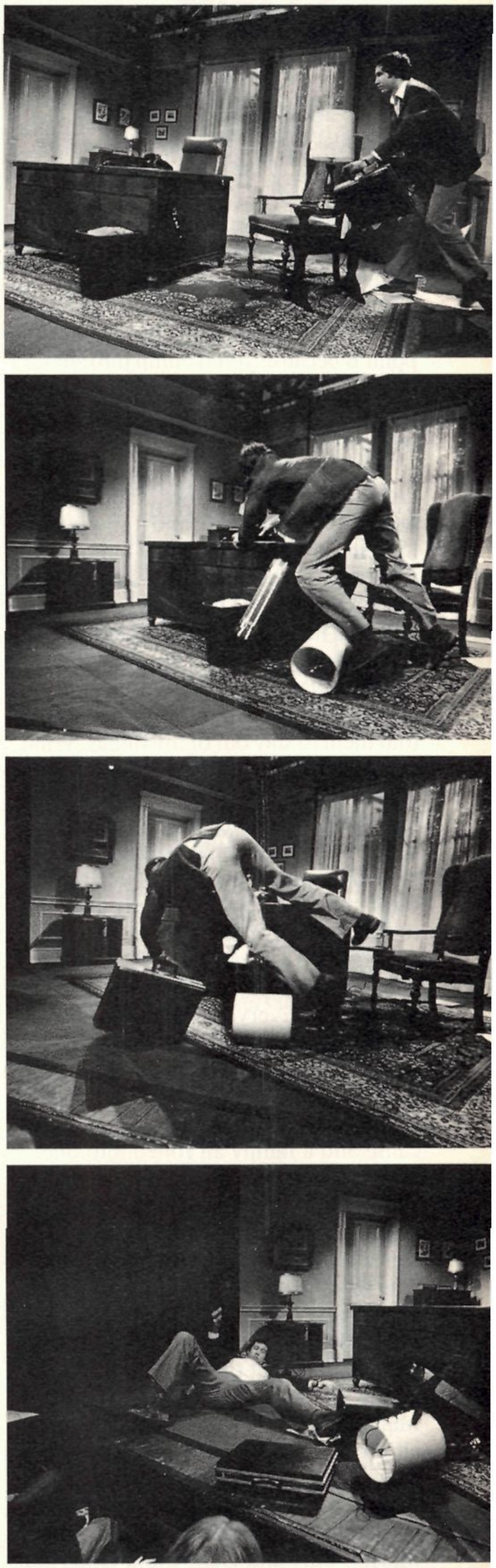
After the Supreme Court upheld a state ban against sodomy, Curtin and Chase romped for the vigilant justices.

©NBC

Sending up *Final Days,* Aykroyd's Nixon, left, begs Belushi's Kissinger, a.k.a. "Jew-boy," to pray with him.



MICHAEL DOBO (4)

Gerald Ford's clumsiness inspired umpteen of Chase's patented pratfalls. Careening around the Oval Office, Chase would trip over chairs, bump his head, even staple his own ear. Once, when Chase brought his act to a 1976 Washington dinner, Ford played along and staged his own spill.

and care about them. He could give her noogies.

Michaels: John was fired a couple of times for behaving badly—hurting someone's feelings or doing something to one of the girls. Then other people would come in and say, "You can't fire John!"

Curtin: John once refused to come out of his dressing room to do a piece because it was written by a woman.

Michaels: If John was locking himself into his dressing room, it didn't mean he didn't want to do the sketch. It just meant he wanted everyone to *know* he didn't want to do the sketch.

Curtin: Gilda and Laraine and I shared a dressing room for three years. It was tiny, but there were times when that was the only place to go to get any sort of peace. Gilda was doing a lot of interviews, and the only place she could go was in our dressing room. Laraine and I would sit there in that very, very small room and act nonchalant.

Michaels: Sisterhood is powerful, but to pretend that women aren't competitive is like saying men aren't competitive. Laraine would hear more applause for Gilda's name in the montage and she'd lose self-confidence. It was like being in a family, with all the sibling rivalry.

Chase: I came up head to head with Billy when I first went back to host. I came in as a big, self-important first star. I think Billy felt, "I'd like to take him down a notch." He came at me like a tiger.

Newman: John was very jealous of Chevy. And I was terribly jealous of Gilda. Terribly. I knew she'd earned it. The audience loved her. But it hurt so much.

Michaels: I didn't fire anyone the first five years. But my office was the court of the Borgias. If John came into my office and complained about Danny, I knew that he loved Danny, but at this particular time, Danny was driving him crazy. A lot of people saw only part of the picture. I knew the why of things.

Dicso: Lorne could talk the devil out of his pitchfork.

1980-1985
I'M GOING MENTAL

As time went on, the creative tension that once fueled SNL *nearly blew it apart. By 1980, the end of the fifth season, the original cast disbanded.*

Curtin: I was tired not of the show, but of the hype. It got to be a bit much, all the people wandering around backstage. There were all these stars everywhere. It became impossible to get from point A to point B because you'd bump into some celebrity who took your breath away, and they'd be standing where you were supposed to be.

Bergen: After my third hosting spot I didn't do any more shows. There were huge egos to deal with, and it was loaded in terms of who had become famous and who hadn't. The fun wasn't there. And there were drugs. There was just a darkness that had not been there before.

Curtin: It wasn't just the performers. I would find people going through my purse looking for money. It was crazy. I told them to stay out of my things. What was hard to deal with was the demise of very talented people. You would see the talent disappear and psychosis take over. It was watching people's spirits die.

O'Donoghue: I got tired of dealing with this family that I was randomly assigned to and suddenly had to spend 24 hours a day, six days a week with. We all got so convoluted. Everyone had slept with everyone else. Everyone had had a fight with everyone else. It was such a Gordian knot. After a while you just wanted to cut it and leave.

Newman: It was a marriage, summer camp and a family all rolled into one. The first year was like a slumber party. The second year was like a slumber party you got paid for. The third year we started to get on each other's nerves. The fourth year we were just trying to keep it together. The fifth year we made the most of it because we knew it was the end. The last time we were all together was at my birthday party in March 1987. I invited 40 people and got all my best R&B 45s together. Billy became the deejay for the evening. We cleared out the living room and everybody danced, Michael Palin and Steve Martin, Billy and Danny and Gilda and Lorne, [photographer] Edie Baskin and [writers] Tom Schiller and Anne Beatts. That was the last time I saw Gilda. The best thing was that everybody was together, and everybody danced.

©MARK M. MULLEN (2)

Nothing symbolized the end of the original SNL *more than the drug-overdose death of John Belushi in March 1982.*

Brillstein: One night in Chicago, John went out with me incognito. He walked into a bar, and no one knew who he was. After five minutes, he couldn't stand it—I mean, Chicago was his hometown. So he whipped off the hat and the glasses and yelled, "Drinks for everyone!" Then he turned to me and said, "Bernie, do you have $100?"

Michaels: The host would get a limousine, but John took to dropping them off and keeping it all night. Sometimes he would just ride around with his face out the window so that people would recognize him. It was tremendously important to him—too important ultimately. He got swallowed by fame, eaten by it.

Curtin: It's very difficult to deal with an ego that is out of control. I blame that on a lot of things, that there was no discipline on the show. There should have been a point when someone said, "All right!"

MADDY MILLER

"There are some performers who suck your energy dry, but Eddie gave you space," says Piscopo, doing his David Letterman while quizzing Murphy's life-size, cigar-chomping Gumby. Two of the show's more brilliant stars, Piscopo and Murphy collaborated frequently.

Rocket, mimicking Reagan, says, "Everybody really expected us to fill those big shoes or get the f--- out of town."

Martin Short appeared on *SNL* for only one season but made a lasting mark as Ed Grimley, the "mental" Pat Sajak fan.

In a 1985 show, Howard Cosell found himself married to Crystal and attending the bar mitzvah of their son (Fred Koehler).

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ACTING!

These 10 top-grossing films prove that SNL *alumni have made good at the movies:*

1) *Beverly Hills Cop* ($234,760,478)
2) *Ghostbusters* ($221,072,172)
3) *Beverly Hills Cop II* ($153,665,036)
4) *Animal House* ($141,600,000)
5) *Coming to America* ($128,152,301)
6) *Ghostbusters II* ($110,425,510)
7) *Trading Places* ($90,404,800)
8) *Stripes* ($85,297,000)
9) *The Golden Child* ($79,817,937)
10) *48 Hours* ($78,868,508)

UNSEEN SCENES

A few of the more notable bits that never made it to airtime:

Planet of the Enormous Hooters, featuring Raquel Welch as a woman whose breasts are considered unnaturally tiny by the superendowed females of the planet Estrogen. Vetoed by Welch.

"Jesus of Nashville," starring Aykroyd on a cross, wearing a studded cowboy shirt. Censored.

In a Nick the Lounge Singer sketch, a prison inmate introduces the man next to him as "my bitch, Ivan Boesky." Aired live, but censored before reaching the West.

"If Helen Keller were alone in the forest and she fell down," Al Franken asked, "would she make a sound?" Censored.

Suited up to play a nebbishy Pee-wee Herman to Piscopo's Letterman, Gross was a cast member from 1981 to 1985. Yet, she says, "People still to this day occasionally say, 'You were on *Saturday Night Live?*' "

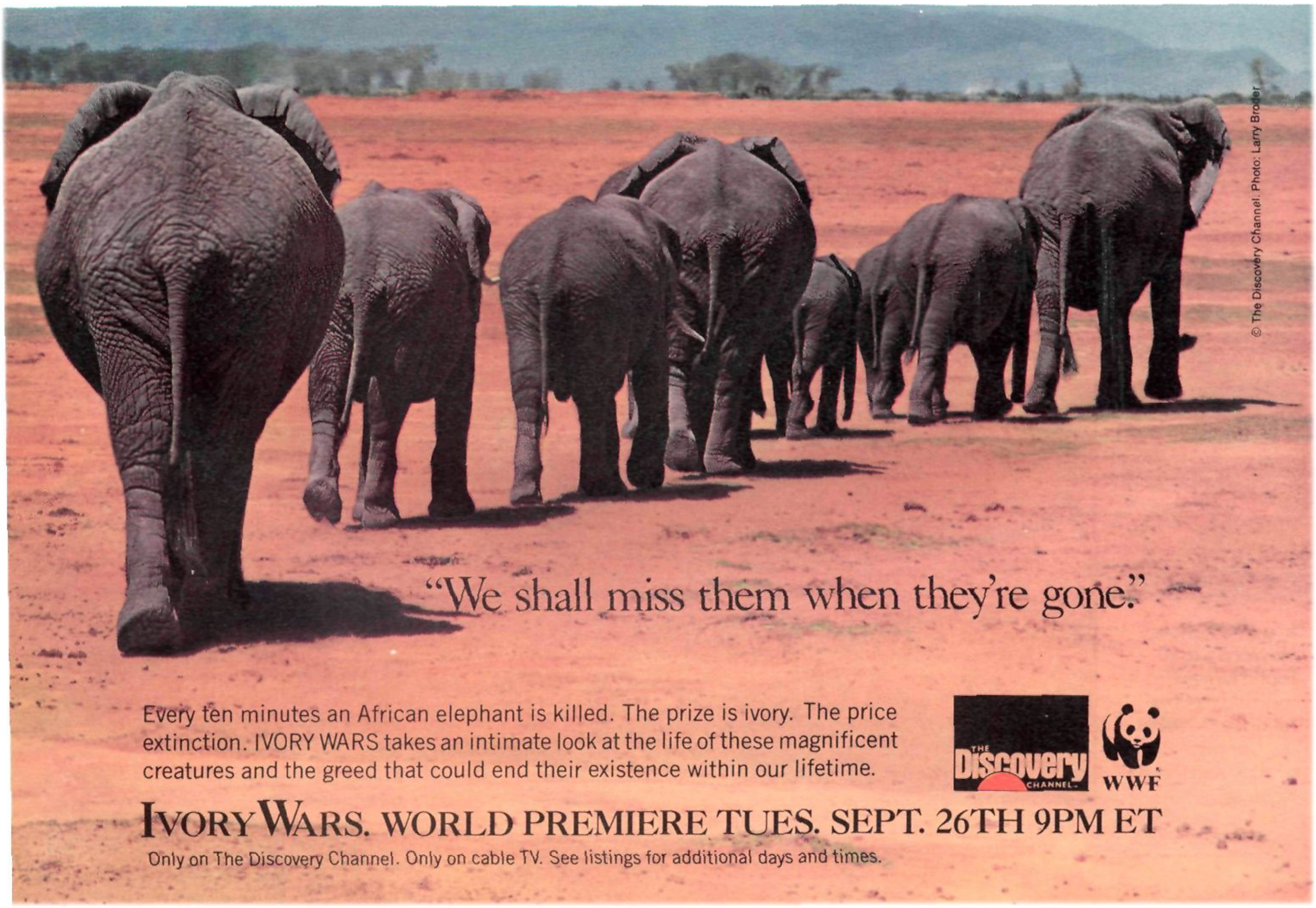
©MARK M. MULLEN

Franken: Once Danny, John and Tom Davis and I went up to Danny's house in Canada to build a porch. We were all working, except John. It was like this character he played—the Jewish guy who always got out of work. "I'm gonna go over here. I really don't want to . . ." Sort of whining. He could charm his way out of anything. I was pounding nails, Tom was clearing a field, Danny was working. And John was lying in a hammock.

Newman: Once, we'd had some argument about music, and after the show John dropped by with a really rare 45 and gave it to me. Even when he wasn't well, he wasn't a bad person. He was irresponsible, but he wasn't evil or mean.

O'Donoghue: Certain people die and they're semireplaceable. But John was a big gypsy king. There was only one of him.

Ebersol: In December 1981, Bill Murray came to host the last show before Christmas. The night before the show, Susan [Saint James, Ebersol's wife] was in my office, which had a huge window overlooking the studio. It was a dinner break, and the studio was totally empty. John Belushi was in the room with us. It turned out it was 2½ months before he was to die. He looked out the window and saw Billy Murray down on the set by himself, just walking through some of his moves. John waved and he came up. A real popular song in America at that point was "Physical" by Olivia Newton-John. The two of them spontaneously started performing it in this little office that was no bigger than 11 by 12 feet. Of the last eight years of *Saturday Night Live*, I think the best show I ever saw was in that office. They were flopping all over the floor and climbing on the desk and singing the



"We shall miss them when they're gone."
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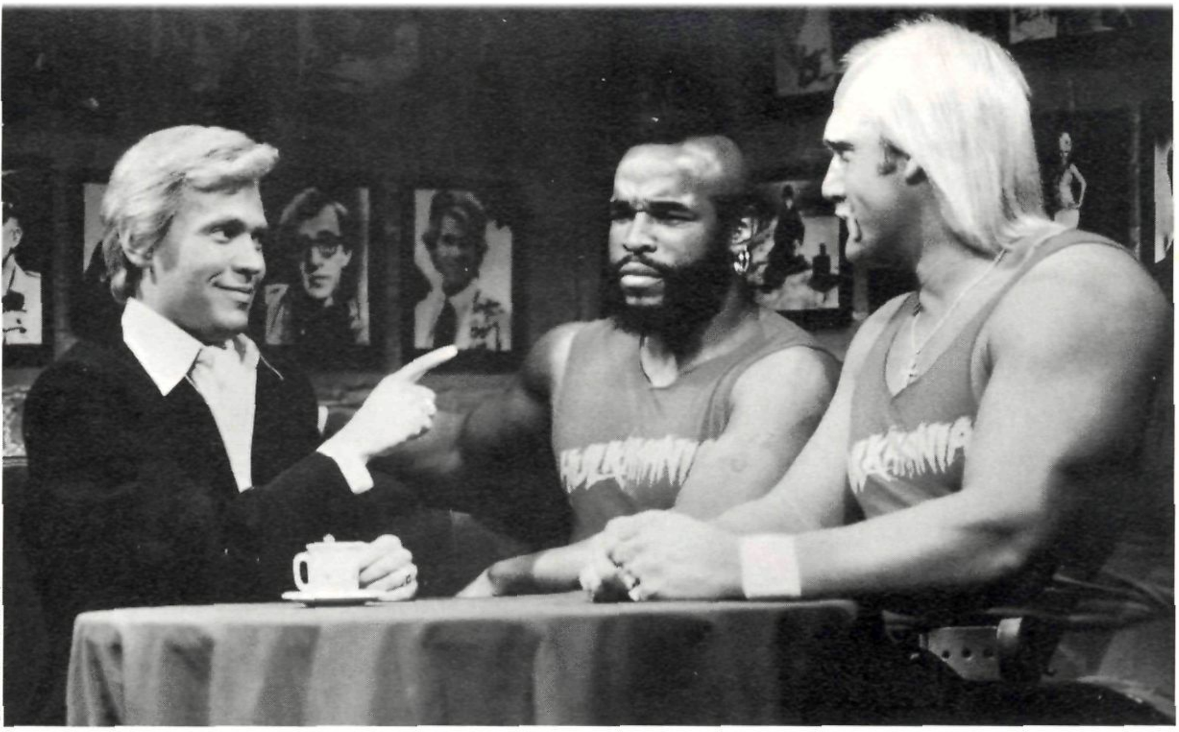
Fernando's *mahvelous* talk shows "were never scripted," says Crystal. "It was great. I remember Ringo [Starr] being so nervous, his face was like hot boiling pea soup or something. I asked Mr. T and Hulk Hogan [right] what their plans were for Passover."



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"The only bad thing about the show was you had to fight for your life every week," says Piscopo, staying alive, from left, as Frank Sinatra, with Crystal's Sammy Davis Jr., as David Hartman and as Andy Rooney.

song at the top of their lungs. I kept wishing I could just let it be the show. Now I'm glad it's just a private memory.

During the 1980–81 season, SNL *hit its low point. A new cast and a new producer, Jean Doumanian, got off to a rocky start.*

Charles Rocket, cast of 1980–81: There's nothing worse than being in the middle of a sketch while you're in 40 million living rooms and having it bomb. The relationship between Jean and the writers was really bad. Everybody was at each other's throat. It was hard enough just going on the air every week, let alone getting in the middle of that stuff.

Gilbert Gottfried, 1980–81: I thought of it as punishment. I was probably Hitler in a previous life, and this was a way of getting back at me. What was amazing was the way the critics turned on the show.

Denny Dillon, 1980–81: I prayed a lot. I meditated a lot. I tried to keep a sense of humor.

Rocket: Drugs at that point were a waning scene. If we had all been there for five years, who knows? Maybe we would have all become fabulously acceptable heroin addicts.

Dillon: One of the reviewers who didn't like us said that maybe we *should* have used drugs.

One of that season's few memorable moments came when Rocket inadvertently said f--- on air.

Clotworthy: When he came out with it, I remember that everybody in the control room—and there were about 15 of them—all turned and looked at me. Nobody said, "Oh, my God!" Nobody said a thing. I just put my head down on the table.

Rocket: I'm not proud of the fact that it slipped through, but that's all it was—a slip. It just happened, but Charlie Rocket saying the F-word still fascinates people.

After 12 shows, Doumanian was replaced by Dick Ebersol—with Lorne Michaels's blessing.

Terry Sweeney, then a writer, later a performer: It was like a military coup. Jean came in, and she was gone by morning. They marched her out of her office, and you couldn't see her anymore. Then Dick Ebersol arrived. It was like being in El Salvador. One minute it was *El Presidente!* The next it was "She's gone! Don't mention her name!"

Ebersol: Michael O'Donoghue had been telling people around New York

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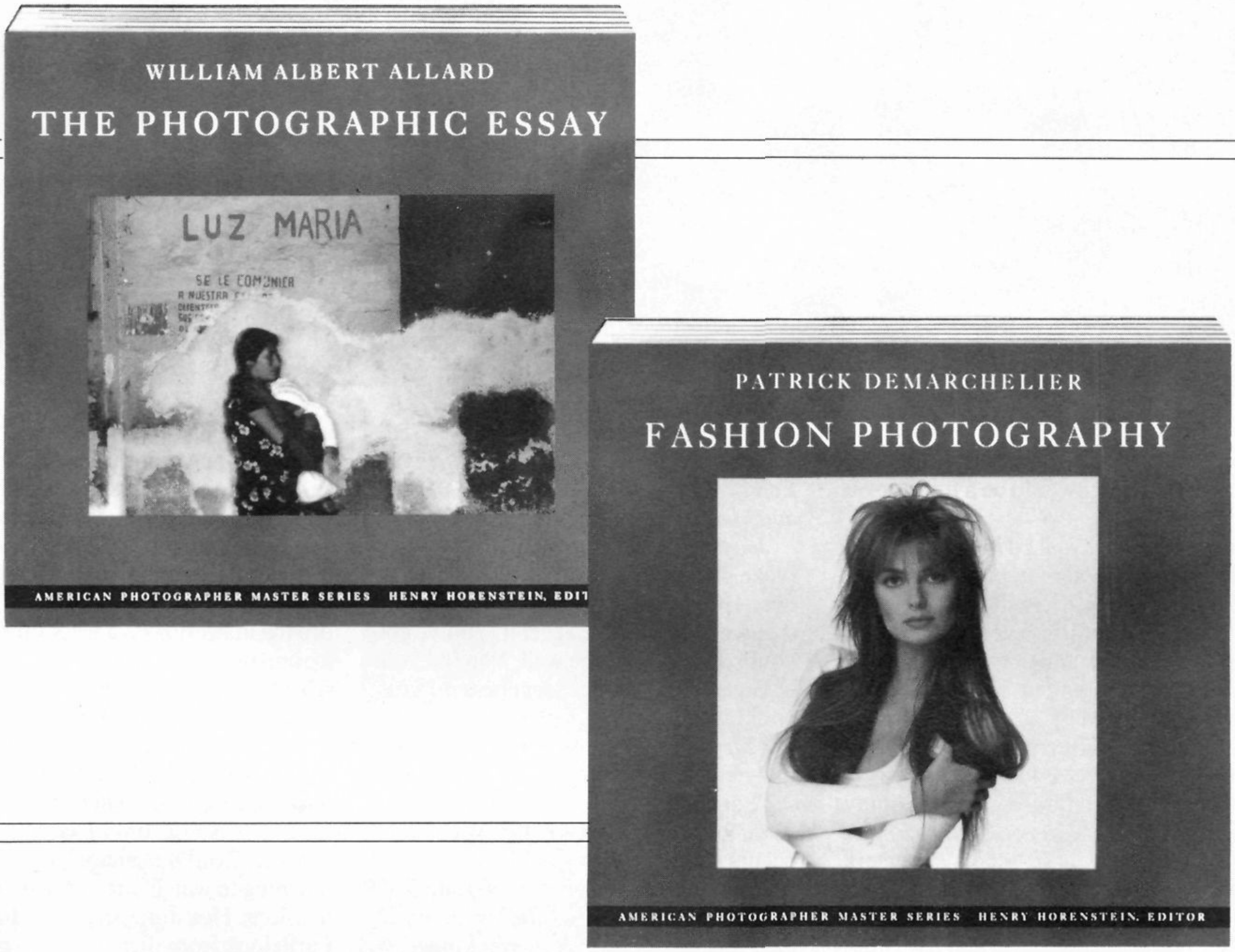
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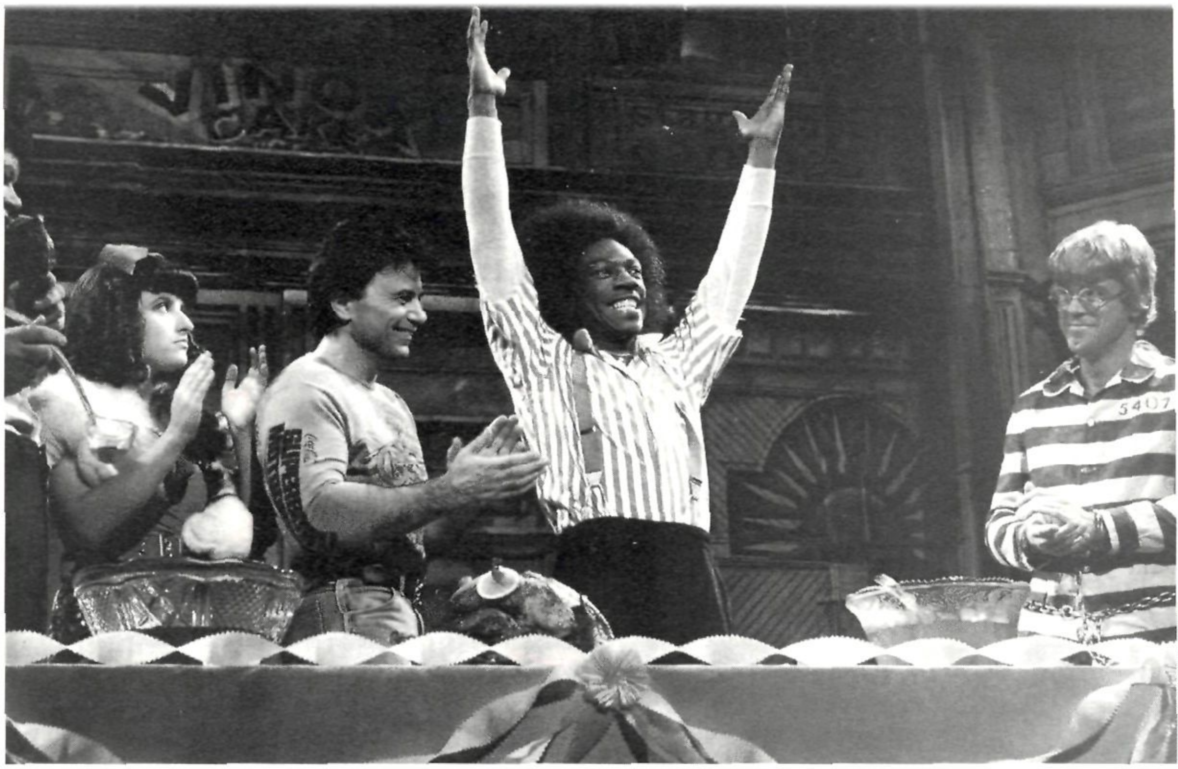
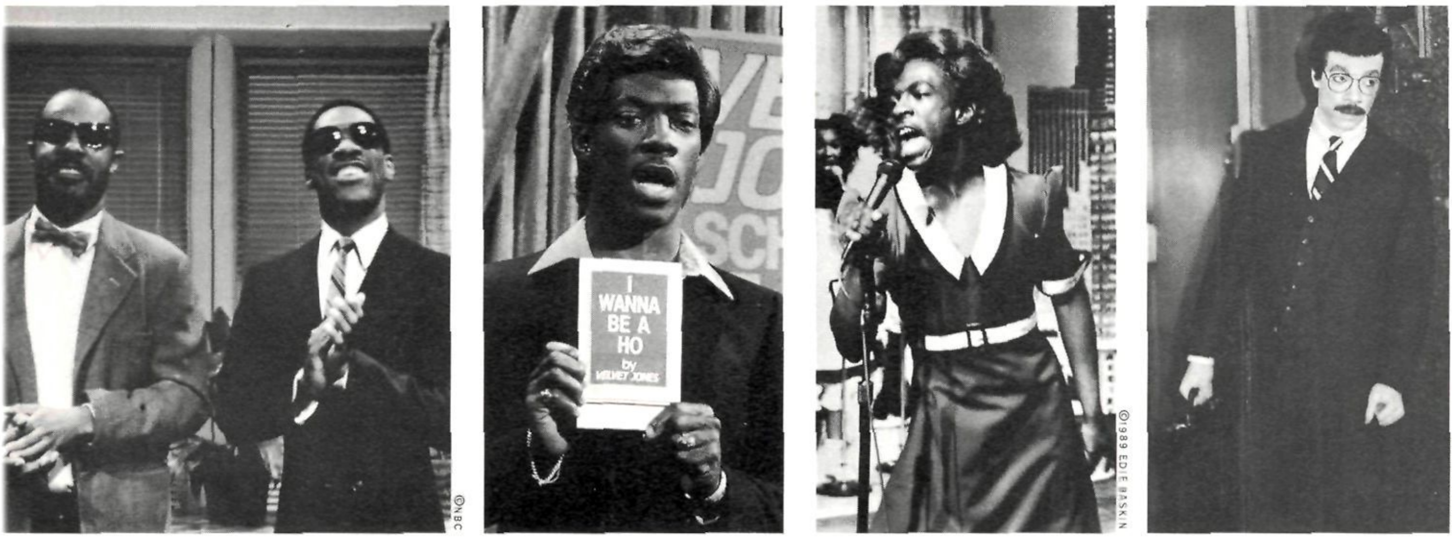


HOWARD FRANK ARCHIVES

During his four-year tenure, Murphy reeled off a colorful string of characters including, clockwise from right, Buckwheat, a generic white man, James Brown as Broadway's Annie, pimp and author Velvet Jones and soul man Stevie Wonder, with the real thing in bow tie.



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A. FRANK ZITHS

that the show should be put out of its misery. Ten days later he went to work with me. He thought it would be a fun ride on the death ship.

O'Donoghue: I walked into those offices and people were so dispirited. It looked like the district office of the Union Carbide Corporation. Everything was neat and orderly, and there were little pastoral scenes hung up on the wall that had been ordered by NBC. I scrawled a maxim from Bill Burroughs—NOTHING IS TRUE. EVERYTHING IS PERMITTED—in five-foot letters in fluorescent blue spray paint in the hall. It's a good motto for the show. They thought I was totally berserk, but I was just trying to give a little esprit de corps.

Slowly, very slowly, the show went into turnaround. Aiding and abetting the rescue were some brilliant cast members, including Eddie Murphy, Joe Piscopo, Billy Crystal and Martin Short.

Joe Piscopo: Of all people, Robert Blake put it in perspective when he was host. He saw me and Eddie working on sketches and he said, "I get it. You've got your backs against the wall. You put your helmets on, stay in the trenches and save your own ass."

Mary Gross: People say to me, "Gee, that must have been so much fun." And I stare at them for a few moments and say, "You know, fun isn't the first word that occurs to me."

Billy Crystal: We were in our late 30s, our sensibilities were a little less angry than the first group. We were a kinder, gentler *Saturday Night.*

Ebersol: The 1984–85 season was the funniest since year three of the original show. To look at Crystal and Short and [Christopher] Guest work together was just like a thing of gold.

Crystal: For me, every day was like, "Ooh, what can I try this week?" I was driving in Florida on a week off with Janice and the kids, and I turned to her and said, "Why don't I do a transvestite piano-bar singer?" She said, "Okay, honey."

It was a constant challenge to come up with something new. But we had everybody talking again, whether it was "You look *mahvelous!*" or "I *hate* when that happens!" or "I *must* say." I woke up one morning to watch one of the first shuttle missions. Houston's saying, "How does Earth look from there?" The astronaut says, "You look *mahvelous!*"

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1985-1989 ISN'T THAT SPECIAL

WHAT'S
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A member of *SNL*'s original band, Paul Shaffer returned to guest-host a 1987 show and complain to Carvey, Dunn and Lovitz that their humor wasn't as hip as Letterman's.

Since the 1985–86 season, when Lorne Michaels resumed producing, SNL *has made a pretty fair return to late-night glory. The players may be younger than ever, but the talent is still solid. And if the humor isn't quite as lunatic as it was in the beginning, hey, neither are the times.*

Michaels: You can't ever be "new" again. I underestimated it when I came back. I'd forgotten how hard it was. I found myself going against my own judgment. Someone would say, "Mr. Mister is available!" and I'd say, "Is that good?"

Victoria Jackson: I might have heard of the show just by being alive in America, but I really never saw it. I grew up with no TV. My Dad didn't believe in it.

Featured performer Mike Myers: During my interview with Lorne, right behind his head was the Empire State Building. I said, "I'm sorry, but I just have to stop. Isn't that the Empire State Building?" The other people in the office looked at me like, "*Ooh.* Hick." Lorne said, "Yes, it is. Pretty, isn't it?"

Michaels: There's no *crack problem* on the show. I don't think anyone does anything. They're like the younger brothers and sisters of the people they've seen. Jon Lovitz might die from eating too much chocolate cake, but that's about it.

Dana Carvey: There isn't a kind of comedy or a certain rhythm that Lorne hasn't seen. You listen to the guy. He'll say, "This was like Gilda's" or "That was like Danny's." There's a comforting feeling knowing he's done hundreds of shows. There's a legacy here.

Franken: I was walking by the Turners' office [writers Bonnie and Terry], and I heard them laughing hysterically. Bonnie was laughing so hard she was crying. I said, "What? What is it?" And they said, "Too stupid! Too stupid!" They were writing *Tammy Wynette Does the Classics.* Like Beethoven's Fifth: "Standbyyerman. Standbyyerman. Stand-
. . . by . . . yer . . . man, Stand-
. . . by . . . yer . . . man . . ."

Carvey: After doing "Hans and Franz," Kevin Nealon and I went to Arnold Schwarzenegger's office, and his secretary said, "Oh, that routine is all he *does*! His favorite line is, 'I could flip you with my littlest baby finger, and you would land in your own baby poop.' "

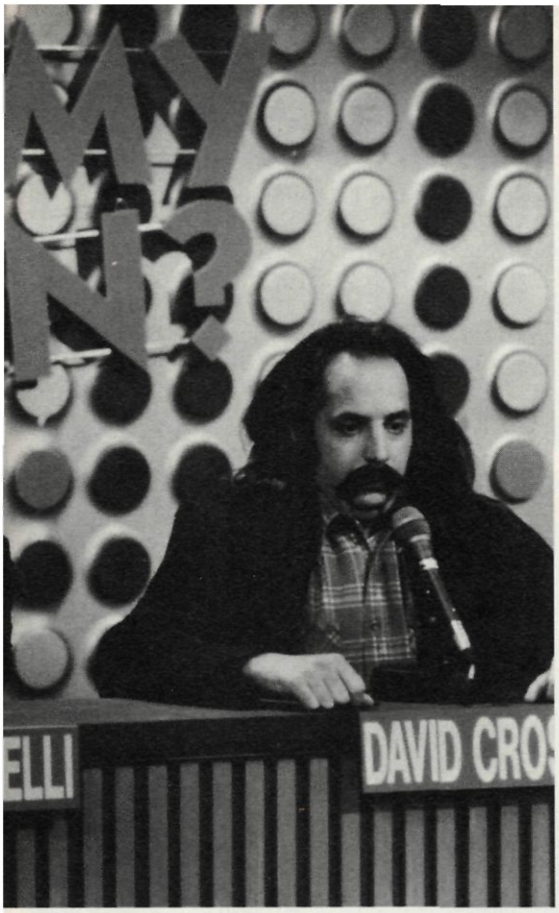
Phil Hartman: We're a political show with a satirical edge, and our basic philosophy is, "Kick 'em when they're down." That's our job. Who else is going to take on the Dan Quayles, the Jim and Tammy Bakkers and all the other idiots?

Gross: The show now is as good and as bad as it ever was. There are still strong sketches at the top, weaker sketches at the end. And there are still cast members who get more airtime than others.

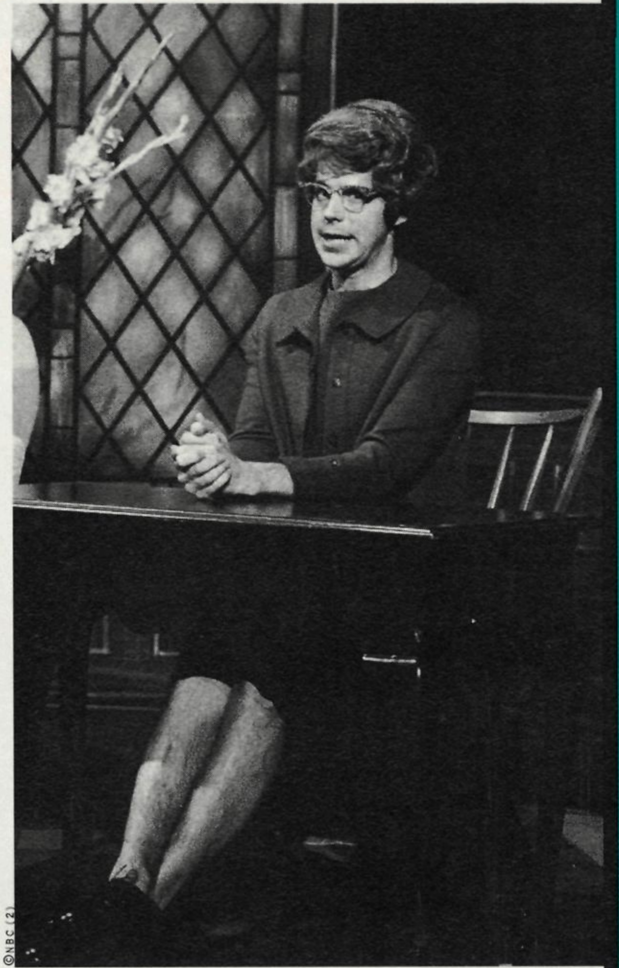
Nora Dunn: We fight, and we argue, and we always forgive each other. Ultimately we know that we're all in the same boat.

Gottfried: At a certain point *Saturday Night Live* went beyond the point of funny or unfunny. Now it's like a restaurant with a good location.

Bergen: I did the show again in 1987 after an absence of almost 11 years. As I was standing backstage—on the same stage—holding a live turkey, I had a real flashback, because now we were doing the show as adults. Now when you open the show, you wear a dress that's a little more glamorous, not quite as funky as the first couple of years. Lorne is in an Ar-

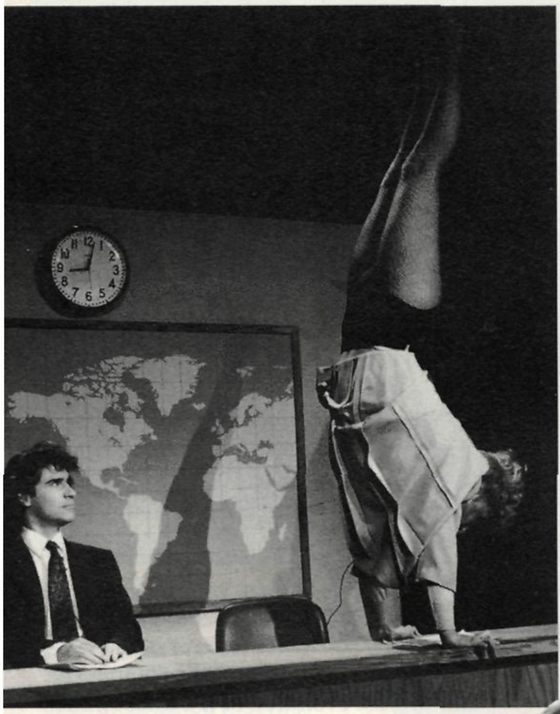


"Rather than worshiping personalities," says Hartman, left, competing in a mock game show with Dunn and Lovitz, "the audience now is falling in love with characters."



"You look up 'break' in the dictionary, and for a comedian, it says, 'see *Saturday Night Live*,' " observes Carvey, creator of the Satan-hating Church Lady. "I got my break."

©NBC (2)



As Dennis Miller looked on, ditzy Jackson stood on her hands and sang, "I Am Not a Bimbo," proving otherwise. "I always have tons of adrenalin," she says.

In 1985–86, Sweeney ruthlessly impersonated Nancy Reagan. "People didn't know I was a man," says Sweeney, acting out "Nancy's Fantasy."

©ISAIAH WYNER

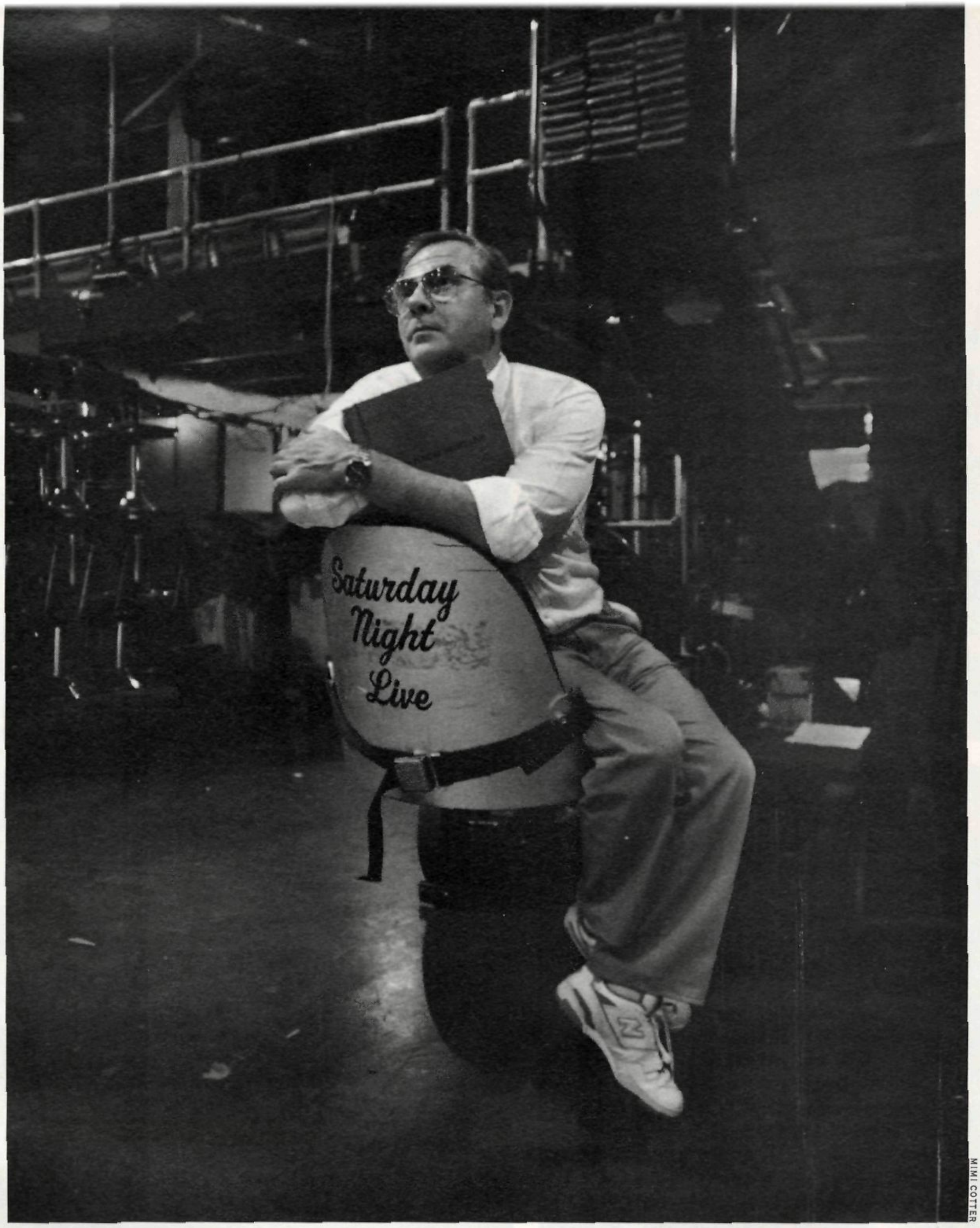
OOOOHHH NOOOO!!!

Poor Mr. Bill. Since 1976, when he was first mutilated on SNL *by the sadistic Sluggo, the Play-Doh loser has been:*

Shot from a cannon.
Flattened by a rolling pin.
Dropped from the Empire State Building.
Seared by a blowtorch.
Squashed by a bowling ball.
Swallowed by a whale.
Fried in the electric chair.
Shrunk in a steam room.
Devoured by a shark.
Harpooned by Jacques Sluggeau.
Chewed by a bicycle gear and chain, and . . .
Lobotomized by a pair of scissors.

COULD IT BE GRANDMA?

Miskel Spillman, 92, stands alone in the annals of *SNL* history. Beating out 150,000 other entrants in the 1977 Anyone Can Host essay contest, the New Orleans grandmother is the only nonceleb to ever host *SNL*. "I'm 80 years old," she wrote. "I need one more cheap thrill, since my doctor told me I only have another 25 years left." Twelve years after her cheap thrill (in which, among other things, she posed as Belushi's girlfriend) Spillman still tunes into the show. "I love the current cast, especially that fella in the dress," she says, referring to Carvey's Church Lady. "I take naps in the afternoon so that I can stay up. I'd love to host again," she adds. "I have 13 more years left, you know."



"The greatest compliment," says stage manager Dicso, who has missed only a handful of shows since 1975, "is that to this day, people ask me what day we tape the show on. I say, 'Look at the title, folks. It says LIVE.' "

MIMI COTTER

mani jacket on the floor instead of his '40s Hawaiian shirt. And I have a husband and a daughter.

Sadly, not all of the original SNL *players are around to witness the show's torch being passed to a new generation. This past spring, Gilda Radner died of cancer at the age of 42.*

Franken: In the early years, Danny wrote something called "Del Stater's Family Toad Ranch," about a little roadside place where you could get toads. We had a theme song for it, a nice little harmony piece. Gilda and Laraine didn't have to rehearse anymore—they had the harmony down—but they couldn't stop singing that tune between dress and air. I remember watching them getting made up in their bathrobes right before the show. They were laughing. They were doing it for the joy of the thing. That's what I thought about when Gilda died: how much fun she'd had doing it.

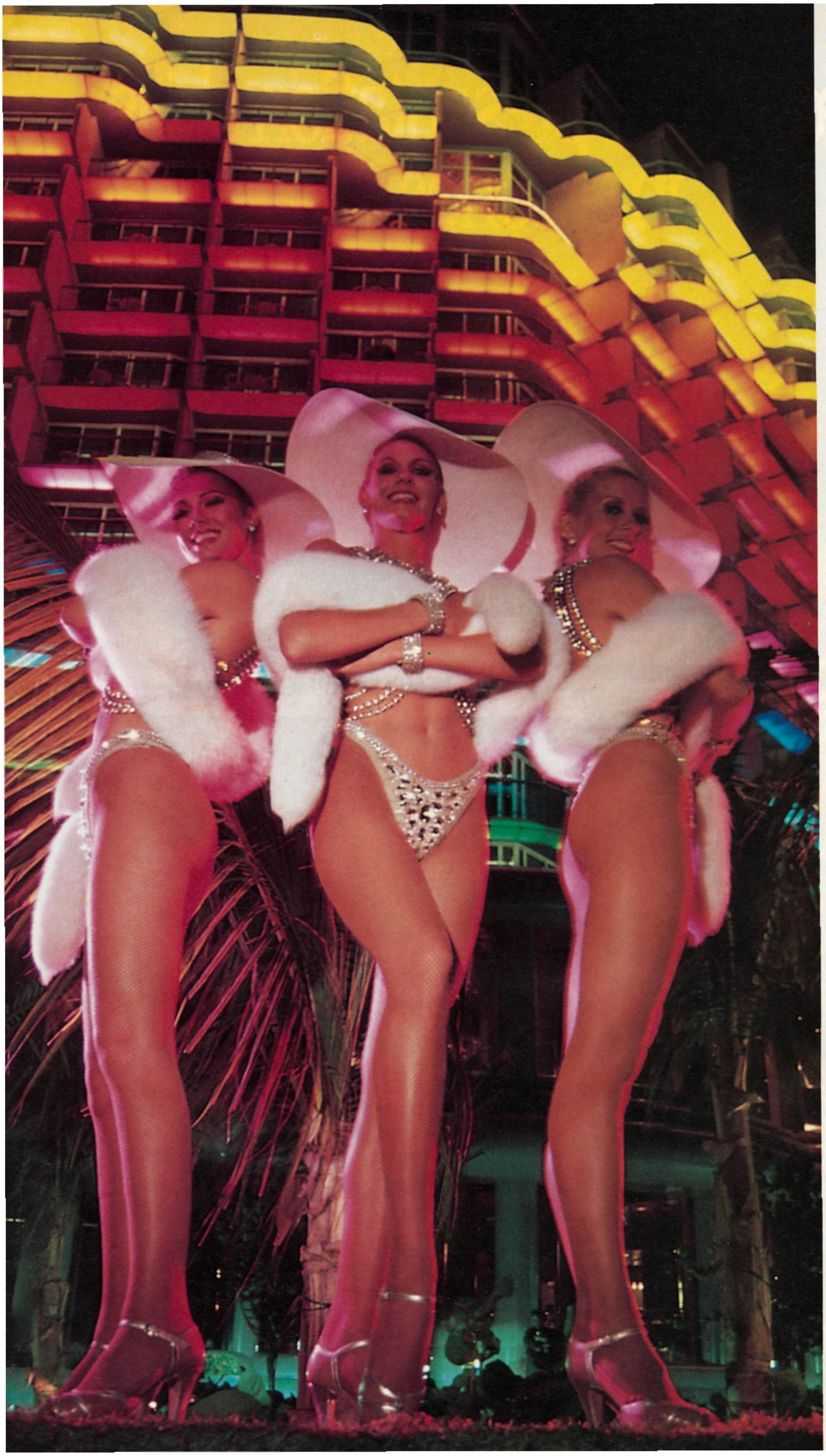
O'Donoghue: In its prime, the writing was pretty hot. We could have kicked the ass of the Algonquin Round Table the best day they ever lived.

Jon Lovitz: It's just a TV show. But it's a great TV show.

Bergen: I'm grateful that I got in early and saw the evolution of it. I didn't think it would last 15 years. I didn't think 15 years would pass that quickly. It's really sobering.

Jackson: I feel like I got to dance in the history book, not just read it. Got to dance in there. For a brief moment . . .

—Susan Schindehette and Jeannie Park, Victoria Balfour, Alan Carter, Leslie Strauss and Mark Zwonitzer in New York, Michael Alexander, Tom Cunneff and Vicki Sheff in Los Angeles



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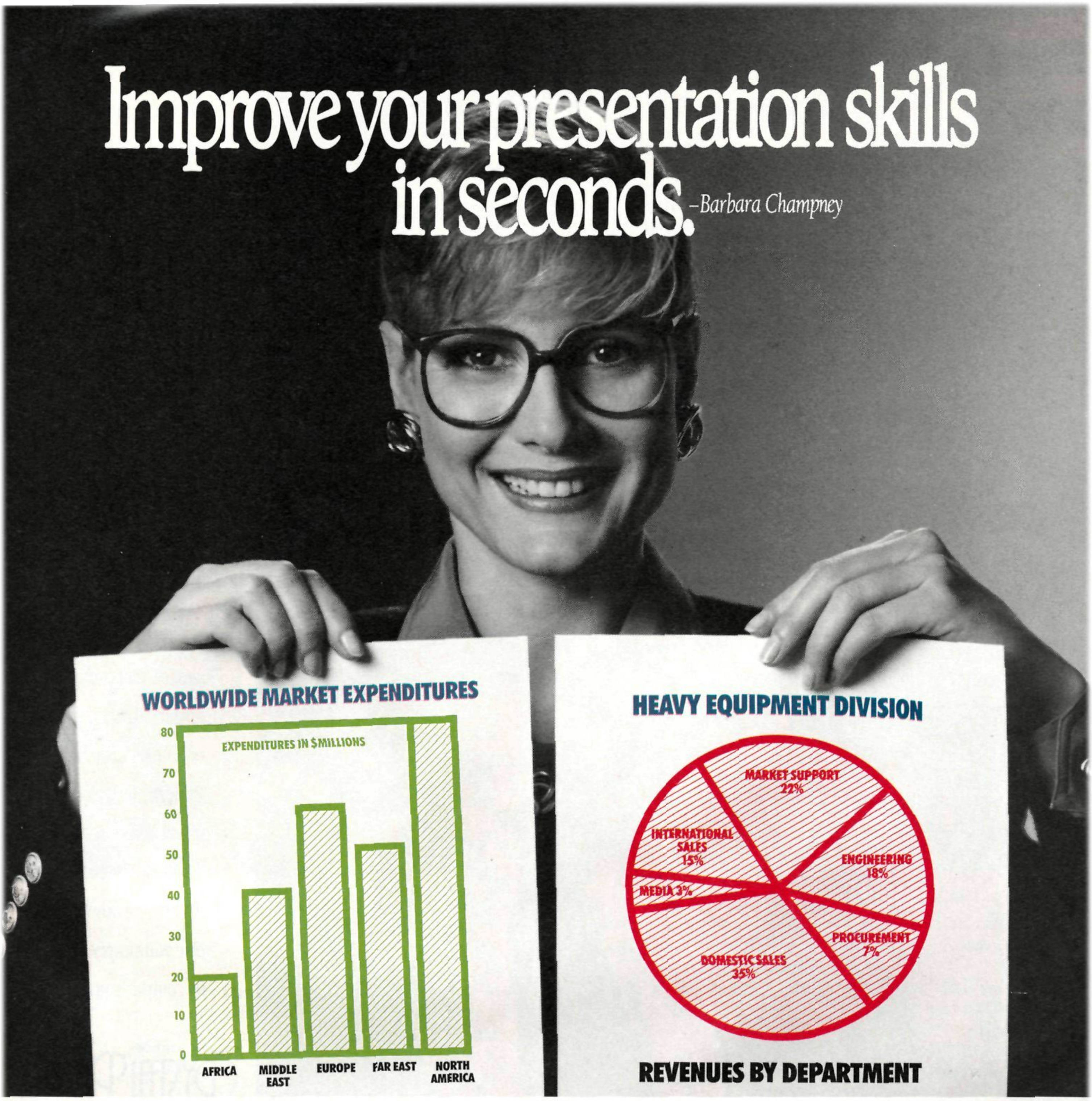
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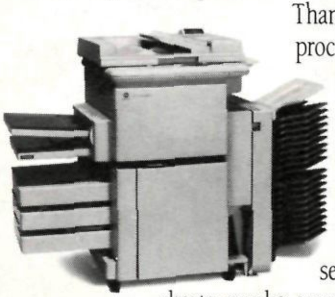

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FARE'S FARE, BUT WHEN CABDRIVER CHUCK HOLLOM GOES OFF THE METER, CRIMINALS HAD BETTER LOOK OUT

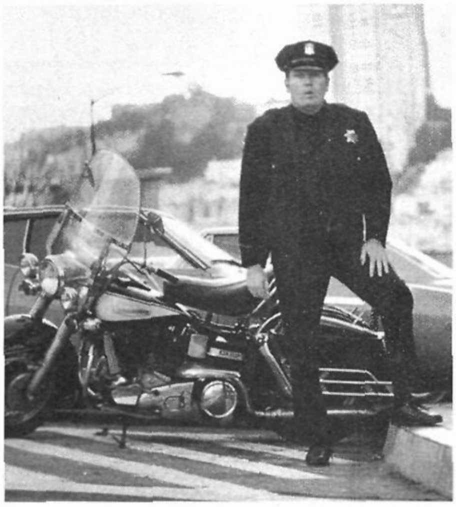
It was a warm night in San Francisco as cabdriver Chuck Hollom cruised down Polk Street, chatting amiably with the passenger in the backseat. Looking out the window, Hollom noticed three Japanese tourists walking along the sidewalk. Suddenly a man exploded from the shadows, knocked down one of the tourists, a woman, grabbed her purse and kicked her in the stomach as she lay sprawled on the ground.

That was all Hollom needed to see. He hit the "off" button on his meter and shouted to his fare, "You ride free tonight." Then, maneuvering deftly in and out of traffic, he caught up with his man on Hayes Street. It was only when he saw the fellow reach under his shirt that Hollom sped around a second cab that had also given chase and jumped his 2,000-pound Ford over the curb, pinning the fleeing miscreant like a butterfly against a brick wall. When the man foolishly tried to wriggle away, Hollom threw the cab into gear and banged the fugitive again, leaving him hopping on the sidewalk and yelling that his leg was broken. The cops arrived and arrested suspect Ocie James McClure, a convicted burglar, for robbery, and sent him back to prison for violating his parole.

In fact, McClure probably never had a chance. Chuck Hollom is not your average San Francisco cabdriver. He's a hackie hero—a Yellow Knight, if you will—who not only deserves to be, but has actually been, on the silver screen. When the opportunity occurs, Hollom doubles as a TV stunt driver; he also took the wheel in *The Blues Brothers.* "The real thing is easier," he says, "because you don't have to

Hollom mostly likes to take it easy, "but sometimes, for the good of the community, you have to get serious," he says.

Photographs by John Storey



"This man is a good person," says garage manager Mary Warner of Hollom, on the set of *Magnum Force* in 1972.

HEROES

consider camera angles and those sorts of things." Stopping the fleeing knockdown artist last May "was real easy," he says. "See, the guy running was directing. I just followed him." The San Francisco police were duly impressed. "He's a concerned citizen who did what many citizens would do but don't have the talent to," says Inspector Armand Gordon, who is investigating the McClure case. "He helped the police do our job, even if he did break the law doing it. We're gonna give him a plaque."

In 22 years of driving, Chuck, who has himself been attacked twice, figures he has helped prevent "more than 500" muggers and gay-bashers from having their way with the citizenry. Usually, he just has the dispatcher dial 911 and avoids unnecessary exertion. "I got flat feet and I weigh 275 lbs.," says Hollom, 48. "I could probably run pretty fast for about 15 feet, so I chase them in the cab."

Behind the wheel, though, he doesn't hesitate to get physical. A year ago, when he saw a red Mustang run a light and hit a motorcycle, sending the rider flying, Hollom jumped a concrete median divider and chased the car onto the freeway. When the men in the Mustang wouldn't pull over, Chuck told his dispatcher, "I'm going to ram them." And he did, banging the car onto the shoulder. While three men took off on foot, a fourth sat cringing in the backseat as Hollom leaped from his cab shouting, "Stop or I'll shoot." As always, Hollom was unarmed.

Chuck developed his taste for vehicular derring-do early on—back in Minneapolis, where he and his teenage buddies spent the winters racing their cars on frozen lakes. "It gives you a strange, out-of-balance feel for things," he says. After a stint in the Army he arrived in San Francisco with the idea of becoming a photojournalist. That didn't pan out, and in 1967 Hollom hit the streets. "The taxi company owners said I could drive around all night and people would give me money, and I could fulfill life's highest ambition," he says, "to eat my way through San Francisco's restaurants."

In 1968 Steve McQueen spotted Hollom riding a motorcycle and sent him to the Ann Brebner talent agency. Hollom says McQueen was more interested in the design of his bike than in making him a screen star. But the actor gave Chuck his first role, a nondriving part in *Bullitt*, in which he pushed a gurney down a hospital corridor. In time, Hollom found his true métier, driving pell-mell through ABC's *Starsky and Hutch* and 22 episodes of *The Streets of San Francisco*.

Back on the real streets of San Francisco, Chuck tends to drive like the little old lady from Pasadena. A bachelor who lives alone in a small studio apartment near his garage, Hollom has never even had a moving violation. "Hey, I am the slowest, smoothest, most frightened driver in this city," he says. "My passengers frequently complain that I drive slow to build up the meter." He pauses, then says with a smile. "See, I don't get into accidents. I get into incidents."

—William Plummer,
Dianna Waggoner in San Francisco

Hollom, with pals at the Luxor Garage, feels less a hero than, as he puts it, "a wise fool, an eternal sophomore."

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ROYALS

IN A SEASON OF ROYAL MILESTONES, DI DELIVERS HER BOYS, FERGIE HER BOOKS—AND NEWS OF A PREGNANCY

CAMERA PRESS/GLOBE PHOTOS

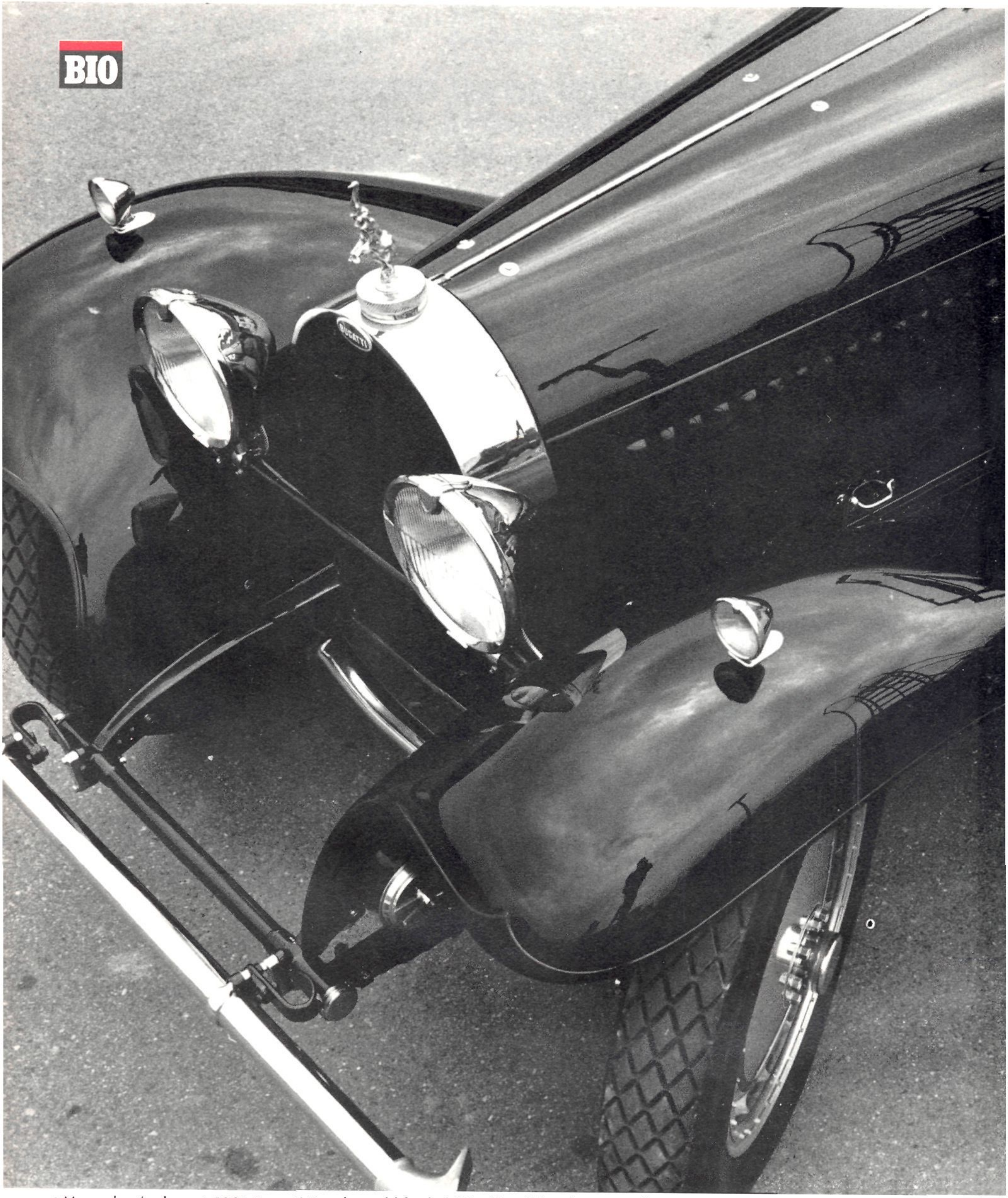
REX FEATURES/RDR PRODUCTIONS

After all the Sturm und Drang over Princess Anne's split, the latest royal flurry is kid stuff. Literally. The Duchess of York opened last week with the publication of her two children's books, *Budgie, the Little Helicopter* and *Budgie at Bendick's Point.* Then, as if to guarantee a readership for her maiden literary enterprise, Buckingham Palace announced what had been rumored (and denied) for weeks: Fergie's expecting.

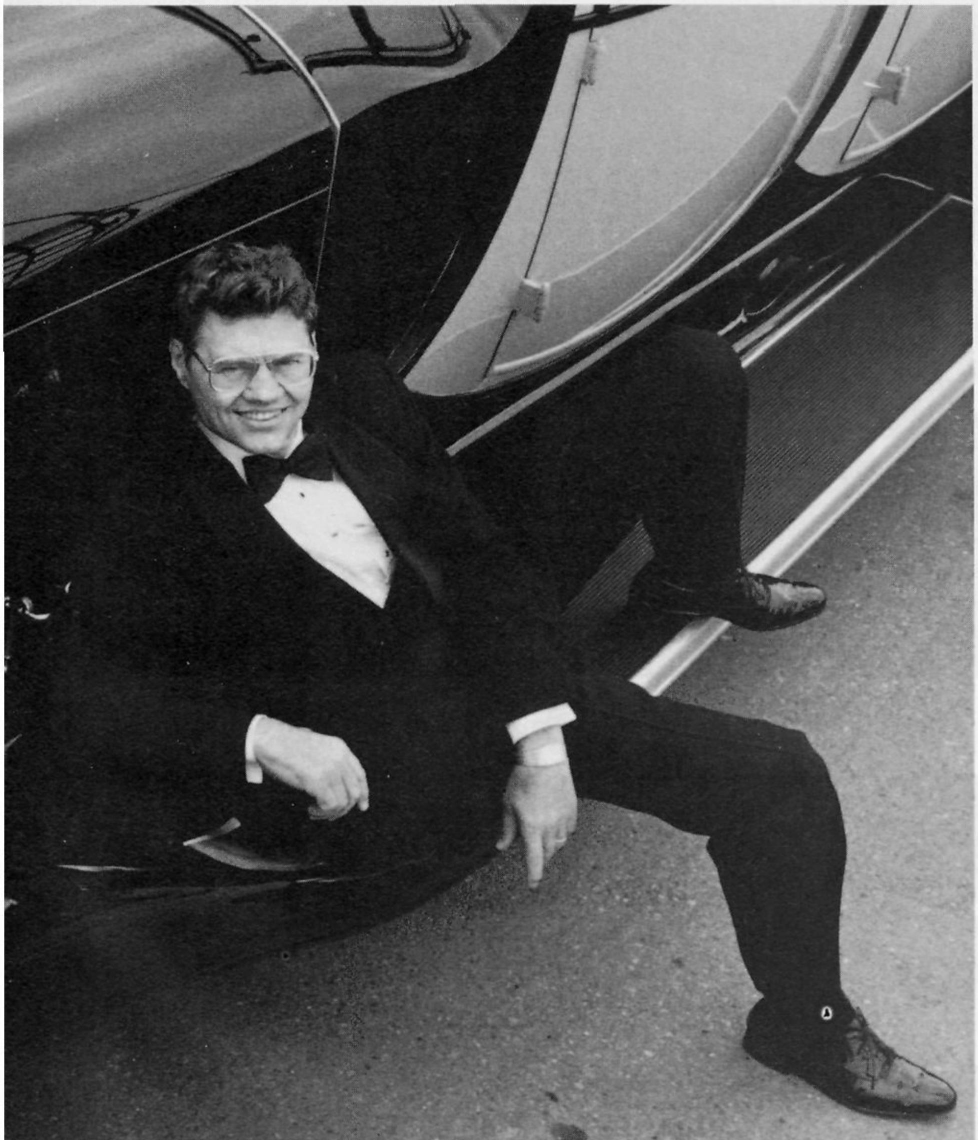
"We are absolutely ecstatic," said the unusually talkative Duchess, whose daughter, Bea (above, with Mom and Prince Andrew at Balmoral), celebrated her first birthday Aug. 8. Fergie was further pleased to give the scoop herself. "Last time, the story broke in the paper, and I was away skiing," she said. "I didn't want it splashed all over the front page."

Of course, she could do worse—and did, as new tabloid headlines sniped at her *Budgie* efforts, accusing Fergie of exploiting her royal position and questioning how much of the profits would go to charity. But when one Tory member of Parliament condemned the books as "a flagrant abuse of the royal name," Fergie stood firm. "At the end of the day, at least I am doing something that is for other people," responded the placidly pregnant Duchess.

Meanwhile, her nephews Will, 7, and Harry, who turned 5 last week, made their own fresh starts—back to the books. Princess Diana, wearing vivid red from lipstick to sweater to skirt to shoes, deposited her matching gray-blazered angels on the steps of the Wetherby school in London. It's old cap for Prince William but spanking new to Harry, who shook hands with headmistress Fredericka Blair-Turner, then barreled into the preprep program. ☐



Monaghan's elegant 1931 Bugatti Royale could fetch $22 million if he chose to sell it, and he just might. "I've never even taken the



family for a drive in it," he says. "They simply aren't interested."

TOM MONAGHAN

After building a life to match his fantasies, an American dreamer sets a surprising new course

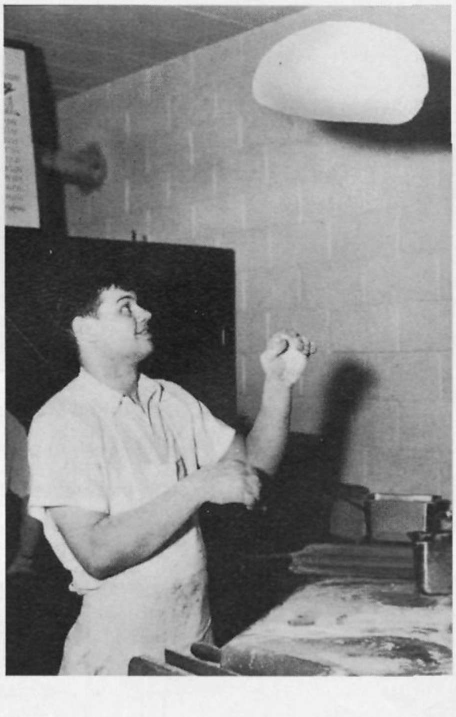
By Peter Alson and Julie Greenwalt

In the briefcase he carries to the office each day, Tom Monaghan keeps two new spiral notebooks, the kind that schoolchildren use. One, he explains, is "red—like the devil—for material things," the other "blue—like heaven—for spiritual things." Until recently, entries that would have belonged in the red book played the larger role in Monaghan's life. In it the 52-year-old board chairman and founder of Domino's Pizza might have noted the vast array of glittering prizes he has accumulated over the years, among them one of the world's most expensive cars (a rare Bugatti), a formidable collection of Frank Lloyd Wright furniture and artifacts (valued at $40 million), a 173-foot tall-ship christened *The Domino Effect,* and the Detroit Tigers baseball team, which he purchased in 1983 for $53 million.

As Monaghan orchestrated Domino's rise—it is now the second-largest pizza chain in the nation, next to Pizza Hut—his hopes and dreams seemed largely acquisitive. These days, though, the only notations being scribbled between the crimson covers have to do with a dream house he is building near Ann Arbor, Mich. It is an older, more contemplative Monaghan who says, "A lot of the things I purchased were lifelong dreams, but maybe not very good ones. Material things don't mean that much to me anymore."

His mid-life change of heart may in

A pizza lover when he first began spinning pies at age 25, below, Monaghan still has a slice or two every week.



Photographs by Taro Yamasaki

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With architect Kevin Shultis, Monaghan views a model of the "Leaning Tower of Pizza," to be built at Domino's headquarters.

some part be a response to public criticism—not the criticism of his pizza delivery system that has made news recently (see box), but disapproval of a more personal sort. "To some people it looks like I'm a squanderer and a show-off," he says. "That hurts me."

And so the Michigan-based pizza baron—whose personal worth has been estimated at $480 million—is rearranging his priorities. This summer he announced that he is turning over the daily operations of his company to a new president in order to devote more attention to charity and to the Catholic church. Earlier this month, he went even further, announcing that he is considering the possibility—though he does not find it a "pleasant idea"—of selling Domino's, a move that would allow him to pursue good works full time. "God has been good to me," Monaghan says. "I feel obliged to give something back."

Not that Monaghan always felt blessed. His childhood in southeastern Michigan was bleakly unpromising. On Christmas Eve, 1941, when Tom was 4, his truck-driver father died of a perforated ulcer. His mother, who Tom believes "couldn't stand" him, was studying to be a nurse and didn't feel she could handle two toddlers, so Tom and his brother, Jim, 2, were shunted off to foster homes and then to a Catholic orphanage. A brief reunion between mother and sons took place when Tom was 12, but it wasn't long before his mother banished the boys to foster homes once more. (Monaghan and his mother did reconcile before her death last year. "She did the best she could," he now says.)

Monaghan remembers his orphanage days with some fondness. There, inspired by a kindly nun, he began to dream of being a priest. But the foster homes were

Critics charge that Domino's is making pizza to die for

One of the keystones of Tom Monaghan's success with Domino's Pizza has been the company's guarantee that it will make home deliveries within 30 minutes. Recently, after a number of serious accidents involving Domino's delivery drivers, the guarantee has come under attack. Frank Kranack, 44, of Pennsylvania, who says he and his wife, Mary Jean, 43, were injured in a 1985 collision with a Domino's driver, is one of a number of alleged victims who are suing the company. Kranack's lawyer, Ken Behrend, says he has testimonials from more than 100 people who have been involved in similar accidents, and that these support his client's claim that Domino's delivery policy encourages reckless driving. "I really think," says Behrend, "that the American public could wait another 10 minutes for their pizzas."

Suzanne Boutros, 39, thinks so too. Last June, on a rainy night near Mooresville, Ind., her son Jesse Colson, 17, was making a delivery in a Domino's truck when he lost control and smashed into a utility pole. He was killed instantly. Colson's mother says "his driving habits went down the tube" after he started driving for Domino's last January, and he was speeding at the time of the crash. "He was determined to be the best," she says, "and not have any 'lates.' "

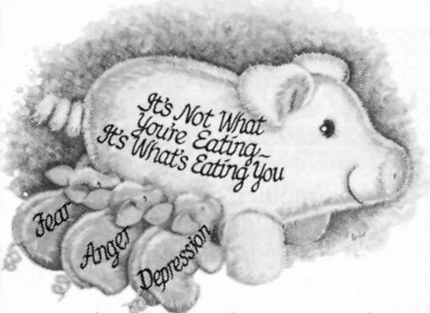
MARY ANN CARTER

Suzanne Boutros, left, and her neighbors hope their petitions to Congress will ultimately help save lives.

According to Joseph Kinney, of the National Safe Workplace Institute, a group that monitors job hazards, Domino's driver-death rate is inexcusably high: as high as the rate for job-related deaths in the mining industry. Kinney and his group are launching a campaign to boycott Domino's pizza on college campuses. They are also urging students not to work as drivers for the company.

Thus far Domino's has acknowledged 20 fatal accidents involving its drivers in 1988, though it claims other motorists caused half of those. The company has beefed up driver-safety training. But Monaghan stands by his 30-minute guarantee, claiming it encourages speed in the store, not on the streets. "I don't think we're worse than others," he says. "Still, whenever there is an accident, I feel terrible, terrible inside."

Recently, at Domino's request, Jesse Colson's mother agreed to make a video for franchisers to express her concerns. She hopes Domino's will change its delivery policy and has joined a local group that is petitioning Congress to intervene. With the money Domino's paid her for making the video, she plans to buy a headstone for Jesse. ☐



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cheerless, and there was never enough money to make Tom feel secure. "I was always embarrassed by my poverty," he says. "I dreamed of better things."

He dreamed of becoming an architect, like his idol, Frank Lloyd Wright, or of playing shortstop for the Tigers. But the priesthood seemed more attainable, and at 15 Monaghan enrolled at a Grand Rapids seminary, only to be booted out soon afterward for pillow fighting and whispering in chapel. He was a poor student, and when he graduated from St. Thomas High in Ann Arbor, 44th in a class of 44, his yearbook picture bore this caption: "The harder I try to be good, the worse I get; but I may do something sensational yet."

After graduation he enlisted in the Marines. But there was haplessness even in that bold move. "I thought I was joining the Army," Monaghan admits. "I got the recruitment centers mixed up." He realized his mistake as he was signing up and decided to live with it. He's glad he did. "If I could survive the Marines," he says, "I knew I could handle anything." Today Monaghan, who has four daughters—Mary, 26, Susan, 24, Margaret, 20, and Barbara, 17—swears that if he had a son, "he wouldn't get a penny from me until he spent two years in the Marines."

After his discharge, Monaghan enrolled at the University of Michigan but was strapped for funds and had to drop out. Hoping to make enough money to return, he borrowed $900 with his brother, by then a postman, and bought a pizza shop called DomiNick's in nearby Ypsilanti. Jim soon got cold feet and traded his share of the business to his brother for a used Volkswagen. But Tom had unwittingly found his vocation.

In 1962 Monaghan opened his second pizza shop, in Mount Pleasant, Mich. He met his future wife, Marjorie, on his first delivery. "She was at the front desk of the dorm. She was real cute," he says. After their marriage the couple moved into a trailer in Ypsilanti, and Monaghan set to work implementing the formula that would lead to his fortune: guaranteed store-to-home service in 30 minutes or less. (Late arrivals mean a rebate or, in a few areas, a free pizza.) He stuck to a simple menu, offering two sizes of pizza and one cola drink. He also came up with a new name for his operation after the former proprietor claimed the DomiNick's name. To save money on signs, Monaghan simply dropped the "ick" and added an "o."

Servicing college campuses and military bases at first, Domino's rapidly spawned new shops. The company now has 5,110 stores in 50 states and 18 countries, and last year they delivered enough

"Buying the Tigers changed my life," says Monaghan, getting batting tips from Hall of Famer Al Kaline. "You have celebrity when you own a major-league franchise."

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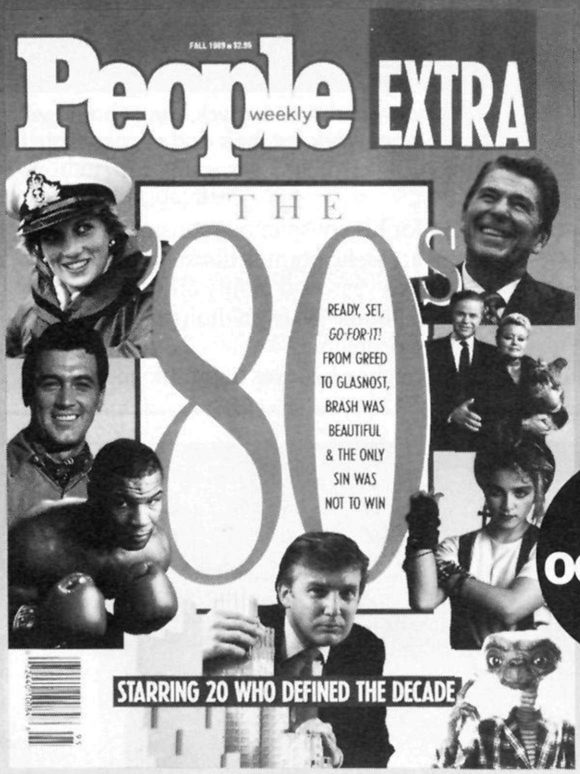
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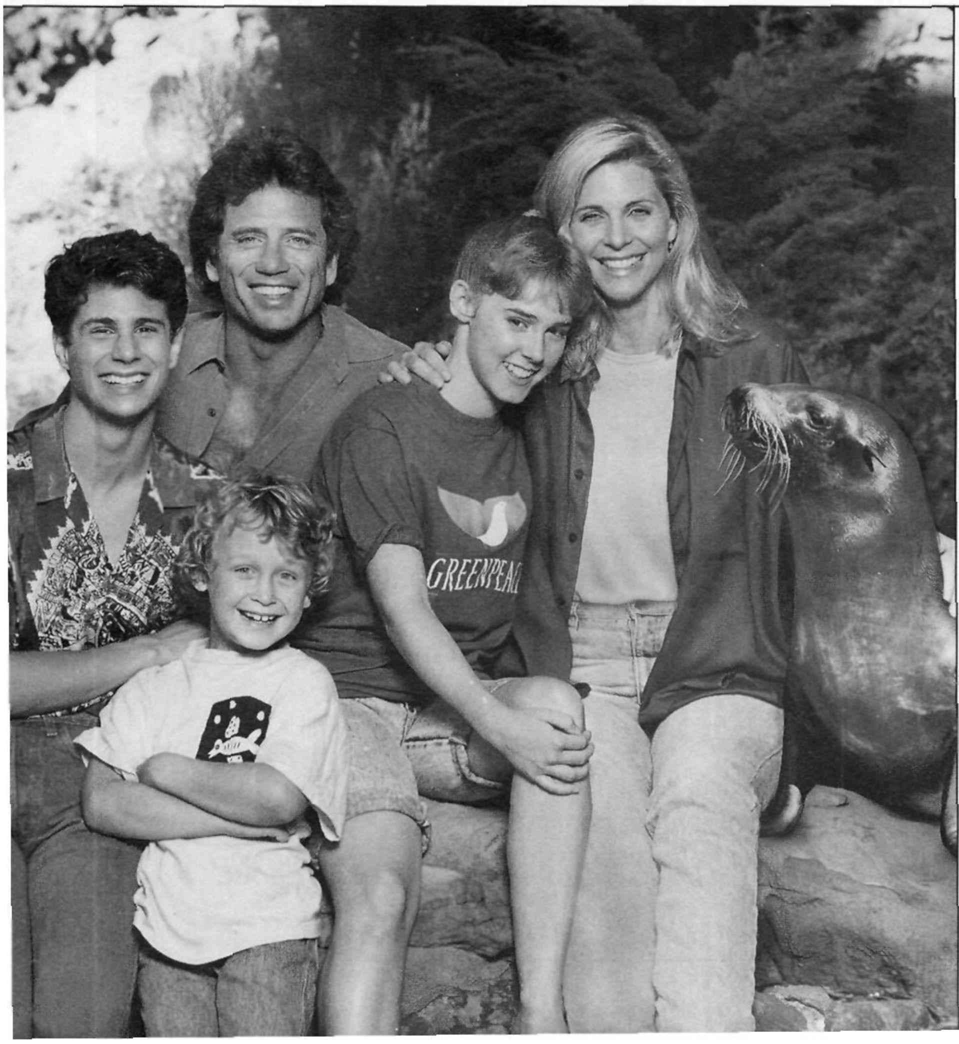
Monaghan shares a quick bite at home with daughters Mary, left, and Maggie, both of whom work for their dad at corporate headquarters in Ann Arbor.

pizzas to gross $2.3 billion. To this day Monaghan professes bewilderment at his success. "I owe it to stupidity—that is the only answer I can give," he says. "I didn't know anything about business, and I didn't know anything about pizza. The best teacher is just doing."

As Monaghan's wealth grew, so did his appetite for toys. He began a collection of antique cars that now numbers 240, and at Domino's Farms, the company's Ann Arbor headquarters, he built museums—to house his autos and art objects—a fitness center and a petting zoo. Yet these indulgences did not sap his character. His experiences in the orphanage and later the Marines bred into him a religious adherence to discipline, and he has always worked long hours. His current office is a $2.5 million, two-story suite paneled in mahogany, but Monaghan prefers to spend his time in an adjoining windowless cubbyhole. "I like womblike spaces," he says.

Each workday begins with 20 minutes of contemplation. He attends mass daily, jogs for an hour six times a week and hits the weight machines often. As if in atonement for his conspicuous consumption in other areas, he permits himself only 10 desserts a year—on family birthdays and certain holidays—even though his weight is not a problem.

Monaghan believes his employees should follow his hard-working, clean-living example, and he has initiated programs that are meant to encourage this: At Domino's headquarters, 40 percent of staffers have joined the company health club, and the office elevators have been



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slowed down to encourage workers to use the stairs. Monaghan's ban on smoking and a strict corporate dress code (no pants for women, no sports coats or facial hair for men) have led some to dub his enthusiastic but regimented employees "Dominoids." Indeed, unquestioning adherence to the boss's regulations, and even to his moral code, seems essential to survival at Domino's. Senior Vice President Robert Cotman, whom Monaghan had listed in his will as his chosen successor, found that out in 1985: After Monaghan discovered he was having an extramarital affair with a divorced staffer, Cotman was fired.

Monaghan's dominance is less apparent at home. Wife Margie, 49, who works as Domino's payroll supervisor, is an unapologetic dissident. A Lutheran, she has resisted Tom's pleas to convert to Catholicism. And she disagrees with his outspoken pro-life convictions—convictions that led this past January to an ongoing National Organization for Women boycott of Domino's. "The boycott has made the pro-life people buy even more from us," Monaghan says. "And even if it were hurting sales, it wouldn't change my mind. I can't stand by and watch innocent people murdered." Says Margie: "If men had babies, there would be no laws against abortion."

The Monaghans have differed over the years in their attitudes toward success as well. "Margie would probably be happier if I only had half a dozen stores, or if I were a schoolteacher," Monaghan says. She admits she would be content to stay forever in the modest Ann Arbor ranch house the couple bought in 1973. But she understands Tom's desire to build the dream house that he intends to be his last self-indulgence. Says Monaghan: "I've pared it down from 80,000 square feet to 12,000. It's the last material thing I want, but even now I feel guilty about it."

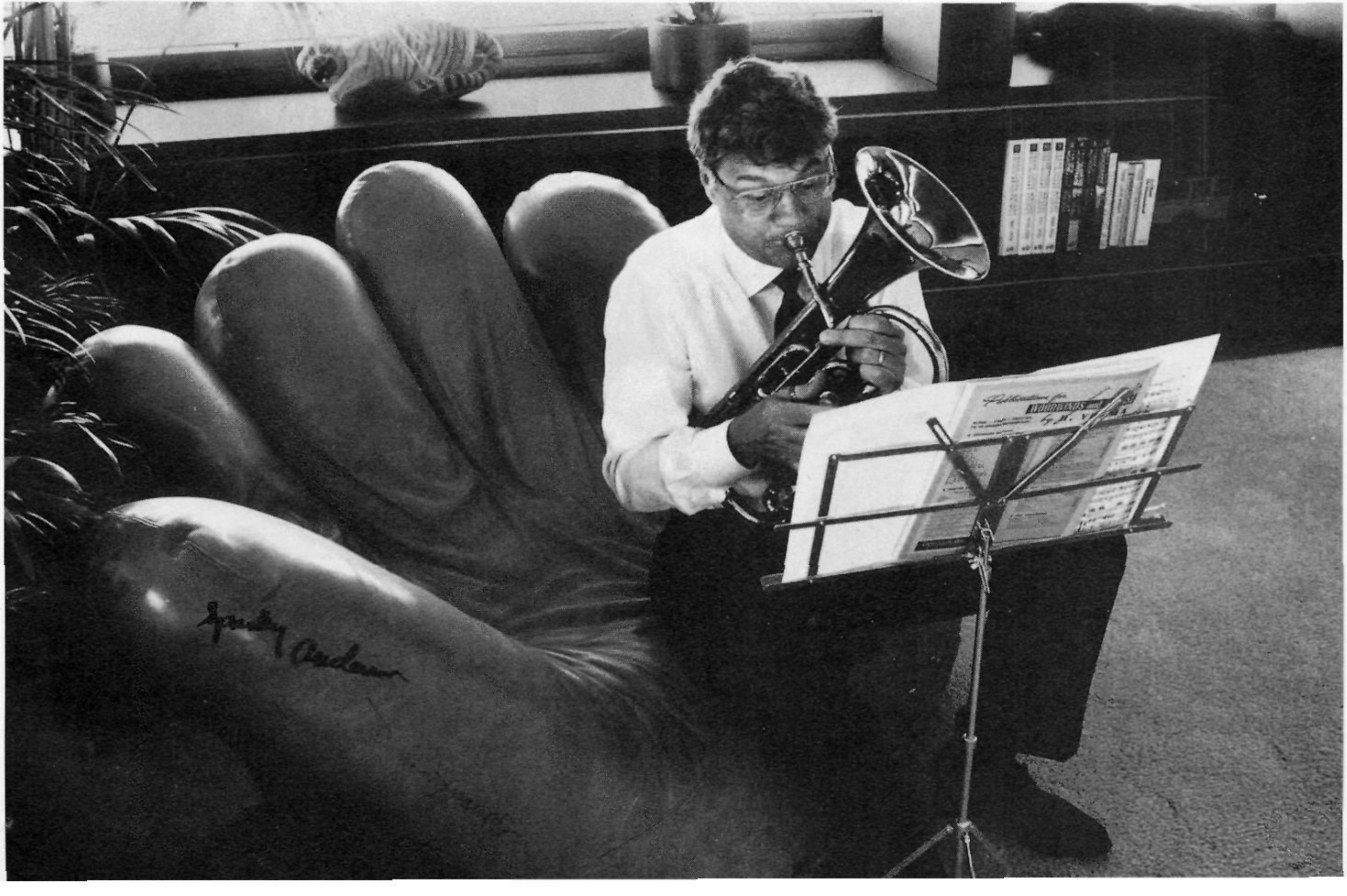
In 1987 the Monaghans, with Detroit's Cardinal Szoka, met Pope John Paul II, then touring the U.S.

Evidence of his new focus is everywhere. He is thinking of selling his car collection. His Frank Lloyd Wright shopping sprees, he says, are a thing of the past. It is charitable activities—for the church; for Legatus, the organization he started for Catholic executives; or for Domino's Foundation, which donates to various causes— that lately consume his attention.

"I've always felt the most important thing for me is getting to heaven," he says. "When I die, I don't think St. Peter is going to ask me how many pizzas I sold."

Yet even now, as he turns away from worldly concerns, there are signs that Tom Monaghan will always be the little boy yearning for more, committing good works with a boosterish zeal. He spent time this past summer overseeing construction of a Catholic chapel in San Pedro Sula, Honduras, and he hopes it is just the beginning of his work in the Third World. "We have 5,000 pizza outlets," Monaghan says. "My goal now is 5,000 chapels." ☐

Whenever he gets the chance, Monaghan likes to perch in the fielder's mitt chair in his office and polish his skills on the alto horn.



TROUBLE

JUSTINE BATEMAN BECOMES THE LATEST CELEBRITY TO BE MENACED BY AN OBSESSIVE FAN

It was a pathetic case of unrequited love, but the scene was more scary than touching, reminiscent as it was of the murder this summer of actress Rebecca Schaeffer. Earlier this month, proclaiming his frustrated desire for actress Justine Bateman, John Thomas Smetek, a 39-year-old drifter from Texas, walked up to the Berkeley (Calif.) Repertory The-

KIM KOMENICH/SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

atre, where Bateman was to open in a play, and sat down cross-legged in an outside courtyard, according to police. Over the next three hours, authorities say, Smetek held a .22-caliber pistol as he gazed at photographs of assorted movie stars, listened to his Walkman and threatened to kill himself—before he was eventually talked into surrendering. "I just wanted to make sure [Justine] knew how much I still cared about her," Smetek told PEOPLE later in a halting telephone conversation from Highland General Hospital in Oakland.

Once again a celebrity had been cast as the unwilling star in the skewed scenario of a demented fan. (As it happened, Bateman, 23, was appearing at the Berkeley Rep in the title role of a play called *Lulu*, the story of an irresistible woman who ends up being murdered by Jack the Ripper.) And once again a frisson of fear swept through Hollywood. But this time tragedy was averted, and in that there may be a lesson.

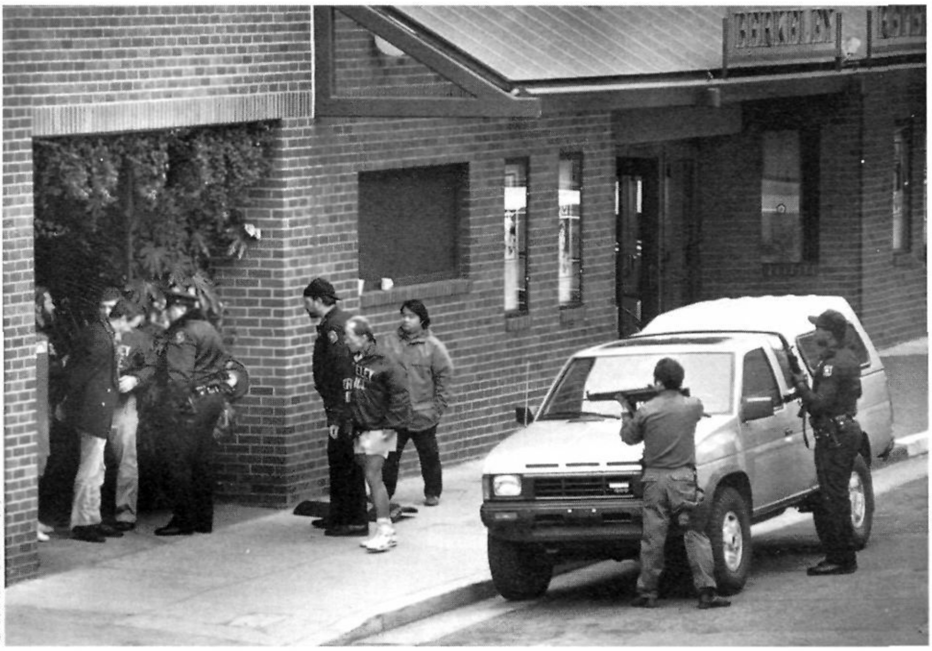
Smetek, who says he and Bateman had an affair seven years ago in Texas (she has denied it), has been stalking her at least since last March, when he allegedly bluffed his way onto the *Family Ties* set at Paramount in Los Angeles, where he twice came face-to-face with the actress. After being removed by security guards, he dropped out of sight until earlier this month, when he appeared outside the Berkeley Rep, shouting "I love you!" to Bateman as she left a rehearsal. Ducking back into the theater, Bateman phoned Paramount, who in turn called Los Angeles security consultant Gavin de Becker. He ran a computer check and confirmed that the man trailing her matched the description of the intruder at Paramount.

The following night Smetek showed up at the theater again. This time he pushed past patrons waiting in line for a preview performance and presented a grimy business card to a ticket taker. On the back he had written a love note to Bateman. Though theater officials, alerted to the possible danger, had Smetek picked up for questioning, he was released that night after authorities concluded they had no grounds for holding him. What happened next is unclear. Smetek claims that people he was staying with in Berkeley drugged him, even spiking his cappuccino with a potent substance called ecstasy. Then an argument with a housemate induced him to get out his pistol. "The next thing I knew, I was sitting at the theater with the gun at my heart," he said in the telephone interview. "Now my whole life is ruined. I'm not crazy."

Smetek, who was convicted of trespassing in Texas 10 years ago, appeared in court on Sept. 8, where he was charged with two felonies and a misdemeanor. Whatever the outcome, De Becker believes that growing awareness of the problem of obsessed fans is the best defense that stars have. "The important message to come out of this," he says, "is that everyone took the information seriously and acted to prevent an encounter."

Mindful of that, authorities in Illinois are taking steps to keep another fan, Ralph Nau, 34, from being released from a state mental institution, where he was placed on suspicion of killing his 8-year-old stepbrother. In recent letters written to his sister and printed in the *Chicago Tribune*, Nau claimed, among other things, to be the father of Farrah Fawcett's child and to be engaged to Marie Osmond. In some respects he sounds no more deluded than John Thomas Smetek. "[Justine's] unhappy because she doesn't like herself," Smetek insists. "She needs someone to love her." It is just such a cry of the heart that chills the blood of any celebrity. ***—Bill Hewitt,***

Dianna Waggoner in Berkeley



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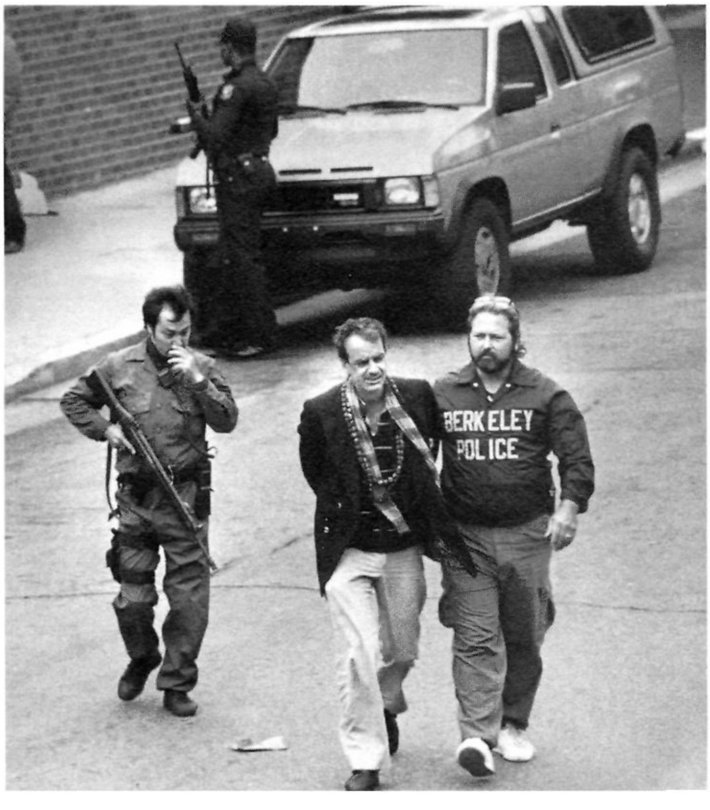
After Smetek surrendered, police searched his Berkeley lodgings, where they say they found a shotgun—and a picture of Bateman over the bed.



In her current play, Bateman leaves the stage littered with defunct suitors—until Jack the Ripper kills her.

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"My theory of shopping is grab what you like and take it home," says Norris, fitting his booty on some stuffed shirts.

It's going to be a *whole new look*. Nothing vulgar—no *Dallas* suede lingerie or *Dynasty* sequined shoulders. Just casual chic with a dollop of, say, Armani. But *thirtysomething* is polishing its wardrobe.

Ha! You probably didn't even notice the show *had* a wardrobe. Patrick Norris, *thirtysomething*'s costume supervisor, couldn't get a better compliment. Nominated for this year's Emmy for Best Costuming for a Series for his realistic approach, Norris, 36, has been dressing soul-searching Michael, Gary and Elliot since the 1987 start. But beginning with the season's premiere this week, he'll be outfitting the equally angst-ridden Hope, Ellyn, Melissa and Nancy.

When Norris began working with the women last spring, he already had a foot in the dressing-room door. "They had all complimented me on how good their guys looked," he says. He solidified that faith with a day of shopping with each actress. "Patrick's my sugar daddy," says Polly Draper (Ellyn) with a laugh. "He'd just say, 'The sky's the limit, baby—whatever you want.' " He lied: What Norris wants is more patterns and richer colors, fewer solids and pastels.

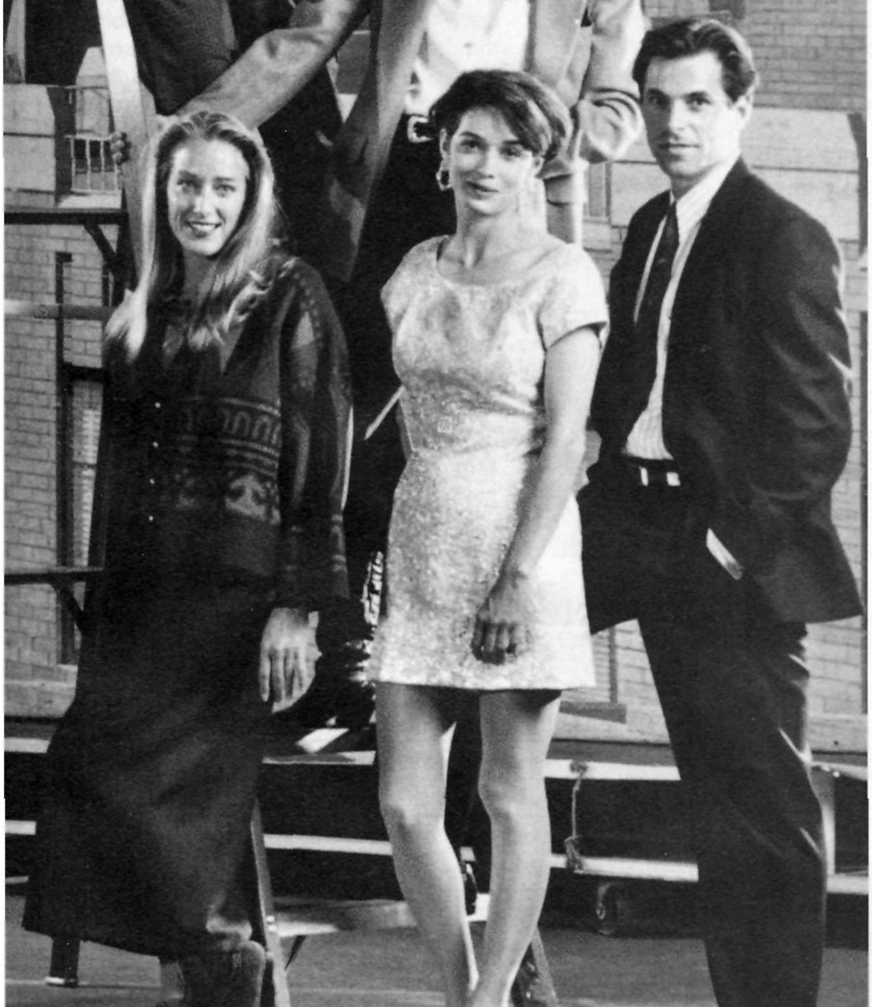
A 16-year wardrobe veteran (he got his start washing clothes on David Carradine's *Kung Fu* series), Norris has no formal training. But there's probably a genetic influence. Norris's father, Richard Bartlett, was a TV director (*Riverboat, Wagon Train*). His mother, Patricia Norris, won Oscar nominations for her wardrobe work on *The Elephant Man* (1980), *Victor/Victoria* (1982) and *2010* (1984).

Though he earned an Emmy nomination for CBS's 1986 miniseries *Blood and Orchids*, Norris suspects he got his *thirtysomething* job in part because "I was the first to walk in who wasn't 60 and gay. I was thirtysomething." The producers sent him home with a script. "This is too real and depressing," thought Norris. But then his wife, Jody, 29, mentioned their own grim realities. "We needed the money," says Norris, a thrice-married father of two.

Photographs by Jim McHugh/Visages

THIRTYSOMETHING
B

"I'm not a fashion kind of guy," says Norris, climbing a ladder to survey his handiwork on (from left) Polly Draper, Peter Horton, Tim



Busfield, Patricia Wettig, Melanie Mayron, Mel Harris and Ken Olin.

Norris's approach to dressing is decidedly laid-back. "Go into your closet and make sure it's dark," he advises. "Put something on, then come out and look. It's probably going to be pretty cool." Here, a preview of his characters' new clothes, starting from the left:

Ellyn (Polly Draper), the show's city planner, is finally lightening up. "I'm giving her some fun stuff to put underneath her suits," says Norris. She's also getting a new perm, more jewelry and less fabric. "Basically, Patrick gave me a man's outlook," says Draper. "Everything's shorter and tighter." With an occasional break into corduroy.

Gary (Peter Horton) is "the kind of guy who keeps his clothes for 10 years," says Norris. "He's not fashion-conscious, but he can put an outfit together." As a rule, professor Gary wears his pants straight out of the washing machine. Here, a dress-up look: navy cardigan and pleated slacks softened by a turquoise T-shirt and five-day stubble.

Elliot (Timothy Busfield), one-half of the show's ad agency team, sports some Charles Patrick designs—clothes Norris creates with partner Charles Winston. The suit is red-accented brown herringbone, the tie hand-painted—with billiard balls.

Nancy (Patricia Wettig) is dropping her ho-hum duds for more sophisticated looks—a black linen duster over a printed vest or this deep rust ensemble, enlivened by suede lace-up ankle boots. "Nancy's a professional now," says Norris. "She's got a book published and can look classier."

Melissa (Melanie Mayron) will keep her photog funkiness. Norris transformed a $45 thrift-shop silver lamé dress into a vampy sheath to be worn with pink stockings and silver pumps. Mayron will also wear men's pants, which Norris chopped off at the calf or ankle "for a European look."

Hope (Mel Harris) occasionally sheds her mommy jeans and sweats and raids husband Michael's closets for some knit vests. Pulled over her new silk shirts and full skirts, they form the working woman's camouflage that will see her through her new magazine job. Norris tucked a black lace handkerchief in the pocket of this mustard blazer. Stay fine-tuned: "I've put more color in her life," says Norris. "Earth colors with hints of blue."

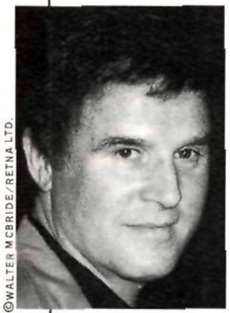
Michael (Ken Olin) will deep-six the knit ties and don Armani suits (he's wearing one here with a Tommy Hilfiger shirt). Norris calls it the "Wall Street–you-gotta-look-perfect-yuppie look." Still, he cautions, "you'll never see him in full Armani. I don't want to give any one company billing."

—Reported by Leah Feldon in Los Angeles

CHATTER

BY PETER CASTRO

- **STEWART COPELAND: SCORES ONE FOR OPERA**
- **SARA LEE: LET HER EAT CHEESECAKE**


©WALTER MCBRIDE/RETNA LTD.

NO ENCORE: Despite a successful career in show business buoyed by films such as *The Heartbreak Kid, Heaven Can Wait* and *Midnight Run* and Broadway's *Same Time, Next Year*, CHARLES GRODIN says, in retrospect, he would not have become an actor. "I'm not one of those people who would do it all over again," says Grodin, who at age 54 has written his autobiography, *It Would Be So Nice If You Weren't Here*. "I want to stress that I've not been unhappy, nor am I. It's just that there's too much downtime in this business when you don't work. For the first 15 years I hardly worked, and that's bad because everyone should be doing what they're skilled at. I would rather have put my energies in public service—perhaps become a lawyer and seen where that would've taken me."

WARNER BROS.

DON'T WORRY, BE PRETTY: *Lovely* KIM BASINGER, *who plays Vicki Vale in* Batman, *takes being a femme fatale in stride. "Do I regret not being ugly and hunchbacked? No, I don't think so," Basinger said in an interview with the French newspaper* Le Figaro. *"Why struggle against one's own image? Most people are unhappy because they would like to be somebody else. I am as I am. I accept myself, period. We are all prisoners of our bodies. Maybe beauty is a prison. But, then, so is being ugly. I've never been asked to play a witch. Maybe it will come with age."*

EXPLORING NEW ARIAS: On Oct. 10, the Cleveland Opera opens its season with the world premiere of *Holy Blood and Crescent Moon*, an opera composed by former Police drummer STEWART COPELAND. "I've eliminated the excesses of opera from my work. I don't have any fat ladies singing onstage, and there's no obnoxious vibrato," says Copeland, who has been working on the project for four years. "[Ex–Police bandmate] STING has been calling me Giuseppe." Asked about the chances for a Police reunion, he says, "There's every chance, but no plans. It would be a lot of fun to play on a big stage and whip up the audience like the good old days, but [in life] you move forward, not backward."

BAKE POINT: *Nobody doesn't like* SARA LEE*—and none of her friends wants to be thought a lousy cook. "I think that every dinner party we went to for the first five years I was married, the dessert made for me was cheesecake," says Sara Lee, daughter of* CHARLES LUBIN, *who founded the bakery company in 1949. She is appearing in the company's current TV-ad campaign. "Everyone wanted to show me they could do this fabulous cheesecake. And I only liked the Sara Lee cheesecake. I guess everybody felt that they could do it better."*

IN THE KNICKER TIME: Since 1982, when he first slipped on his distinctive knickers for a tournament, PGA champion PAYNE STEWART has never been on par with his more conventionally attired golfing opponents. "I wanted to set myself apart from all the players wearing Izod clothing," says Stewart, who'll compete in the three-day Ryder Cup, starting this Friday (Sept. 22). "My father always told me, 'The easiest way to be recognized in a crowd is with loud clothes,' which he always used to wear. It used to be a little embarrassing. I'd say, 'Dad, you're not going out looking like that, are you?' and he'd say, 'Oh, yeah, these checks and polka dots go really well together. They're both blue.' "

FOCUS ON SPORTS

CHATTER BOX

- **Tee'd Off** *In Charlotte, N.C., where the PTL's Jim Bakker is being tried, court buffs are wearing T-shirts with a sketch of the jury and the caption* BAKKER'S DOZEN.
- **Pigs Skinned** *With the NFL season upon us, we note that a total of 336 brand-new footballs (supplied by the home team) are used every week by the league's 28 teams.*
- **What's My Whine?** *Tired of being asked about still being single? Jeanne Marlowe, director of National Singles Week, which begins this Sunday (Sept. 17), responds with, "What's a nice person like you doing married?"*

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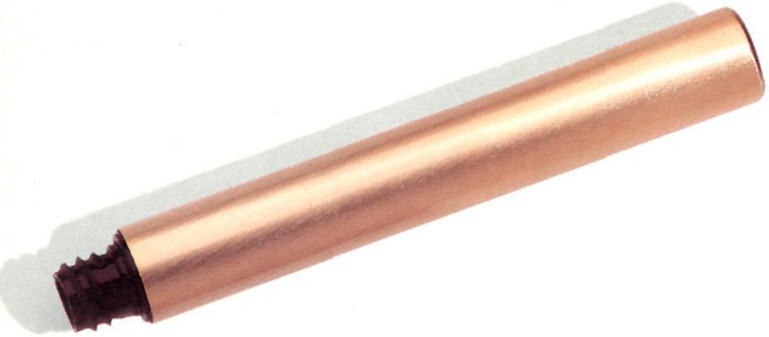

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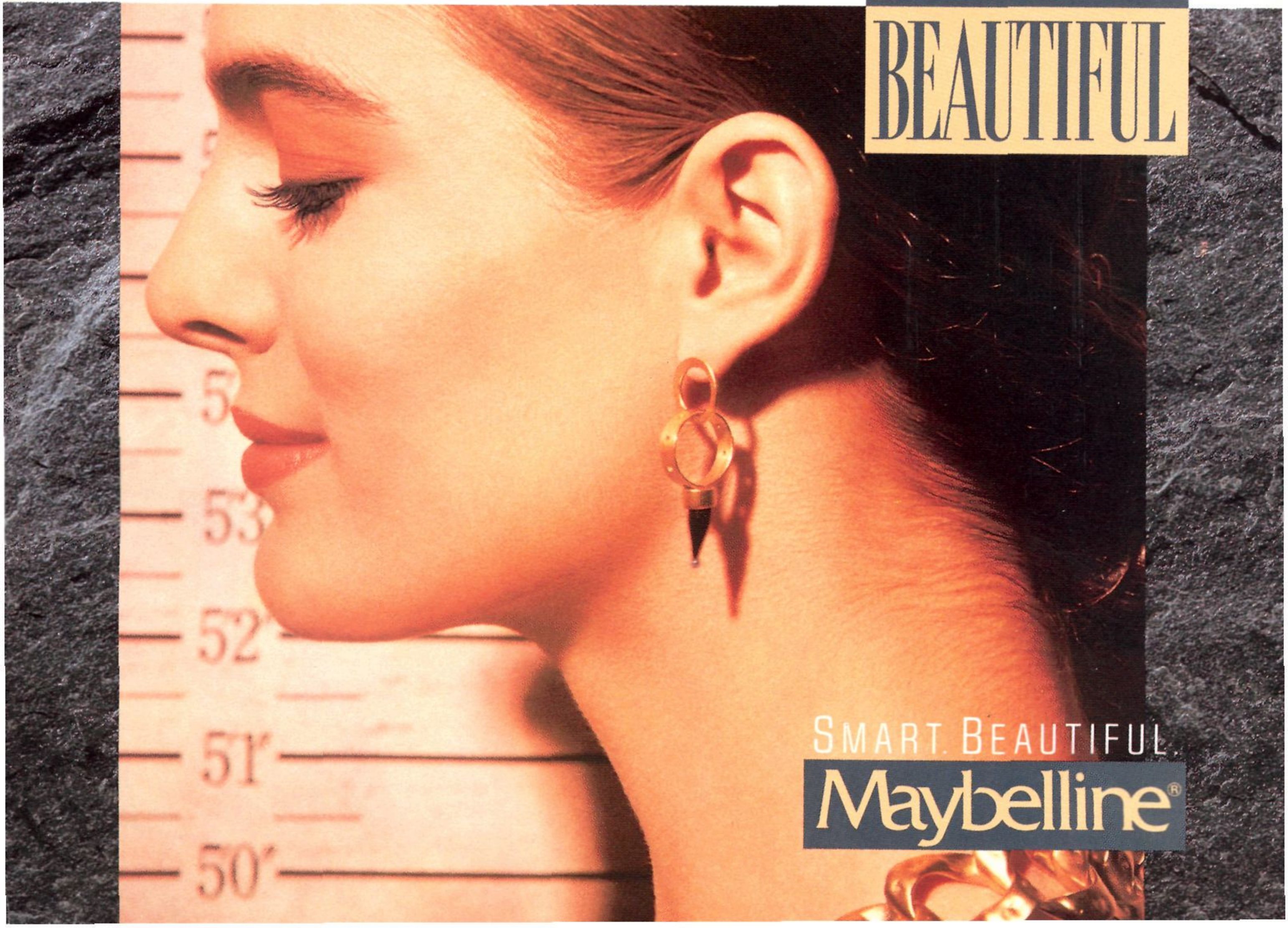

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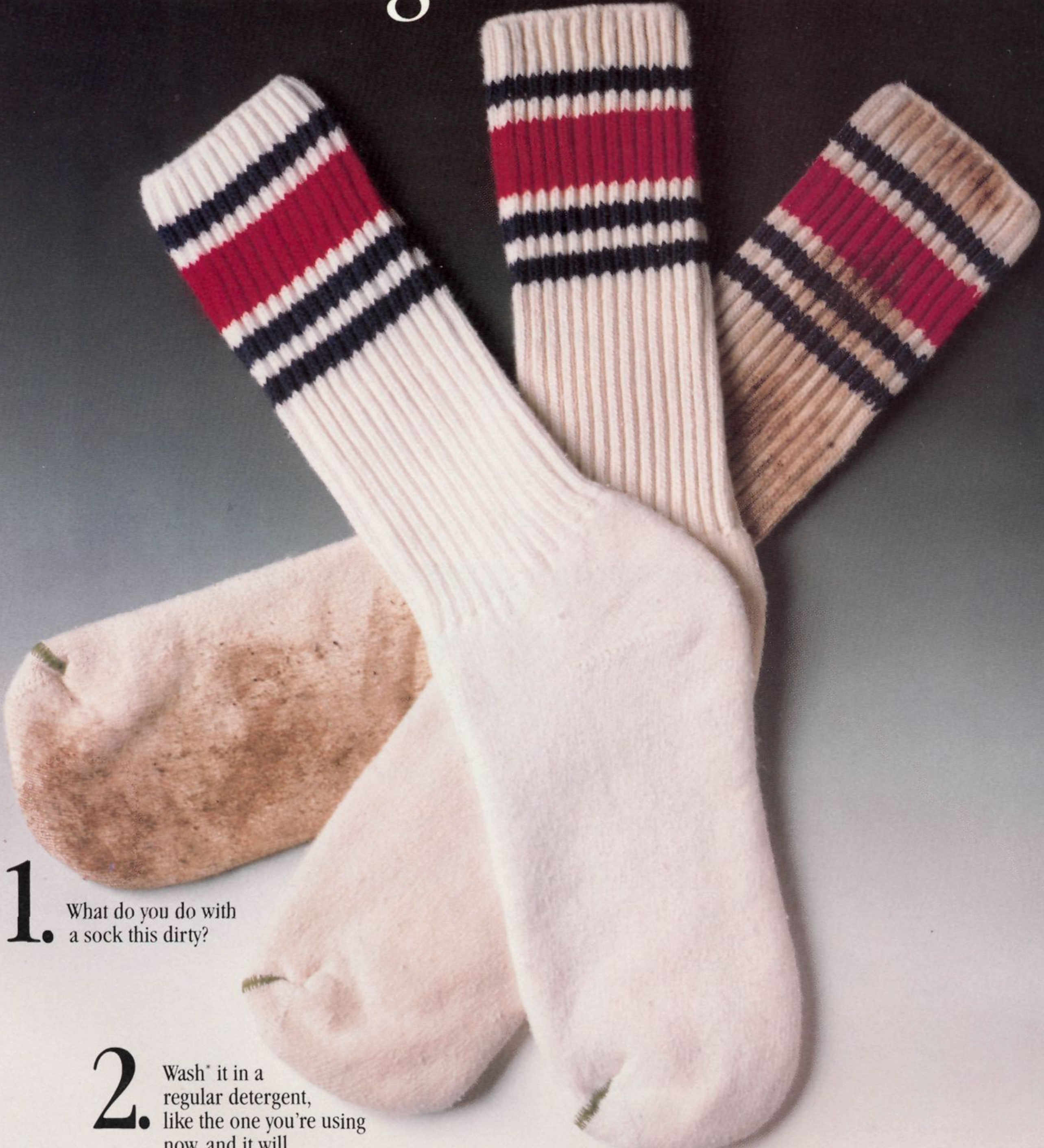

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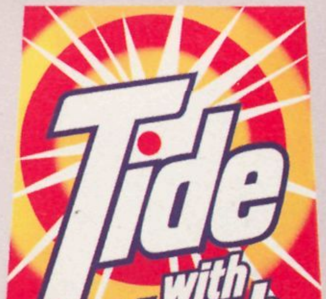

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*Following tough laundry instructions—using 50% more detergent.